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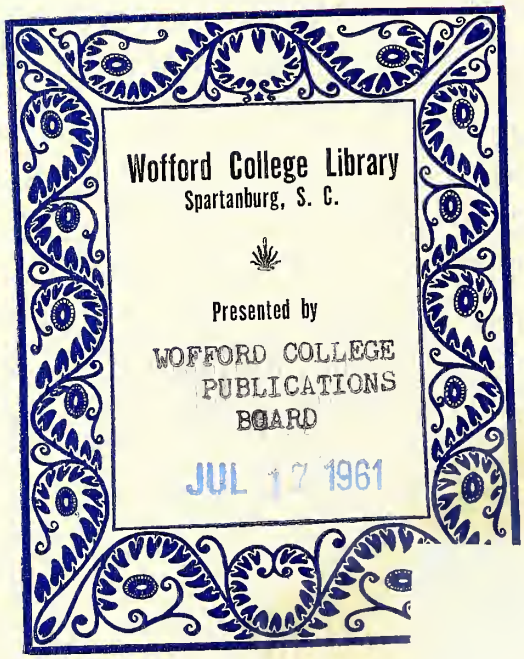

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Thomas Butler

IN DEFENSE OF ABSOLUTE LAW

"I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made."
—A. E. Housman
Last Poems

The murder trial of Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb in the summer of 1924, sensationalized by the press as the "trial of the century," brought forth a question which had intrigued philosophers many years before but which had all but been forgotten in recent times.

Is super-intellect above the law?

Leopold, a brilliant law student and devote of Nietzsche, upheld that he, as a person whose mental faculties were far superior to those of ordinary men, was not responsible for obedience of the laws of common men. Regardless of his motives for participation, with Richard Loeb, in the kidnap and murder of Bobby Franks, he felt that he could not be punished by a court representative of these laws.

John Wilkes Booth, though in a distinctly different vein, behaved similarly after he had assassinated President Lincoln. (It need not be said that Lincoln's death was a "military act of war" and not murder pure and simple.) In his diary, shortly before his death, Booth wrote, "I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me . . . I have too great a soul to die like a criminal."

Was the punishment of these two men morally justified? The only answer, I think, must be yes. Regardless of personal sentiment in favor of or against

Leopold and Booth (and much exists, to be sure, on both sides), they were both members of a society which had formulated its own laws and which necessarily relied on its citizens to obey them.

Suppose, now, that there were a clause in all codes of law that exempted super-intellects, or any other unique group for that matter, from obedience. Who are the super-intellects? Who is to decide? Where is the line to be drawn? All these things would have to be rigidly stated, of course, and they in themselves would merely constitute more laws. And what of those normal intellects, just below the line, who felt that they belonged with the super-intellects? Would they not rise up, by disobedience, and take what they felt to be their rightful place? Such an arrangement would lead to utter chaos.

The collapse of law is the most devastating spectacle it is possible to witness in a society of civilized men. Anarchy is the unavoidable result of any such system as suggested above. What gives body to society? What makes man civilized? What makes man more than an animal?

Is it intellect?

I think not.

Man has repeatedly demonstrated his fathomless capacity for barbarity, cruelty, indifference, hatred, murder, destruction, insanity, lust and all other elements and characteristics we prefer to call "animal." Even given a mind somewhat more developed than that of the primate, man is unable to check his animalistic tendencies.

Was it lack of intellect that brought on the razing of Sodom and Gomorrah?

Was it lack of intellect that engineered the collapse of Rome?

Was it lack of intellect that brought Robespierre to his knees and paved the way for Napoleon?

Was it lack of intellect that overthrew the Kerenski in the October Revolution?

It was the absence of law that was responsible for these things!

Only through law has man succeeded in widening the gap between himself and his barbarous ancestors. On law and the respect for law depends the security of mankind, his very future.

Of course, it cannot be unmentioned that frequent unjust laws are legislated and imposed upon the people. Prohibition in this country, for one, abused the "inalienable rights" of Americans. It was forced upon the statute books by a lobby of fundamentalists who took great pleasure in gathering for church socials and consuming untold amounts of fried chicken, roast beef, baked ham, spiced sausages, potato salad, cole slaw, tomato aspic, corn on the cob, string beans, wild rice, field peas, salt-rising bread, hot buttered rolls, banana pie, chocolate cake, strawberry ice cream, et cetera ad infinitum, taking whatever they were unable to eat on the spot home with them for consumption the following day, but who felt that a drink or two was sinful. They did not know that a small glass of sinful rum would aid their gastric and bloated condition the morning after one of their culinary orgies. They did not know that more people die from over eating than from excessive drinking. They did not know that their great standard-bearer, William Jennings Bryan, was to pass away in 1925 because he overstuffed himself at the dinner table.

Society best combats such unjust laws by mass disobedience. Society is justified in defying law in its own best interests, but no individual has the moral right to disobey on his own when the good of society stands to be impaired.

Man may prefer to live outside society, but it cannot be done. Wherever two men communicate there is society. And wherever there is society there is law. The two are inseparable. There is no such thing as absolute anarchy. Anyone who reads the Anarchistic doctrine impartially and believes it practicable would become an Anarchist. The only point is that anyone who is not either a hopelessly impractical dreamer or else a certified half-wit realizes that the program it wishes to introduce is utterly impossible unless you can first eliminate one or two trifling little disadvantages, such as human nature and the basic laws of economics.

And so it should be clear that man cannot live without law. It is folly to suppose that, for the benefit of a select group, whatever it may be, law be established to govern only a segment of the whole. Law must apply to all levels of society, from the poorest vagabond to the wealthiest tycoon. It cannot exist as a pattern of lines above and below which certain factions are exempt; it must be absolute.

And why is this true? Why can there not be one set of laws for the masses and another for the elite? It may be because law does not recognize the social, economic, racial, intellectual or lineal standing of its subjects; in its simplest form, that platform upon which all law, elementary and complex, is based, it deals with all men as human beings, nothing more, nothing less. It may be because law finds it necessary to establish standards on which to base its reason, standards which no man can meet exactly, whether he is above or below them. And so, since law is necessary to society, it must be established, even though it does not cater to the exact measurements of every citizen.

"Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I
had not known sin, but by the law."
Romans vii. 7

Don Greiner

ONE NO-TRUMP

It was one hell of a party. It really was! At first we thought there would be a lull since this week-end was between Old South and the Cup but then this letter found its way to my mail box and this letter was from J. D. and the message was "party" so I cut Saturday's classes and drove down to Carolina.

It was hot but I went out to C Square anyway to pick up my date who was from home and spending the week-end with Sister and when I walked into the lobby I found that Sister was dating J. D. to the blast so it was going to be like some sort of reunion or something. Then we drove straight through the mid-day traffic since I didn't know my way around that maze of red lights and we finally came to J. D.'s frat house and he was waiting on me with a handshake and a cold beer and a "how are you" and I said "hot." It was hot.

But the brew was cold so I left the girls downstairs with those gawking fraternity men flashing pins and big smiles and went to put my stuff up. Walking into J. D.'s room, I threw my bag toward the bed but it missed and hit the floor but I didn't care and besides it was my room-mate's or my brother's bag, I don't remember which, so I left it sort of half under the bed and half out and walked back to the hall.

And then I heard this terrific yell and before I could turn around these two big arms grabbed me from behind and yelled again "I'll be damned" and I knew it couldn't be Selmo because he went to VPI which might as well have been the moon or some sorry place like that. But it was. And I asked him "what are you doing down here" and after handshakes to me and J.D. and kisses to Sister and my date and two-thirds of my half-emptied beer he plopped down in a chair and explained that he was having spring holidays and had come home to find the place dead and void of anything young and that he called J.D.'s house and found out from his mother that there was to be a party and that I was coming down so he drove like mad to get here and now all he needed was a date, preferably female and blond.

So J.D. got C Square on the phone and asked the first girl who answered if she would like to go to a real blast with a character named Selmo and she said "I'd love to" with a typical girls' phony answer (how did she know if she'd love to or not) but Selmo said he didn't care if she'd love to or not and J.D. and I sure didn't give a damn, it wasn't our date, so he made the date.

And it was still hot but the sun was going down so Selmo and J.D. decided to make a quick trip to the store while I took Sister and my date back to C Square to get dressed. Then Selmo and J.D. and me went out to dinner. Man, we didn't have any money so how could we take the girls and besides it was too hot to worry and too damn far to drive back out to C Square again before the party. So Selmo and J.D. and me went to dinner. It really was like some sort of reunion. Or whatever you call it.

Then the time finally came and J.D. and I were going to double and Selmo was going to single since Selmo and I had cars so we decided to meet at the party. J.D. and I drove like mad but the traffic was bad and we were late as usual but we made it anyway.

When we finally got to the party, everybody was standing around outside like there was some big fight or something and J.D. calmly stated that it was too damn hot to fight and I calmly agreed but it wasn't a fight. Someone had given someone else the wrong key and everyone was locked out so Selmo and J.D. and me took charge of the situation and decided that it was too hot to wait around and everyone agreed so Selmo calmly punched two holes in a window screen with a lug wrench and then calmly forced the window lock and then J.D. calmly ordered a pledge to climb through the window and then we were all inside.

And finally the band started out with "I'm gonna get myself a woman, someday, somehow," and the first thing we did was take off our coats and the second thing we did was get some ice and the next thing we did was take a swallow and hit the dance floor. My date could dance. She really could.

Then I heard Selmo ask his date what her name was and she said "Call me Moose, everybody does"

and Selmo said "O.K. Moose" and then asked "Would you like to dance?" and she answered again "I'd love to, it's my second favorite pastime." How did she know if she'd love to dance? For all she knew Selmo might be a lousy dancer or something. But it was too hot to worry and then I heard Selmo ask "Oh yeah? What's your favorite pastime?" and she hesitated a minute and then said laughingly "Well, let's just say men" and when Selmo got the message, he got this gleam in his eye, took a swallow, and said again "Let's dance."

Only by that time the song was over so we all came back to the table. It was really dark and Selmo and I didn't know anybody except J.D. and the dates but we didn't exactly care and then Selmo asked Moose if she would like a drink and before Selmo could mix one she grabbed the bottle and filled half a glass with brown stuff and a shot of chaser and said "Thanks."

Selmo looked questioningly at the bottle and then said "Sure" and put another bottle on the table.

It was hot but Selmo and J.D. and me danced almost every song, cooled off at the table, and then hit the floor again. My date could really dance. And then Selmo and J.D. and me decided to look for the little boy's room so we said "excuse me" and Sister and my date said "Of course" and Moose nodded over her drink, and Selmo looked sadly at the second bottle and then we set out.

Going there we walked carefully through the dark and crowded dance floor up past the band and talked about how hot it was and what a great time we were having and how good it was to see each other again and why didn't colleges have holidays at almost the same time anyway, and how crazy we were and how crazy people were, especially people like Moose, and then J.D. said that he didn't think that people or we or Moose were crazy and we said "Why, hell no" and laughed and walked through the door.

Coming back we stopped by the band and then we decided to help them sing so we jumped on the platform, put our arms around each other and came out strong with "one mint julip was the cause of it all" and we hit the second chorus with "one early morning when I was walking" and were having a blast when Selmo noticed that his zipper was stuck and he couldn't unstuck it so he decided to go back to the room to change and we decided to abandon singing as a career.

But he was back soon enough and we continued far into the morning. Then the party was over and we took the girls back and then it was the next day and Selmo had to leave.

And we shook hands all around and J.D. asked "When can we do this again?" and I said "Probably not till summertime" and J.D. said "Yeah, I guess so, but it was a hell of a blast, wasn't it!" And then Selmo said "Summer would be great since everybody will be home, but how can we have a party like that around there. People talk too much." And we all shrugged a not-knowing-how-shrug and Selmo got in his car to leave and then J.D. said "We can always play bridge when summer comes. At least cards don't talk back."

Selmo left and soon it was time for me to go and I thought about last night and how Selmo and J.D. and me could have fun together if people would only leave us alone and then shrugged a not-knowing-how-shrug again and said to myself "I guess cards don't."

But my date could dance. She really could.

●

WE'RE NOT APATHETIC

We used to go around to Pete's pad. Selmo and J.D. and me. It wasn't that Pete's was a joint or anything like that . . . actually it was just a house. Selmo's house. But we never said "let's go to Selmo's house" or anything like that. Instead we would say "let's head for Pete's pad." So we used to go around to Pete's.

Pete wasn't Selmo, even though Pete's pad was Selmo's house. At least not the Selmo that used to go around there with J.D. and me. Pete was Selmo's father, and Selmo used to ride up in his MG with a couple of cold six packs and some albums and say "let's go to Pete's" . . . so we went.

We had to have something to do, Selmo and J.D. and me. During the day we would work a little or play golf or tennis or lounge at the club pool, but at night things were different. We had to move. And our only trouble was that we were so bored that we just didn't give a damn. Once Selmo and I tried to leave the whole confused mess when we cut out for New York, but we finally wound up in Chicago still in the midst of the same stinking routine, so we gave up and came back to riding around, looking for something to do.

Selmo would come by to get us, and J.D. and I would match to see who sat on the hump of the MG. And then we would begin the vicious circle from the Sky-Way Drive-In to the Airport Drive-In to the Lantern Drive-In and back again . . . drinking a brew at each place before moving on to the next one. We never caused any trouble or were rowdy or any high-school stuff like that . . . we were just too bored to

raise any hell. We would just sit there in that MG, sip suds, and watch the cars go by.

But we finally got sick of wasting time and spending money, so one night we ended up at Selmo's . . . Pete's. We entered the front door and politely said "good evening" to Mr. and Mrs. Pete like all good country club boys should do . . . that is, J.D. and I would say "good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Selmo. How's the golf?" while Selmo would just say "hello, people" and usher us into his room. So we would file quietly through the living room, cross quickly in front of the TV and that lousy "Colt .45," and go into Selmo's room . . . each of us carrying a couple of cold cans and record albums.

Selmo was a genius when it came to hi-fi . . . he really was . . . and he had made this set with this tremendous speaker that could blast you out of the room if you weren't in the mood—only we were always in the mood. And we would walk into the room and close the door and put on some Brubeck or Mulligan.

Then J.D. would say "who's got the opener" and we would prowl around until we found one and then we would turn up the volume nice and loud and open a can and sit back and drink and listen as if we were in a trance or something. Pete was really a good guy and all that stuff. After the set had been blasting modern sounds all over the house for awhile, Pete (we never called him Pete) would knock on the door and, without waiting, enter with a tray full of cold beer and potato chips, and Selmo and J.D. and me would look at each other sort of embarrassed-like until Pete would open a can and take a long swallow and say "did you guys ever hear about the fellow who . . ." and then we would all feel at ease and turn up the volume a little.

We would listen to Brubeck tinkle a little with his right hand and then to Desmond work through an alto solo which sounded like two men playing and which was really too deep for any of us, and then Morello would take out on the drums and Pete (we never called him Pete) would ask "who's that" and Selmo would answer "Morello" and Pete would throw around this mock Italian speech that was good for a few laughs, and then Pete would say that he guessed he would have to buy that record, and we said that we guessed we would have to make Pete an official member of "The Poor Misunderstood Disciples of Modern Jazz."

Mulligan and his baritone and especially Brubeck and his piano were our favorites, but one night that loud-mouthed Prima got mixed up in the stacks, and we were about to reject it when "Judy" began to play. And the words seemed to hit us right in the face . . . even Pete, for now he could understand the way we felt . . . here was the story of a phony girl that seemed to parallel the things that we had been seeing all summer . . . "If you hear someone call in a soft southern drawl, that's Judy . . .

"If her eyes say 'yes,' but you're wrong in your guess, that's Judy . . .

"When she sees you fall, she will tell you 'that's all,' that's Judy, just as sure as you're born."

Right there in that stupid song was the whole problem . . . people just don't know what they want or where they are going and care even less, and the result is mass confusion.

And that's what Selmo and J.D. and me found out . . . that we didn't particularly want anything, except to be left alone.

And that's why Selmo and J.D. and me were a little bored and just didn't give a damn.

And that's why we quit the vicious circle and went to Pete's pad where we could listen to jazz, sip suds, and get away for awhile.

We had to do something . . . this was our only escape.

I Looked Within

Once I stood and looked within:
There I saw a man in prayer.
From without, in human din,
Once I stood and looked within.
Now, I bow my head of sin
As I find God's comfort here,
Rememb'ring how I looked within
Seeing, once, a man in prayer.

Je Regardai au Dedans

Une fois je regardai au dedans
Et j'ai vu un homme qui prie.
Du de hors, avec tout le monde,
Une fois je regardai au dedans.
Et ma tete basse, c'est maintenant
Que je trouve Son Paix ici.
Pensant comme je voyais donc
Une fois là un homme qui prie.

—Bill Whetsell

NOTE: The form of the above poems is known as the Triolet. It is an old French form which is usually used in a light vain. The English Poem, I LOOKED WITHIN, is translated into the French Poem, JE REGARDAI AU DEDANS, to demonstrate the same technique and rhyme scheme in both languages.

Spratt White

THE WORM

Five o'clock. For the seven hundred and twenty-first day that Pete had worked for Cox and Son's Accounting, it was five o'clock. After taking the same brown overcoat from the same wooden hanger, he pushed through the same glass door. The same fat slob shoved him against the now familiar, onion-breathing secretary for the seven hundred and twenty-first time. The chill, early evening wind nipped about his face.

"Well," he mumbled to himself, "another gay, colorful evening in the life of Jackson Peterson Norton, III, presents itself. Dinner at the Ritz? . . . Maybe a shapely, young blond and violin music at Pierre's. . . . Perhaps the theatre, eh? Hell, no! Pete Norton will go to his nasty, $10 a week apartment on the seventh floor. He will drink a beer and he will watch television. "Umm, Tuesday night—that'll make it 'Whirly Birds,' 'Laramie,' 'Alcoa Presents,' 'Black Saddle,' and the news, in that order." Pete watched television a good bit.

The shuffling feet shuffled on—on over the unchanging concrete, over the monotonously identical crosswalks, past the stone and glass front stores and finally stopped. The time had come for Pete to make one of three important decisions that he made each day. They were ridiculous to the observer, but to Pete they were serious, weighty problems to be carefully decided. They at least kept him from going crazy from the monotony.

"Shall I take the scenic route or the expressway?" he mused.

The "expressway" was directly down Cornell Avenue to the corner of 57th Street and his apartment building. Around the block was the "scenic route," passing one scrawny little elm and a Greek restaurant, its windows decorated with brilliantly colored paintings.

No hurry today, so the latter was taken. Everything was as usual—stores, elm, even the pictures were the same, except for a thousand-legged worm slowly working his (or her) way up the glass in front of the paintings.

Pete pushed it off, started to throw it away and then reconsidered. "I wonder if these things really have a thousand legs," he thought. Pete sometimes had strokes of genius.

Deciding that it had probably never been done before, he turned into the restaurant, ordered a glass of water, and proceeded to count the legs. Twenty minutes later the worm had met an ignoble death and Pete was continuing down the "scenic route," muttering again.

"Seven hundred and twenty-one legs. Well, I'll be damned. Seven hundred and twenty-one legs on a thousand legged worm. I thought it looked like it was limping. Seven hundred and twenty-one . . ."

He finally reached the seventh floor via the staircase. Pete broke the boredom this way, too. Today the staircase, tomorrow the elevator—maybe—a man has to make some decisions. He entered room 721 and put the key back into his pocket. Pete always kept his key in his pocket.

He made the usual half-hearted effort at cleaning up the room and finally turned toward the window. He gazed out onto the street with its turmoil of people, cars, blurred colors, and never-ending racket. Happy people, people with something to do, not like him.

"They're all hurrying, aren't they, Pete. They have something or someone waiting when they get there—not like you, Pete. Not like lonesome, bored, poor ol' Pete, whom nobody cares about or knows about or even wants to know about. Face it man; you're no good to anybody—not to them, not to your boss, not to yourself."

"Huh?"

" 'Huh?'—what kind of answer is that? I'm trying to tell you how to rid yourself of all this trouble, fella, how to end this boredom and loneliness that's wrapped around you."

"Who in the devil is that anyway?"

"You don't know me. I'm a sort of spirit you might say, and you know you don't just mess around with spirits, right? Now I'd—oh, for gosh sakes quit looking behind that chair. You won't find me there or anywhere else for that matter. Just listen for a minute. I'm trying to straighten you out."

"Now, look, mister, whoever you are or whatever you are, I'm not amused a little bit, so just haul your—."

"Will you kindly stop jawing for about two minutes so I can state my business? Then I'll leave, okay?"

"Yeah . . . yeah, sure, spirit. You state your business."

"Thanks. Well, it seems to me, to come right to

the point, that about your only way out is to sort of . . . uh . . . well . . . do yourself in—in a manner of . ."

"You crazy? This ends here and now. You and your wild . . ."

"Quiet!! Now, if you insist on being so rowdy, Mr. Norton, I'll have to use a certain power given to me by a certain—shall we say—individual, who, incidentally, gave me permission for this activity."

"Okay, okay, go on."

"That's better. Now, you seem to be against the idea of suicide—watch it—to a very great extent, yet you continually complain about the way you live. You know it's miserable to go on this way and you also know that it will never change until you die naturally anyway, so why the big objection? Never mind, I'll tell you. You're scared. Everyone is. I was scared; but it really didn't hurt too badly. No, I didn't commit suicide; I was sort of a homicidal case. But now think, man,—the publicity—people who saw you but never knew you will be telling their friends about what a pity it had to happen to such a great guy. Pictures in papers, maybe even in "Look." Why, somebody might even write a book on your life. And then think of . . ."

"Excuse me, spirit, but that's enough. I think I'll do it. But as long as you're calling the shots you might as well say how and when."

"Fine, wonderful! You're really a very intelligent man, Mr. Norton, and may I say that it's been a pleasure. As to when, sir, tonight! As to how, you will walk down to the train tracks off 86th Street and throw yourself beneath the 1:37 from Philadelphia. It's a passenger train, so you'll get lost of publicity right away. Your body, of course, will be squashed and mangled, but it won't hurt and that's the kind of case that always gets the best write-ups."

"All right, spirit. The 1:37."

Pete sighed his way down 86th Street to the tracks. His watch read 1:30. He thought over the past few years and realized that there really wasn't much to think of.

"I guess that spirit was right," he thought.

The rumble of the train in the distance quickened his heart and as the light came into view, he had vague thoughts of running. Pete's mind was made up, though, and he prepared for the plunge as the train loomed larger and larger. Train No. 721 from Philadelphia, right on time, its horn blasting, wheels rumbling, and lights flashing, bore down on the lonely figure.

As he bent his knees to leap, Pete thought, "I wonder why that spirit wanted to talk *me* into doing this."

Barely audible in the roar and rush a voice answered, "Well, how would you like to be squashed on a restaurant floor?" ●

Randy Kincaid

While Khrushchev rattles his rockets, Nixon and Kennedy try to out-mud-sling each other, the national debt soars to astronomical heights, Africa's millions rise up with cries of nationalism, and Castro calls the U. S. dirty names, inside the hallowed, cloistered walls of Wofford College, life manages somehow to rock along; and while it will have no earth-shattering importance, rush season swings into the limelight at Wofford. So we think it appropriate to forget for a brief moment the greater issues facing the world, and consider a question many freshmen are asking now: "What's this fraternity business all about?"

Webster says that a fraternity is "a naturally exclusive, self-perpetuating group which organizes the social life of its members, in colleges and universities of recognized standing as a contributing factor to their educational program." Briefly, a fraternity (latin, *frater*—brother) is a group of men who get together for parties and other things; if you are not a fraternity man and want to be, you have to want them, and they you—mostly the latter.

The first fraternity was organized in 1776 at William and Mary; they were criticized then and have been criticized ever since. Actually much of the criticism was and is unjust; but an equal amount has been justified. It is interesting to note, however, that very little of the criticism comes from within the ranks. Even with all their faults, fraternities are still in existence, so there must be some good connected with them, and, as will become increasingly obvious, it is not the purpose of this article to tell men why they should not join a fraternity.

One of Wofford's more illustrious young graduates, Laurence McIntosh had this to say about fraternities:

"A fraternity is not just another club. It is a brotherhood of its members who work together through sharing and cooperation to build stronger friendships and form a tie that will bring back many pleasant memories of college life when it is over."

Much Ado About Fraternities

Mr. McIntosh may be overdoing it just a little; a fraternity can be all this and more for many men, and much less for others. It boils down to the fact that a fraternity can be what each man wants it to be.

Be that as it may, the question is still before us: to join or not to join. Below are some points to consider in making your decision.

After averaging the various costs of the seven fraternities at Wofford, here are the results: the average fee for pledging is $15.00; dues per month for a pledge are $5.00. The average cost of becoming a brother is $64.00, and monthly dues for brothers are $6.50. At various times during a year, the members will vote to give additional funds to the fraternity. This fee is called an assessment, and averages about $15.00 per year.

You may want to buy a pin when you become a brother. These vary in price from practically nothing to heaven-knows-how-much.

As in all averages, there is no average fraternity. Some are more and some are less. But you can tell by these figures about how much membership will cost.

It would be impossible to find the average number and type of parties held by various fraternities. The number ranges from none during a certain month to too many during others. Type varies from extra-scurvy stag parties to extra-formal balls.

At this point it may be helpful to again emphasize this: a fraternity is first and foremost a group of men (it may be other things—an idea, a house, a tradition, a reputation, etc.—but these are all secondary); this group always does what the majority wants—within reasonable limits of course—be it in parties, fees, projects, rush, or any of the other thousand-and-one things fraternities find to do. Obviously, when you join a fraternty, you become a voting member, and have just as much voice as the next man.

Now let us consider the general topic of rush, and list some suggestions which may be helpful.

During rush, whether at an organized smoker, or around a pizza at Smitty's, be yourself. Fraternity men realize that a group made up of all "lives-of-the-party" is not worth existing.

One of the Interfraternity Council rules for the 1960 rush season is that no fraternity man will speak disrespectfully of another fraternity. Be wary of that fraternity which violates this or any other rule. It would seem obvious that it must not be an organization which would benefit you when it cannot abide by the rules which it had a part in adopting.

Another important consideration is the fact that this year's rush system is new not only to the rushees, but also to the fraternity men themselves. In the past, rush season has lasted only two weeks, and each fraternity was allowed to have a rush dance. This year it will last approximately six weeks, and no organized rush functions, excepting smokers, are allowed. Each fraternity is desperately searching for ways in which to compensate for there being no legal social functions, while taking into consideration the fact that the rules cannot be violated directly or in "spirit." This is obviously a situation that has created and probably will create many serious problems.

The decision as to which fraternity to join should not be made too early during the rush season. The rushee should make his decision only after getting to know as many members of each group as possible. In this way he can be reasonably sure that his choice will be the right one.

Once the choice has been made, it is the new fraternity member's obligation to become a part of the group he has chosen by taking advantage of all the opportunities that this new-found brotherhood may offer — opportunities to develop a sense of self-confidence, friendliness, cooperation, and responsibility—not only to one's self or to one's fraternity brothers, but also to all persons with whom contact might be made.

FROM THE CREATIVE

The members of Professor Kenneth Coates's Creative Writing class have been dutifully performing their assigned tasks during the first part of the semester. Gathered here are examples of the varied activities in which the striving young writers have been involved. The first is an example of the Ballad form by Sam Harmon. The form of the second, written by Bill Whetsell, is more difficult to explain. It is prose writing using only words of one syllable or sound.

TAR-KO-WEE AND GIANT SAVAGE

Once the great Atlantic Ocean,
Wide and deep and sparkling blue,
Cast its waves upon the beachhead
Where the fall-line now runs through.
Indians were then so many;
Carolina was their home.
Thousands of the savage warriors
Found too little room to roam.

Then a mighty savage chieftain,
Kee-ole of the Cherokee,
Called upon the tribe's witch-doctor,
Brawny, senile Tar-ko-wee.
Ordered him to mix the juices;
Make the magic potion Grun;
Ask the gods to make the ocean
Back up toward the rising sun.

Tar-ko-wee knelt to his labor;
Mixed the Grun in record time;
But in haste he overdosed it;
Much too late he saw his crime.
From the magic Grun a savage,
Taller than the straight pine tree,
Rose, as from the gods' defiance
Of the crime of Tar-ko-wee.

Savage Giant of the spirits,
Brought back from the long-since dead,
Asked the startled old witch-doctor
What the notions in his head.
Trembling in his tracks he stood there;
In a shout his plight described;
Told the ugly Savage Giant
Land was needed for the tribe.

Savage Giant looked around him;
Saw the ocean's rounded crest;
Saw the mighty Mississippi
Flowing wildly in the west.

Then he waded in the ocean;
Reached down with his monstrous hands;
Scooped the dirt from off the bottom;
Dumped it on old Kee-ole's lands.
For a hundred miles down eastward
Broad Atlantic's waters flowed;
Down into the excavation
Where the storms in Autumn roared.

Savage Giant kept on digging
Up and down the eastern shore;
Formed the Appalachian Mountains
Where he dumped the ocean's floor.
Formed the fall-line and the beaches;
Formed the long, wide, low-land strip;
Even made the wide Savannah
With a single fingertip.

Savage Giant's task was finished
For the red-skinned Cherokee.
They had gained both plains and mountains
From the crime of Tar-ko-wee.
Savage Giant left the mortals;
Ran to meet the setting sun.
Tar-ko-wee had learned a lesson;
No more used the magic Grun.

—Sam Harmon

WRITING CLASS . . .

ON MOUNT LACONTE

"There's peace in these hills . . . peace and calm. They rise and fall and flow down the foot of the sky. They lie there stretched out as far as I can see . . . just calm: no signs of strife, no towns, not a house, not a man. And those old trees stand strong to the wind and the rain.

"They've been here for a long time, those hills and trees. They seem to look at the world through eyes. Then they laugh. If you are still a while, you can hear them . . . not a laugh that jeers at folks. I guess it's a laugh that says it sees us while we try so hard to find peace. It says we try too much; and that the more we try, the worse mess we make. You know, it's not so hard to see—that is, if you have a long-range view, like from up here. Of course, you can't see it save with them. You've got to have the trees—and the hills. Then you've got to know what they say. But you can hear if you're still.

"Just me and these old trees, and they told me so much. They told me to stay out of the towns. They said, 'If you want to keep your sense, if you want to know what life is like, if you want to love the earth, then get out from the mad-men some.' They said, 'Stand off and look some. Get away off and look for a while—and think. Just let the thoughts come to you. You'll see.'

"It seems as though we use the wrong kind of rule-stick to get life lined up. Folks try to buy all the things they *think* can bring peace. And yet the things that mean the most can be the things that are free. Then folks get caught—caught tight, like in a bear-trap. And they can't get loose. They twist and turn to get out, when all they'd have to do is reach down and pull the trap loose—just bare those trap-jaws and step out. . . . And the hills and the trees say, 'See. Just like I said. Just step out.'

"And I've tried to get out of that trap. Just seems as though I can't get all the way out. . . . I guess it's too late. Strange, you know, I came up here to look for gold.

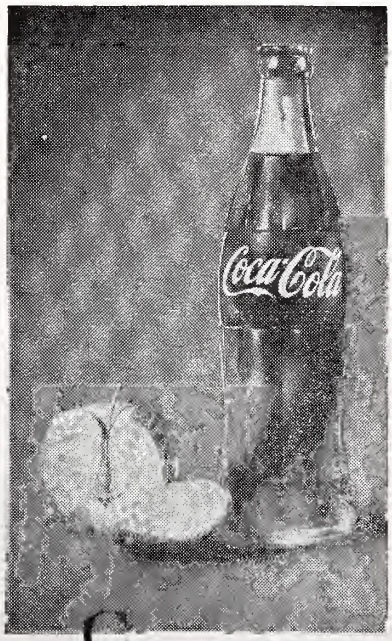
"The trap's too big for us, now—too strong. And, yet, I don't care. I'll find peace up there—at last."

The old man closed his eyes and breathed out.

"How long you think he's been up here?" said one of the boys.

"Four or five days, I guess—his leg broke that way. And not a man up here to help him. All us folks in town just come up here on the week-ends. We've got to work all week."

—Bill Whetsell



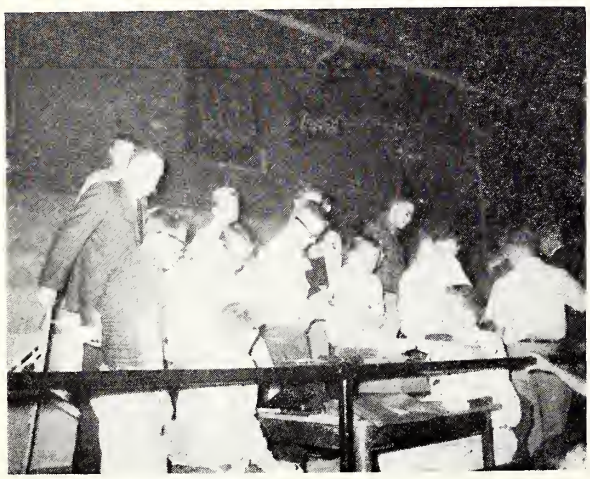
Coca-Cola, too, has its place in a well balanced diet. As a pure, wholesome drink, it provides a bit of quick energy...brings you back refreshed after work or play. It contributes to good health by providing a pleasurable moment's pause from the pace of a busy day.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
SPARTANBURG COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY

"What am I doin' here?"

Feature

R. . . .



"$10.00? *But I can't dance.*"

"Rip 'em up! Tear 'em up! Give 'em trouble, Wofford!"

SEASON

"Happy rats at work."

"I'd rather write a letter."

On Sunday, September 11, 1960, Wofford College opened its doors to the largest Freshman Class ever enrolled here. Students from fifteen different states registered as they embarked upon a new and possibly profitable period in their lives.

After a welcoming chapel, introduction to house mothers, a luncheon, and a flurry of farewells to families and friends, the new freshmen became college men and Wofford gentlemen to all who see them, now. The orientation period followed quickly. Talks from campus leaders and administration and advice from counselors began to help the new freshmen find their way around.

A series of tests given each day during orientation aided the frosh in deciding on courses and schedule. This year, for the first year, a special series of tests was added to the program. This series is known as the STEP tests series (Sequential Tests of Educational Progress). By administering these tests at

"On the road to Dreamland. (?)"

the beginning of the freshman year and similar tests at the end of the sophomore year of our new class, comparison will be made with national "norms" in order to determine the progress of Wofford students relative to progress of the students nationally. The STEP tests are now part of the standard testing procedure for each future freshman class.

On the second day of orientation, a moment of tremendous importance arrived as Mr. Foy calmly stepped in front of the newly enrolled class to inform them of the activities of the ensuing three weeks.

Early on September 15th, the freshmen donned signs and caps and cooperatively stepped down to their positions as Wofford *rats*. In the three weeks that followed, Rat Season accommodatingly passed over Wofford campus.

Groups of rats might, at first, be seen scurrying along Cleveland Street or around behind Fraternity Row on Memorial Drive in order to make it safely back to Carlisle Hall (the rat nest?) before some enterprising upperclassman began assigning tasks. However, as a few days passed, many found that life as a rat is not as absolutely terrible as one might sometimes suppose—from under the trembling covers of a bed on third floor Carlisle. Eventually, polishing shoes, shaking rugs, and sweeping floors as well as dancing for Mr. Foy, singing the Alma Mater, or counting steps and figuring out how many chapel seats used to be in Old Main, became a favorite pastime for freshmen. Then, of course, there were *one* or *two* (or maybe more) who preferred attending the weekly sessions of Rat Court in order to find out how they might do their bit to help beautify the campus—what with polka-dot pajamas, madras shorts turned inside out, waste-cans full of bricks (or were those things books?), dunce caps, or wonderfully informative, brilliantly executed, full - length signs streaming along behind.

The first football game unfolded its quarters with exciting extra-curricular entertainment provided by the eager, surging, ambitious pack of rodent-men . . . and the next game (megaphones, school spirit?, and all).

The advent of the Rat Race to the Verse brought a new spark of enthusiasm, as the thought of standing on the Converse Main Building steps in pajamas delighted the frosh (. . . and they did).

. . . and then the next game (twice around the field, yet!).

Then the big week slid in—and the big day. Big rope ready and rat-caps tilted confidently, the heave-ho signs were made so that the rats could at last shake off their cardboard - and - felt - beanie shackles (. . . and they did!).

—B. W.

Bill Gravely

Clark Roof

Leland Burch

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

For those Wofford students whose reading is restricted to the "poll parrot" press—Greenville, Spartanburg, Columbia, Charleston, *The Old Gold and Black*, and the lesser birds of the same GOP feather, this article is presented in order to give the student body a true picture of the Democratic Party and its candidates in 1960. Amid the storm of Republican ignorance, "mud-slinging," and prejudice, this article will present the issues and how the Democratic Party stands on each one in 1960.

There is no basic reason why South Carolina should vote differently from any other section of the country in the coming election. The time has come in history that dynamic leadership is essential if the United States is to exist and compete in the present-day world politics. Unfortunately, the past eight years in this country have been dominated by "leadership" which has not been leadership at all. If this country is to move ahead, and we dare not think that we can stand still, the Democratic ticket of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson must be endorsed by United States citizens, South Carolina included!

In a period when we have needed dynamic executive leadership, "Silent Ike" has withdrawn himself from the responsibility which the American people placed on him in 1952 and 1956. This is because his victory, like Harry S. Truman said, was really a personal one, and not a party victory for the Republicans. Eisenhower was and has been the great, grand, and popular military hero. He was truly a great general, but he has been an unimpressive president. Through several illnesses, his passion for golf, several typical Washington scandals, promises to go places to solve problems, and his unpredictable "treatment" of Nixon, one can say that he has been consistent only in two respects: his sincerity and his unwillingness to exert leadership when it was desperately needed. Ike too often did not bother a problem

WHY SOUTH CAROLINA SHOULD VOTE DEMOCRATIC

in hope that it might just go away. In today's world, problems don't just go away.

Because of their attack on the passive, apathetic Republican views of national government, the Democrats are naturally creating a scare among these people who have thrived off the little man, the farmer, the textile worker, and the unskilled Negro. These people cry "socialism" and many listen for they, like all men, fear today what the future has in store. The national government must have a worthwhile purpose, just as state and local governments serve a purpose. It is pathetic to many of us that the national government has to intervene in the internal affairs as much as it has done, and must do. But, when we have labor-management problems as we have, the racial tensions and misunderstandings as we have, the need for aid to education and the need for old-age benefits, and the need for social security, the time has come for somebody to do something.

The Democratic Party, by virtue of its position as party out of power, has been on the offensive during this campaign. As might be expected, there have been all sorts of movements to urge Americans to fear anything that will "rock the boat." Republicans tell the people of this country that they have never had it so good. Dare we tell the mid-western farmer he has never had it so good? Dare we tell the textile workers in the South who are able to work two, three, or four days a week that they never had it so good? Dare we tell the small-town businessman who has been consistently shoved under to big business, big capital, big money that he has never had it so good? Dare we tell students who cannot afford the rising costs of college education that they never had it so good? Dare we tell the aged and crippled of our nation who face unreasonable drug and medical fees that they never had it so good? Surely there is an extreme problem here, for the interests of too few Americans have been at the core of the present administration's policies.

This election will determine our basic national purpose. If we refuse the brilliance of John Kennedy's leadership, we may regret our failure to elect the most capable in order to elect the most popular. Kennedy's drive for movement and change are counter-attacks to the typical Republican slogans of "You never had it so good" and "Don't rock the boat, everything is fine." Unfortunately, everything is not fine. One is reminded of the slogans of past Republican campaigns when Hoover promised "a chicken in every pot;" when the country was urged to "Keep cool with Coolidge;" and when "A return to normalcy" under Harding was the by-word of the party. We are in a state of false normalcy now. Dynamic, energetic, youthful leadership exemplified in Kennedy is the answer. Internally, we face problems comparable to those of the 1930's when the great American, Franklin Roosevelt, emerged on the political scene. He made some mistakes in his years of power, but one cannot disprove the fact that he and his administration brought this country back to its position that saved us from a possible defeat in World War II. His leadership was the greatest since Lincoln. Another Democrat of our times, Harry Truman, though personally antagonistic to many people, will be considered a truly great president. More recently we cannot say this of Eisenhower, despite his sincere promise, "I shall go to Korea."

We are not so naive that we would attribute all the degradation and moral wrongs in the country to the Republican Party. It is self-evident, however, that the party in power has not exerted the leadership and concern that the country needs and deserves. Foreign policy has not been easy to develop in recent years, but few times in history, if ever, has the international scene been so grave as today. It cannot be denied that the present administration has failed in this area, and unfortunately failed most miserably. Latin America is a most important example. We cannot expect better Cuban relations, when we supported Batista during the revolution. We have forced ourselves into double-standard policies, for it is not for our best

interest to play ball with Russian Communists, but we get along very well with Tito's brand of Communism in Yugoslavia. Such inconsistencies will be thrown in our face again and again, unless we correct them. African relations have been strained because the administration has not fully realized the supreme importance of the new democracies in the world. When new nations of Africa and Asia look to the "best example of democracy" (so-called) in the United States, they often become confused by our imbalance of policy and principle.

We of the South are especially interested in the tense area of race relations. We inherit our basic attitudes disfigured from a normal course of things by the tragic days of Reconstruction (perhaps better named Redestruction and conducted under a Republican administration). It must be admitted by all of us that something has to be done in this area to improve the ever-worsening situation. Communication and contact has in many ways been destroyed and this creates fears and misunderstandings. Both parties have essentially the same sort of stand on civil rights in their platforms, despite the claim by Republicans that their stand is less intense. We feel that the Democrats will have available better opportunities to understand the problems involved and will offer satisfactory answers to all people, due mainly to the number of Southern Democrats in Congress. Mr. Nixon has been most inconsistent in this area, and Senator Kennedy has criticized him for this error. In his speech in Columbia recently, the Democratic nominee states that Nixon "makes a great show of discussing this subject on all his trips to the South, but it is hardly the same speech that he delivered in New York City a short time ago."

In the Bible Belt of South Carolina we are faced with much anti-Roman Catholic feeling. Almost daily, another Protestant association speaks out against a Roman Catholic for president. Sadly, this feeling may be the birth of another era of suspicion of our fellow-citizens. It is a dangerous situation internally when we refuse to respect the rights of other people to feel differently from us in the area of religion and morals. Communism will surely thrive when "so-called" Christians dominate all of the society, refusing to recognize truths in life other than what they have accepted in their narrow frame of reference. It might be well to subject some Protestant groups to the same criteria often used against Roman Catholics. We fear any group that thinks it has all of truth, all of religion, all of God's little workings in the world in their control, limiting God's action to a narrow sort of segment of life. Who are we to say that this man is wrong in his approach to God, or life? Actually, the decision boils down to the fact that there is not so much importance on religion anyway, for neither candidate is hightly-orientated religiously.

Agreeing with a professor on campus who spoke to a group of students the other evening on national politics, a basic, important criteria for judging the parties and their candidates is to see who will likely be in the cabinet. These close advisors will influence American policies to a most important degree. Surely, we could have wished for better secretaries than men like Benson of the past administration. The Democrats will certainly use the talents of men like Adlai Stevenson, Stuart Symington, Hubert Humphrey, Chester Bowles, and possibly Senator Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina. Fate has so decreed that Adlai Stevenson would not become president by nature of his opposition who was the popular hero (and this was about all). There are few if any more tremendous statesmen in our country, or in the world for that matter, than Stevenson. Despite erroneous reports through campus newspapers, he is not a clown by any measure of judgment. What more capable man could serve his party and the country as Secretary of State than Stevenson? In comparison, the Republican Party of Goldfine and Goldwater will likely count on men like Thomas Dewey and Sherman Adams.

Is Nixon's new image really that of a capable statesman he attempts to make the nation believe him to be, or is this just a new mask for the same old Nixon, whose scandalous tricks for obtaining political positions in California would surprise any interested pursuer? After Kennedy's astounding victory over Lodge in the Massachussetts senatorial election, can Lodge prove his worth to the Republicans who saved his political future by presenting to him the position in the United Nations? Actually, Lodge has presented a fairly creditable record, but judged in perspective of our whole foreign relations program he has been particularly ineffective.

Kennedy's running-mate, Lyndon Johnson, though criticised by Nixon for being from the Southwestern part of the country, has become a highly important political figure. His leadership in the Senate has been outstanding. His experience with Kennedy's vigor and "aliveness" make a grand combination of strong, sensible, advancing leadership our country so desperately needs. These men recognize, as Kennedy said in Columbia, that the 1960's are going to be serious times when to be a citizen of the United States is going to be a "burdensome and hazardous occupation." We surely do have a "rendezvous with destiny" in an active world. These candidates are facing their responsibility, not expecting the problems to solve themselves or go away, but with a keen awareness of the need to move ahead across "New Frontiers" of American life. ●

Bill Tulloch
Paul Lofton

WHY SOUTH CAROLINA SHOULD VOTE REPUBLICAN

I

When one considers the political situation in South Carolina today, he finds that the Democratic Party controls the state, but the Republican Party is steadily growing. The reason for past Democratic control is obvious. Just as the KKK was essential to the well-being of white southerners during the reconstruction era, the Democratic party was its political salvation for fifty years after that era. There definitely was a time when the Democratic party served the needs of the South. But it seems that this party has outlived its effectiveness. In 1948 the political leaders of the South realized that the Democratic Party no longer fulfilled their needs. They attempted to establish the Dixiecrat Party; but soon learned that the United States' two party system was invinsible. At this time they remained in the Democratic Party because they knew that they would lose seniority in Congress. They also realized that it would be hard to break the tradition their constituents believed in.

Today this tradition is breaking down. *Republican* is not the dirty word it was ten or fifteen years ago. Many Southerners are finding that the Republican Party can and does serve them better than the Democratic Party. In order to demonstrate this, let us compare the two platforms on various issues. First, let us look at Agriculture. The Republican Platform adhers to a flexible system where levels would be maintained, "best fitted to specific commodities." There would be no specification of a minimum support. The Democrats advocate rigid supports: "at least 90% of parity for basic commodities." The Republicans feel that with less control, a balance maintains itself.

The Democrats claim that they will end "tight money" policies. This implies that they will alter the present Federal Reserve System. The Republicans intend to strengthen, not weaken the present system in order to combat inflation brought on during the Truman administration.

The Republicans promise to strengthen state and local governments, while the Democrats make no comment on the subject. By promising a self-sustaining Post Office, the Republicans imply closing the Postal deficit. But the Democrats, by promising the separation of "public services" from user-supported costs, imply leaving the Postal deficit unclosed.

The Republicans condemn the use of non-political funds for partisan political purposes and are silent as to the size of campaign contributions. The Democrats, however, pledge limited campaign contributions, but are silent on the use of non-political funds. These non-political funds come from such sources as Labor Union dues.

The Republicans are for free collective bargaining with a minimum of governmental intervention. They support the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin laws, but they promise changes as experience and need dictate. The Democrats would have more governmental intervention and would try to repeal the two above labor bills. The Democrats also wish to make state right-to-work laws unconstitutional. These laws allow men to work whether they belong to a union or not. Also this is one of the few areas that the states still have control over. The Landrum-Griffin Bill was the only result of the Senate Committee that studied labor racketeer activity in the United States. Senator Kennedy, who was a member of that committee, has stated his desire to repeal this, the only result from the committee work. This assures us that Senator Kennedy is obligated to the Labor Movement and Walter Reuther. It is also noted that Kennedy's Committee did not investigate Reuther's organization.

The Democrats wish to enable the Attorney General to secure an injunction to prevent the violation of any constitutional right. (Part III of the Civil Rights Act of 1957). The Republicans desire a more limited grant of power that would permit an injunction by the Attorney General only in school desegregation cases when the aggrieved individual is prevented from suing by reason of economic coertion or threat of physical violence. The Attorney General, under a Republican Administration, would act only in cases concerned with voting rights. Under a Democratic Administration the Attorney General would in all cases be concerned with Civil Rights. The Democrats wish to eliminate poll taxes and literacy tests. They also wish to make it a requirement that every segregated school district submit a plan for desegregation by 1963. They promise federal support of educational television and Youth Conservation Corps. The Republicans promise support for basic research in education, a 5% tax offset for tuition costs (college), grants to states for surveys of their educational needs, and a permanent advisory commission on education.

These are just a few of the basic differences between the two platforms; but, as the reader can see, the Democratic program does not offer the most effective solution to the South's present problems. No one can ram radical changes down the throats of people who are not ready for such rapid changes. Certainly Congress should stick by its original rulings; but these rulings can and should be carried out gradually. Judging by the treatment the Southern Democrats received at the National Democratic Convention, one can readily see that the Democratic Party as a whole has little concern for the problems of the Southern Democrats.—B.T.

II

The platform of a party is only a part of the whole; therefore, we must discuss the leaders of the two parties. John Kennedy has served his country and state both as a veteran and politician for a number of years. As a Senator, he has a certain familiarity with the domestic situation. But Vice-President Nixon has had the opportunity to gain a deeper insight as to our domestic problems through experience in the House of Representatives, the Senate, and as Vice-President.

However, the President of the United States must also be a world leader. He must be able to meet with the heads of states in order to help map out the destiny of the entire world. Senator Kennedy has had no experience in this field, but it is obvious that Vice-President Nixon has had a considerable amount. He has traveled extensively; he has debated with Mr. Khrushchev; and he is a man who will be able to protect the interests of the free-world against this diabolical madman who has shown his nature so clearly in the U.N. recently.

The Democrats have strongly critized the present administration's defense policies. Even if President Eisenhower—a five star general—cannot lead us in other policies, surely he is a qualified leader in the area of defense. Mr. Kennedy would only have the knowledge in this area that he gathered as a senator. Mr. Nixon, however, has served a number of years on the National Security Council. This alone would make him more qualified than Senator Kennedy.

Finally, as presidential candidates, what do these two men promise the voters? Nixon believes that the past Republican administration has had a better record than the two previous Democratic ones. Therefore, he promises to strive to attain an even higher level of efficiency and competence in our national government. Kennedy, however, claims we have no national purpose and that our nation is in great danger. His claim has been answered in the Wall Street Journal, Tuesday, August 23, 1960. The article is entitled "Little Lost Sheep" and is found on page 12. It shows us that we really have never had a "national purpose" *per se*, and at times, as in our westward movement and our imperialism, Americans were actually individuals who were seeking to better their own interests. Also during war periods, there has perhaps been a national unity, but not a national purpose. From the article: "By definition, however, that kind of purpose doesn't fit with national purposes in the sense of Government direction. Individual liberty within a framework of order contradicts the concept of Government imposed togetherness.

"And just as no one should despise the framework, so no one should despair of its efficacy. Individual liberty within order continues to work, bringing as by-products sensational economic benefits for all. It will, if we let it, work to meet all the challenges we are supposedly confronted with.

"The men who decry our loss of national purpose are the despairers of our real purpose. Only if we ever let Government decree a 'purpose' which we must follow like sheep—only then will we have lost our way."

Even if Senator Kennedy were right about the nation's condition, his method to cure the ill would not work. His methods are the same as the New Deal and the Fair Deal. The only difference would be that he would have it function on a larger scale and under a new name. These methods have not worked in the past and there is no reason to believe that they will work in the future.—B.T.

III

The platforms and candidates have been discussed, but before we close, let us just talk generally for a bit. As for the personalities involved, much fault may be found with both. But let us quickly add that we do not hold Kennedy's Catholicism against him, just as we do not begrudge Nixon's membership in the NAACP. Though each may be trying to create an image of some by-gone hero, there is not much evidence to show that either is the Messiah with the Millennium close at hand. But let us move on.

It seems there are other aspects of the campaign which we, as South Carolinians might, and perhaps should, consider more basic than platforms and candidates, as such. A more basic consideration would be such things as where the United States is headed economically and in its relations abroad. Let us look realistically at these more fundamental issues.

The problems involved in dealing with the Communist World are many. It looks as though the answers are not going to be found in the missile race, the "exchange" program, negotiations or whatever. We would be wary of pat, simple solutions. However we would offer a suggestion. We do believe that a moral cleanup and education of the people in the United States would go a long way toward solving many of the problems we now face with the Soviet Union. This is certainly no easy task. We need to understand and appreciate our capitalist system.

The big argument we have all heard all of our lives against Communism is that it stifles initiative—he that works hard does not get ahead. The sluggard and the enthusiast are both treated alike. Traditionally and historically the United States has been opposed to this.

When Roosevelt laid the foundations for the welfare state, he set a precedent that may someday, if we are not careful, lead to the destruction of our American system. From more and more government handouts (and consequently, more government control of individual freedom), over the past two decades, there has been a growing something-for-nothing attitude among the American people. Rugged individualism and personal freedom that have characterized America since the first Pilgrim stepped on Plymouth Rock is fast being lost. We are becoming soft, to the delight—of course—of the Communist leaders. Herein is the moral cleanup and education needed. But with the present attitude we would not have to be overthrown by force to be taken over by the Soviets.

How then is all of this relevant to the current election? Both parties advocate these socialistic leanings. The Democrats more so than the Republicans. The South, however, is the seat of conservatism in the nation. It for states' rights; it is against big government and big government spending; it is, for the most part, against those trends which tend to strengthen the federal government at the expense of individual freedom. Unfortunately, the South has a very small voice in national politics. For example, both platforms stand for practically everything that the South is against. Why is this? The reason is obvious. The Democratic party knows there is no reason to give heed to the South because it will vote Democratic anyway—no matter who is running or what the platform says. Why was this year the first time in history that a Democratic presidential candidate has campaigned in South Carolina? There has never been a need! As long as we continue to vote by tradition, both national parties will continue to pay us no heed whatsoever.

But by voting Republican, by showing the nation that we have started thinking for ourselves, we will at least be having a little something to say about what goes on in Washington. It is a choice of whether we want to remain branded as being docile and apathetic, or whether we want to stand up and have something to say to the nation.—P.L.

●

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Robert Morris

WHY SOUTH CAROLINA SHOULD VOTE . . . INDEPENDENTLY

The following passages have been taken from an address by the Most Honorable Linton U. Galdbladder, liberal leader of the house of Conservatives in the famous and beloved capital of our state. Mr. Galdbladder has held many responsible positions in the state government; some of them being Secretary of the Farmer's Movement, Treasurer of the Money for Galdbladder Fund, personal body guard to the head of the state police, and change maker for the Waffle College Fund Raising Campaign. Mr. Galdbladder addressed a meeting of the Vote-Watcher's Club in our fair city, and his speech was on the independent vote in out glorious state.

"Traveling around the country side, as I have done for the past eleven years, I have noticed that South Carolinians are a peculiar type of people in that they all have minds. I know that they all have minds because I have seen at least fourteen of these persons at work in different phases of life. I encountered one man digging a ditch and I asked him what he was doing. His reply was that he was digging a ditch. This, in my opinion, was an answer.

"This vast majority of mindful people are the ones to whom I am addressing my talk tonight. I am appealing to them to get out and vote, but they have to vote for the correct candidate. To enable them to vote correctly, I am prepared to show them."

At this point, the speech was interrupted by thunderous applause, and Mr. Galdbladder acknowledged this approval with a smile. He then continued.

"We all know that there are two men running for office. One is a Democrat and one is a Republican. Both are very capable men, and, if you don't believe me, all you have to do is ask their wives. Both of these candidates have proven their worth in the offices they have held in the government. One of them has been an assistant president, performing such duties as golf caddy, among other important tasks, and the

other one has more than a dozen well-done jobs behind him. The Democratic candidate for the head of state has had several famous teachers to pattern his political career after—such illustrious Democrats as Truman, Roosevelt, and Lincoln.

"The Democratic candidate has promised that relations with Cuba will be improved and that we will all have a chance to invite the famous Mr. Gastro home for dinner anytime that we want. This is all well and good, but knowing the people of South Carolina as I do, I would venture to say that they are going to have enough trouble feeding themselves, besides having an extra mouth, if the Democratic candidate should be elected.

"The Republican candidate has promised to the people of South Carolina that we are going to have a better civil rights platform. What better civil rights platform could my fellow members of this state want. They have the freedom of choice as far as to which integrated school they wish to send their children, and they don't even have to worry when Federal troops are sent in because they are our troops. You won't have to worry about them belonging to anyone else, because foreign troops have more to do than to guard children. All we have to do is vote for the Republican candidate and we will have more troops, less schools, and higher illiteracy in four years.

"As far as I am concerned, I think that South Carolina should vote independently in the November election. We can have our own choice of the person for office and vote for him. Of course it will not count, but we will have the satisfaction of satisfying the old American custom of wastefulness. We have been known here for wasting time, money, and people; so why should we worry about anything as small and as unimportant as one little vote.

"I am offering myself as the independent candidate for election to the office of President of these jointed states. I have several views on major issues that I want to discuss with you now.

"I think that we should buy the Congo from whomever it belongs and establish a strong military base there. We have one in almost every country in the world with the exception of Red China and Russia. I think that we should fortify the Congolians and educate them so that after it is over, they can join the side of Communism.

"Speaking of Communism, I want to point out that this popular movement, if we are to look at the overall picture, that is, in my opinion, and to consider all aspects of the problem which, of course, I haven't as yet taken the opportunity to become completely versed in, I would say, emphatically, I think so.

"Furthermore, I would also like to say that I will see to it that the minimum wage law be raised to two dollars an hour. I fully realize that this would cause the small business man to suffer, but he can afford it. He has for the last ten years and another four will not hurt him.

"The South has always been known to vote the Democratic ticket, but this year must be an exception. We have got to do something, even if it is wrong. And, knowing the South like I do, it will be wrong. If we don't want higher taxes, shorter hours, more cars and less food, we have got to vote the way our feelings tell us. My grandfather and father voted Republican, and my grandmother and mother voted Democratic, and I think I should go along with family tradition and vote, too.

"I offer the easy way out for the people of this state. We don't have to be taken in by the Republicans or taken for granted by the Democrats. All we have to do is show our north-end-headed-south and vote the independent ticket. It will not profit us anything and I will not be elected, but it will show that the fight for independence is not ended.

"The South *will* rise again! Hip, Hip, Hurrah!"

At this point, Mr. Galdbladder decided to quit. His train was to leave momentarily, and the echo was something terrific . . . ●

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S. B. G.

Cynthius Vosburgius

I strolled over to it.
It appeared angular
In the darkness
Of the night,
Forbiddingly brooding
With a tempestuous wind.
(Perhaps an omen.)
I felt a tinge of excitement.
I touched it,
Warm and moist.
Sniffing it,
I turned away quickly,
Repelled by the pungent,
Acrid odor. Stifling.
I was apprehensive.
Taking a sharp stick.
I poked at it,
Inquisitively.
Then, seeing that
It would not
Bite me, aggressively
I poked at will.
Fun!
It started to
Ooze a sticky,
Dark fluid from
The wounds inflicted.
I was afraid.
Then, the sky
Became a dusky,
Goldfish orange.
The wind let up,
Slightly,
From the relentless beating.
I could see that
The thing had a shape.
A small, round outgrowth
From the nucleus
Of the body.
It looked like a head.
Two feelers, which
(If you looked closely)
Resembled tentacles
And two sticks
Which bent in the middle.
I was filled with terror.
Suddenly,
With a hellish glow,
The sun came out
And the wind ceased completely.
There was no wind.
It was still.
Yet throughout my bones
There was a chill.
There was light,
And I could see.
I looked at the thing.
It was me . . .
With a sinister smile
Staring mercilessly.
Just smiling—
And staring.
I screamed.

Monophobia

A star
Alone in the night
I am.

Only one faint glitter
Which is not
Too much.

Those fearful nights
Screaming—
Crying—
Shrieking—
Alone I am.

Apart from the galaxy
I dread
—wishing—
To be dead.
Oh! constellation,
I need you!

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"A free nation has the right to expect full cooperation from all groups.

"The best way of dealing with the few slackers or trouble makers in our midst is, first, to shame them by patriotic example, and if that fails, to use the sovereignty of Government to save Government."*

"How long ago did he leave, Mrs. Franklin?"

"It's been almost four months now."

"This is a most trying time for us all. My son is still here in the United States, but he expects to be shipped overseas within the next few weeks."

"Why do they have to go, Reverend Harrison? Why do they have to go over there and live like they do?"

The thick, jungle-like atmosphere oppressed the still and sweating trees that seemed too worn for more movement than a brief flutter, initiated infrequently by a breeze that seemed unable to become free from the web of underbrush.

"The Nation takes great satisfaction and much strength from the things which have been done to make its people conscious of their individual stake in the preservation of democratic life in America. Those things have toughened the fibre of our people, have renewed their faith and strengthened their devotion to the institutions we make ready to protect."*

"It's hard to understand. Man is a strange thing. When a man becomes rich, he becomes obsessed with the idea that he must get more—at any cost. It's the same for nations and their leaders—the stronger and richer the nation, the stronger the desire for more."

"But Paul isn't like that. We were happy with what we had. He didn't want to fight and kill. Why does he have to fight just because a few men say so? They just herd all our men together and pit them against each other just like in a game."

Slowly, steathily—it crept through the dense undergrowth of tangled and vicious dagger-like projections and confusions that were its environment. Momentarily it paused, crouched deep in and almost becoming a part of the untamed surroundings. Its eyes pierced the moonlit semi-darkness. They searched quickly, nervously the area to the front . . . rear . . . sides. Its ears were tuned, sensitive, anxious to catch the presence of a foreign sound. Poised—it stood.

"In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

"The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world."*

"Yes, Mrs. Franklin. But what else can we do when our freedom becomes threatened? We have to defend to preserve our way of life."

"But there are so few leaders. A war becomes almost a personal argument when there are so few powerful leaders—we have nothing to say about it."

"Yes, we do, Mrs. Franklin. We voice our opinions through our democratic vote. We choose our leaders and give them the power to guide us."

"I suppose you're right, Reverend. But I just wish he were here. I miss him so very much!"

With all the anger and power of the tortured matador's bull it lept into battle, tearing, ripping, seizing at its enemy—clawing, stamping, crying from the pain of undesired conflict. It fell back on the ground—writhing in agony.

"This nation has placed its destiny in the hands and heads and hearts of its millions of free men and women; and its faith in freedom under the guidance of God. Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights or keep them. Our strength is our unity of purpose.

"To that high concept there can be no end save victory."*

"Mrs. Franklin, will you put your trust in God's love and mercy, and pray with me for the victory of our cause and the safe return of our loved ones?"

Its face and body were torn, mangled—inhumanly devoured by blind, animal hatred.

———

*From the "Four Freedoms" Speech of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

COMMENT

"I make the suggestion that the Journal be cut out and the money given to the *Old Gold and Black*."

The above is a quotation from the March, 1942, issue of ye ol' *Journal* and was made by a Wofford freshman of that year. Needless to say, this is the attitude of many students at Wofford now — your editor has seriously considered the practibility of the suggestion.

Why is there this lack of interest? Obviously the average Wofford *man* is not particularly interested in poetry, essays, and short stories which have been deleted to a large extent of their "interesting" or "sensational" portions. Being enrolled at a church-related school and taking into consideration the fact that the *Journal* is representative to the public and alumni of what Wofford students think and feel, any blasphemy, obscenity, or strong profanity necessarily must be weeded out. But, certainly, this should be only a slight limitation to the creative writer. We are free to express what we would feel comfortable expressing in a reasonably broad-minded social or intellectual group (fraternity meetings excluded). We must realize that this limitation does and must exist.

Now that we have established the fact that we are free to write creatively in a muted sort of way, why doesn't anyone read what we write?

Since 1957, the *Journal* has plummeted progressively downhill in the interest of the student body as a whole. This fact can be attributed partly to editors, partly to material available, and partly to an air of (excuse the expression) apathy on the entire campus. No one factor has been decidedly responsible for the fall.

So why should we feel that this year will be an exception? We're not naive enough to believe that we can make the *Journal* equal in popularity to *Playboy*, or, for that matter, even the *Old Gold and Black*. But we do hope to make every student aware of the fact that the college does have a "literary" magazine and that often there is something in it in which he may be interested. In this issue is included an expression of student opinion in the two essays on the Presidential election. There is an article on fraternities for the interested freshmen. There are several pictures for those of us who prefer pictures to words. There is an unrelated, conglomerated assortment of short stories, poems, and essays for anyone interested in that type of thing.

We want to assure anyone who has read this far that it is not our plan to sacrifice literary value for campus popularity. We only hope to reach a happy medium—creating interest on the part of the students and maintaining a reasonably literary-type publication.

Another quotation from the 1942 *Journal*: "It (the *Journal*) does not have any purpose." I am willing to accept almost anything else that might be said about the *Journal*, but I emphatically protest this criticism. Besides being a vehicle of expression for the student body, it is a record of the ideas of Wofford students, how they think and feel, what they believe or don't believe, and how they react to the influences that they become aware of during their college years. These and many other ideas give the *Journal* a purpose, and an important and pertinent one.

The only way for the *Journal* to nearly fulfill this avowed purpose is through you, the student. The *Old Gold and Black* and the *Bohemian* have their staffs which do their work. The *Journal* has its staff which can do its work only when it has the material to work with. That material must come from you.

One final quotation from the 1942 Journal: "I think the students should write the articles instead of drawing up a petition for better articles."

I say, "Amen."

P. A.

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the JOURNAL

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WOFFORD COLLEGE

DECEMBER, 1960

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Jody Wimberly

E. L.

Even though our skins are of a different color, E. L. Pelzer seems almost as close to me as my own brothers. What E. L. stands for, no one knows—not even E. L. himself.

For as long as I can remember E. L. had lived on our farm with his mother, father, three sisters and six brothers. As sharecroppers, his mother and father hardly made enough money to support the large family.

As far as my two smaller brothers and I were concerned, E. L. was about the most wonderful person we knew.

I guess E. L. actually came into our lives that Christmas morning in 1945 when we got Prince, the most beautiful red shetland pony I had ever seen, for Christmas. When we got up that morning and were told to go around to the back porch to see what Santa had brought us—there he was! Just what we had dreamed about for weeks—a real live pony! And standing on the back door steps with the reins clutched in his hands was E.L.—a skinny, coal black little darkey about 11 or 12 years old grinning from ear to ear over this new addition to the farm. Immediately, I was on the pony and E. L. led him around the yard again and again.

"What did Santa Claus bring you, E. L.?" I asked curiously.

"He never bring me nuthin' but some urnges and apples," replied E. L. "Poppa said that Santy spent all his money buying you this horse, you sho' must of been good to get such a good present."

"E. L., you can ride him anytime you want to," I said and his eyes lit up like lights on a Christmas tree. From that day on, when my friends would come to ride Prince, it was always E. L. who saddled him and led him around the yard for the smaller children to ride. He seemed to get a thrill out of coming up to the "Yard," as our house was called by the Negro tenants, and catching Prince and leading him for hours. It was always E. L. who dug bait and went fishing with us down in the swamp, and it was always E. L. who played cowboy and Indians with us from sunrise to sunset.

One evening while we were fishing down in Four Holes Swamp, E. L. caught the biggest mud turtle I had ever seen.

"Boy, look what I got!" exclaimed E. L. as he pulled the creature from the water. I had caught three little catfish but they didn't compare with E. L.'s turtle. All afternoon I fished for a turtle like E. L.'s, but without luck; so as the sun went down behind the big cypress trees, we gathered up our trophies and headed for home. I sure did want that turtle, but I hated to ask E. L. for him, and all the way home I tried to think of something I had that I could trade for it. Suddenly, I had an idea! "E. L., would you trade me your turtle for a pig?" I asked, remembering that my father had given me two pigs a few weeks before.

"I sho' hates to part with this 'cooter'—but if you wants him that bad I just as soon have a pig, I reckon." drawled E. L. So the matter was settled and I ran home to tell my folks about the trade. The next day E. L. had his "cooter" back, as my folks didn't think too much of my bargaining.

When one of us would get sick, it was always E. L. whom we called to be with us, and faithfully he would come—not realizing that he could catch the mumps, measles or whatever we had—and sleep on a pallet beside our bed. We always felt better if we knew E. L. was there.

Unlike the rest of the Negro tenants, E. L. prided himself on his cleanliness and always had a desire to learn. More than anything, he wanted to learn to read and write. He had never been given an opportunity to go to school on account of the crops that had to be

harvested and there was always need for any money he could make for his family.

When E. L. was about twelve years old, his mother died, leaving ten children to be reared by a father who stayed drunk most of the time. Not long after Annie's death, Harry decided to move off our place. I was in the first grade and I will never forget that day as long as I live. When I got off the school bus that afternoon, the first thing I saw was a truck loaded with the meager possessions of the Pelzer family. E. L. was sitting on the tail gate, tears streaming down his face and his bare toes making marks in the sand.

As the truck pulled off, I managed to squeeze a feeble "Bye, E. L." out of my throat and I saw his black hand wave in my direction as I ran in the house.

I went to my room and tried to think of a way I could get E. L. to stay with us. From the adjoining room, I heard my mother and father discussing the same thing. I slipped in and then they told me the good news. E. L. didn't even know it yet, but my parents had asked his father if he had any objections to E. L. just staying on with us? His father was glad to get the boy off his hands, so the next day E. L. was back. We fixed him two rooms in a little shack just across the branch and there he lived by himself. The furnishings in "E. L.'s house," as it was called, consisted of a cot, a dresser, two chairs, and a kerosene lamp, but E. L. thought it was the most wonderful house he had ever seen, and it was his! Gradually, more and more furnishings were added. My mother made him curtains from chicken feed bags, and E. L. and I made two tables from scrap lumber. E. L. ate all his meals up at "the Yard" and we also bought his clothes and gave him an allowance.

Nearly everywhere we went E. L. would also go. It was E. L.'s job to keep us out of mischief as well as look after my baby brother who was then not quite one year old. It was also E. L.'s duty to help stock the shelves of the little grocery store that we ran on the farm and to sweep the floor and other odd jobs around it, such as keeping enough wood on hand to feed the little pot bellied stove and to fill the drink box with drinks.

Every afternoon when I came home from school, E. L. and I would sit on the back porch and play school. My mother would help me with my lessons and then I would help E. L. with beginning first grade work. He was quick to learn and by the time I was in the third grade, I had E. L. reading out of my second grade books and doing second grade arithmetic. This went on until E. L. started in my sixth grade books. Then we hit diagramming sentences and E. L. kind of lost interest.

He could now read and write very well and it wasn't at all unusual to see him sitting by himself reading old newspapers and magazines.

E. L. lived with us until he was about 18 years old. Then something happened between him and a little light-skin Negro that lived on Mr. Weathers' place and E. L. had to get married.

A short while after this, he and his bride moved to New York, mostly, I think, from embarrassment. Even though we told him that he was welcome to stay, he left anyway. We later heard from one of the other Negroes on the place that E. L. said that he couldn't stay there and face us after what he had done, because we had been too good to him. Nevertheless, we all hated to see him leave.

We heard from him but once after that, and we lost track of him for about nine years.

Then this past Christmas, a white 1960 Imperial Chrysler with a Negro man and woman and two children pulled up in our yard. It was E. L.!

He said that he had thought of us every day since he left and just had to come back and see everybody. He stayed about a week with his sister who had since married and moved back on our place. This was one of the best Christmas presents I have ever received. We talked for hours during the week about some of the things we did when we were small—E. L. contributing some things that I had forgotten about and I relating some things that he had forgotten.

He told us that he was now selling cars in New Jersey and doing quite well.

The morning he left to go back to New Jersey, he stopped to say goodby. I was in the store by myself when he came in, and as he left he looked me straight in the face and said, "I just want you to know that I haven't forgotten all you did for me and you'll never know how I appreciate it. If it wasn't for you I would never be where I am now. If you ever come to New Jersey with some of your college friends just call me and I'll come and show you around. You can tell your buddies that I'm the chauffeur for some of your kinfolks 'cause I know how things are down here." He started to shake my hand when two neighboring farmers walked in the front door of the store—quickly he let his black palm fall by his side and started toward his car.

I felt as though someone were trying to strangle me as I didn't know what to say. I just let his statement dangle in the air as I said, "Well, good-by, E. L., it sure was good to see you."

As the big Imperial faded out of sight, I kept hearing those words—"you can tell your buddies that I'm the chauffeur for some of your kinfolks . . . I know how things are down here."

Slowly, I walked back in the store and began putting drinks in the drinkbox.

Bill Gravely

You, THE OTHER

The other, that's who you are
Like Spring, or "a day in June"
So exciting, so thrilling, so alive;
Yet deep and full and peaceful,
That twilight between day and night
In sudden bursts of the sun's warmest rays,
Shown in a virginal novelty of wonder,
And unique in vast, immortal freshness
Like morning dew or soft rain.
You, the other, are a rare, feminine creation.

I see you, the other,
prancing through a miniature forest
on all days of picnics;
and
I see you, the other,
shoeless, splashing like a child-like duck
in puddles of warm, clear water
along a winding country road
under a tiny umbrella;
and
I see you, the other,
frustrated for the briefest moment
only to become re - engrossed
in the fascination of creative life
by jumping to your feet to climb a rocky mountain,
a little grandchild skipping many steps
ahead of an invisible grandfather trudging along;
and
I see you, the other,
shed an instantaneous tear of tender naturalness,
projecting your inner feelings
to depths of your own heart or another's,
only to bubble forth with brighter eyes
and the sweetest, most captivating smile;
and then
I see you, the other,
in years ahead . . . but no,
I don't see you at all,
for the present so fills me
with such novel wonder
that my faculties for "dare - dreaming"
in a misty future are incapacitated.

I dote on you, the other,
and imagine new scenes,
and remember old ones,
and contrive little schemes
of simple happiness.

Would that it be I, the other, for you.

Don Greiner

WHERE ARE YOU GOING AND WHAT DO YOU WISH?

It did seem rather silly but the urge just came upon me the other day, sort of crept up on me, you know the feeling, that I had to see Selmo.

It was right in the middle of the semester and the leaves in Archer Circle were fading from green to red and the acorns were hitting me on the head like hailstones or something as I walked behind the library on the way to my Shakespeare class and Selmo was studying physics somewhere up in Virginia about 300 miles away, but 300 miles suddenly didn't appear to be the moon at all, and even though I should have been reading Bacon's "Advancement to Learning," I stopped everything and pulled out my artificial-impression - stationery - for - especially - important - occasions, you know the kind: pastel colored parchment paper with name and address written in gold script or something like that, and I proceeded to scratch out: "Dear Selmo, I'm on the way, sometime in the near future."

I mailed the letter on the way to breakfast the next morning even though the mail box was 155 steps out of my destination of fried eggs (over hard with no grits), but I made the extra step sacrifice anyway, and then impatiently waited for the reply. Such reply came in four days, but I always was too lazy to walk to my box, so Roomie brought it to me a couple of days after it actually arrived. What about that . . . about to die for this letter but too damn lazy to walk to get it. I must be crazy as hell, but after all, my room was on the fifth floor of the dorm and the box was five floors below (positively and no lie).

I was reading something in the paper about French girls being fined for hugging their boy friends who were driving or something like that when Roomie walked in, but such junk was temporarily forgotten as Roomie threw the letter at me: "Come on, but there's nothing to do around here either. Selmo." And wasn't that just great, he was as bored as I was only there wasn't much he could do about it at college and neither could I but the trip up to VPI would be fun anyway.

So I found a group of guys at school who were looking for a ride to Washington and Lee and who were willing to split the gas expenses, and we all jumped into my Plymouth (new two-tone paint with four doors and whitewalls and 75,000 miles) on this Sunday afternoon and headed north to Lexington. And what a trip! We caught the damn Sunday traffic in every lousy town which made driving sort of tough and even the stops at Queens and Hollins didn't help (too much), but we made it about midnight. Only then we had to find a place to stay which had to be

this house called "The Inn," and we woke up the old lady who ran the place and who seemed a little dubious of putting up six travel haggard, especially me, college students but she did anyway. It cost us three bucks a piece a night.

The next day I cut south for VPI with a promise to be back to pick up the rest of the crew. The Virginia countryside was beautiful on Highway 11 heading toward Roanoke. The gentle hills sloped away from the road as if they were afraid or something, and the entire landscape was crammed with reds, browns, and yellows. Time was good, of course, until Roanoke loomed up as an obstacle, and since I couldn't do anything but follow the map that someone else had made, I went right through the city which made time bad. Didn't they know that Selmo was down the road? And people would honk and cuss and stomp gas only to have to stomp harder on the brakes and after awhile I just laughed at them and didn't exactly give a damn at all.

And then I reached the outskirts and freedom and hit it again, roaring as fast as the Plymouth dared toward Blacksburg and Selmo. An hour later I rolled into the town, what a rinky-dink town (genuinely rinky-dink and no lie), but there was VPI.

So I slowly crept around the big circle which I found out later was a drill field and passed all of the old stone-gray buildings among the blazing trees and asked this fellow the direction to the registrar's office in order to find Selmo's address. And he directed me to this tall building. "It looks like a castle," he said. And I guess it did at that. Look like a castle, I mean.

The address was easy enough to find and as I walked out the door to head for his room, there, coming up the steps, was Selmo (I swear it, no lie at all). He was there, taking the steps two at a time with these books under his arm, dressed in a tan jacket with a VPI emblem on it, white shirt and brown pants. And I know that people thought we were crazy or something (don't they always) for we stood there shaking hands and laughing like hell.

So Selmo said, "Man it's good to see you, but you couldn't have picked a worse time to come." And I asked "What?" And Selmo answered, "Let's go get a beer and I'll tell you about it."

We jumped into my car and he directed me to this once-upon-a-time train car which was so low that we had to lower our heads as we walked up the shakey three steps, and we ordered two brews. And I ordered a cheeseburger too (I was hungry).

But there, over the beers and "You Talk too Much" blaring from the juke box, Selmo told me how he had to study theoretical physics and abstract algebra for two one-hour tests the next day.

"It always happens," he said. "There's always something standing in the way. I'm beginning to wonder just what is important and worthwhile, but the more I wonder, the less I find." The tone was somewhat bitter, but with a sigh of "what can I do."

And I took another swallow and said, "Yeah, I know how you feel. Not too much matters. Like the song says, 'Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.' That's all . . . just an old sweet song . . . nothing else."

"But you know," replied Selmo, "we're stupid and crazy in some ways too. People think that we are apathetic because we criticize the social conditions, but we're too damn cynical and sarcastic and not caring to do anything about it. Not that we could do anything."

I thought a minute and then looked at Selmo who was looking or staring at his glass, and then said, "I tried to explain how I felt last month by saying that people are leaving what we believed in to be true, and we just won't follow, so we go in the other direction."

"Yeah," said Selmo, looking at his glass again, "But we love our Mothers, don't we?"

He glanced at his watch and got up from the table. Outside, the wind was coming strong and there was a definite permanency about the chill in the autumn air. We left the car where it was and I walked with Selmo back to his room. People were passing by us and all around us but we didn't see them. We were going our own way, slowly and steadily, Selmo and me. J. D. would have too, but he wasn't there. I pushed my hands into my pockets and walked along. And then Selmo broke the silence, "I don't know if it's best to attempt to produce some segment of reform or to continue in our direction and let people, friends, parents, everybody, think we're absolutely and completely apathetic. They already think we're crazy. I just don't know."

A train whistled in the background, somewhere beyond the hills in the relative peace of the woods, and along with the whistle came the lost memories of a long ago. Home was supposed to be wherever you wanted it, but where do you find it? The wind blew up a short gust and whistle and memories went away with it.

"I don't know either," I said, shaking hands. "I don't know at all."

Walking back to the car, I turned to look at him, and he was still standing there, looking toward the distant hills and thinking. I knew what he was thinking (don't you and doesn't everybody?)

I drove, slowly this time, back to Lexington. There was almost no place to go and really no reason for hurry. The only bright spots in the horizon were the leaves. ●

Don Greiner

Going Home

I guess that we are crazy, Selmo, JD., and me, though we don't really think so, but people say we are so I guess we are at that.

School let out a few weeks ago and we had all left our respective campuses and descended upon the home ground like some hungry fire or something, only we found extinguishers at every turn so we didn't know exactly what to do. We could only take so much of reading, bridge, dating, and that everlasting tube of commercials and late shows, so we began to prowl around again.

The only trouble with prowling was that J.D. had to take a summer NROTC cruise in a matter of days and he wasn't too happy about it and neither were we, so that didn't leave us much time and I guess you could say that we didn't actually do much of it. Prowl, I mean, but is there ever time? We didn't know, but J.D. left for Virginia one day and from there to Texas and Selmo and me looked around for jobs until something better came along, and after a few days we began to wonder if that better was ever coming.

At night we would go to the Club for a quick swim and then head for Pete's pad, but we had to move more than in that tiny circle. We even went to the library in that MG and the old ladies would watch us walk in with expressions of surprise and non-belief and not - knowing - what's - going-to-happen on their sweet little faces, but we didn't care and I began with "Dr. Zhivago" and "The Mind of the South" while Selmo signed out "Of Human Bondage" and "The Great Gatsby."

But it doesn't take long to read a book, there are only so many pages, though we did admit that it wasn't exactly like reading "Mary had a little lamb" or "Plot Outlines of 100 Famous Novels."

Every now and then one of us, Selmo or me, would receive a note from J.D. in which he carefully explained what a hell of a lousy time he was having and how he was forced to attend a square dance one night when Brubeck was in town and is there such a place as heaven? and do the stars ever really come out? only he didn't know and neither did we.

So Selmo and me figured that at least we weren't in this mess by ourselves and maybe we did wish that we were back at school though not just yet anyway, but the crowning blow, the one that really hurt, that got to us, arrived on this afternoon when I came home from work. And there, sitting on top of my dresser between the electric razor and the glass full of golf tees was that card. The picture was simple enough, just a bloody bullfight scene, but the message! "Here is me having one hell of a good time in Mexico with a four-day leave and a rented VW. J.D." And I stared at it for a few minutes like it was a thousand dollar bill or something and then I called Selmo and soon I could hear his MG in the driveway and soon he was in the room peering at that card. And that did it.

"We've got to go," was all he said, and I said "You crazy? Not to Mexico." and he thought a moment and then said "Back to New York. My brother will put us up."

Like I said, that did it, so we checked with parents and bank accounts and the brother and then we were hitting the road again. On the way up in the MG we talked about what all we would do since we were two years older than the last time and Selmo said "Yeah, man" and pushed a bit harder on the accelerator.

North Carolina, Virginia, Baltimore Tunnel and so on and there it was and we were too.

We spent a nice afternoon in the apartment talking to Selmo's brother and his wife, maybe they didn't know that we were supposed to be crazy, but the next morning we took off to the city, this time dressed in coats and ties but the accent just couldn't be helped. During the day we roamed around the book stores and art galleries and theater ticket offices and people would hear us talk and smile, but once two little ladies walked up and asked us the direction of Broadway, did they know that we were supposed to be crazy?, but we told them politely which made us feel better about the tourist junk and all.

But when night came we were on the way, the theater, the Village, Times Square, and maybe the stars will be brighter tonight, and then we saw it, shining in the night, the sign, "Dave Brubeck, June Christy, Cannonball Adderly," and Selmo punched me and I said "Yeah" and that was the only word needed, so we walked into this place, a real atmospheric place, the kind of place you are proud to take your girl, and expensive, only we didn't exactly care.

The waiter led us to an excellent table, maybe we didn't look like tourists, right in front of the bandstand only my back was to it but that was solved by simply turning the chair sideways.

And then Cannonball and his Four came out and Cannonball looked at us and everybody and then said that maybe the critics weren't here yet so he would play this little tune the way he liked it, and then he lifted the alto and took off, and by the way he looked when he was blowing, we knew he liked it and we knew we liked it, and everybody around us liked it, and nobody gave even the slightest damn about critics.

Cannonball's message was "rock," but not like that junk you hear on the radio, and he rocked "Autumn Leaves" in a perfect autumn leaves fashion. Without critics.

And when the applause finally faded, June Christy appeared with a trio of backers, and she was lovely, and she had almost the same message for after a move through "Jeepers Creepers" she announced the next song by explaining that this tune never made the hit parade and maybe it was a good thing that it didn't, and then slowly and softly "That's All" ("I can only give you country walks in springtime") floated right through Selmo and me and around the room. And she followed that with "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" ("I'll get along somehow") and don't you know that is the truth? and can't you see that she is sad? and maybe we aren't crazy.

"I'll tell you," said Selmo. "There is a pot of truth at the end of the rainbow, maybe a place where two and two doesn't necessarily equal four, but either five or three, only it is a long way off, and we will never get there. No matter how long and how hard we look, we'll never find it."

("I can only give you love that lasts forever").

"I don't give a damn if happy little bluebirds can fly beyond it, we never will. Only invisible people can. Invisible people. Time waits for invisible people."

("Look out for yourself should be the rule")

Brubeck and Desmond sort of sneaked out silently and set things up and quite before we knew it, "St. Louis Blues" was moving skillfully through the smoke and Selmo gulped his drink and just stared and I just couldn't move. Here he was, Brubeck, the expressionist, the interpreter, listen man listen, "I hate to see that evening sun go down," and doesn't everybody and don't you? and doesn't everybody know that Brubeck is the leader? can there really be a God that we just haven't found? but ("don't worry 'bout me") because we'll get along, but can we really get along somehow?

Once J. D. told me that there wasn't such a thing as one world. "Each man has to build his own world," he said. "It is almost as if we are outside in the fields watching the foundations of some tremendous building slowly crumble away, simply waiting for the crash, and then we will collect the pieces and begin to build our own. Something keeps whispering in my ear, 'J. D., don't let the night fall on you. Don't.' That's why I'm always looking for the stars."

Where is J. D.? Do the stars really shine?

We didn't know the answers and I guess no one else did either, but at least those three had tried to explain. Maybe people are no damn good.

And then the time element arose and the thing was over and we left. The night air felt cool and good as we walked along. Only a few stars were out for the sky was becoming cloudy and probably it would rain tomorrow. Rain tomorrow and maybe the next day too. Was the sun really going down? and it might even rain tonight but we kept on walking anyway.

So in the city, the great and sprawling city, the city of lost people, where the masses move in a lethargic stupor and where millions of cars race from one corner to the next in order to beat each other to the next stop light and where the huge and towering buildings appear sinister and foreboding without their lights in the cloudy night sky, we thought of home, and of a place where the stars shine through the pines because they allow the stars to shine down there, and of a river rolling lazily in the misty light, and of a dream of truth somewhere lost in the Forest of Arden; we thought of all those things, Selmo and me, and we kept on walking.

Somewhere, someone was waiting for us.

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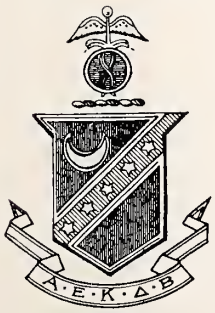
Delta Sigma Phi

Alpha Sigma Phi

Kappa Alpha



Kappa Sigma

Pi Kappa Alpha

Pi Kappa Phi

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

WHAT PURPOSE — I. F. C.

by *Ramsey Mellette*
President of the Inter-Fraternity Council

The primary purpose of the Inter-Fraternity Council is to serve as the governing body of the fraternities. Since the Inter-Fraternity Council is made up of representatives from the seven fraternities, its policies must receive their support to function effectively. Regretably, this has not been the case in numerous instances this year.

Last year the administration asked the Inter-Fraternity Council to present a new rush program to the Student Activities Committee for approval. The rush program that was in effect this year was drawn up by the Inter-Fraternity Council. Either the fraternities were not informed of the changes by their representatives or the fraternity members were not interested, as evidenced by the numerous rush rule violations. The program did not receive the support of the fraternities, and a result has been that an already unhealthy rivalry between fraternities has been intensified.

What means then should be utilized to strengthen the Inter-Fraternity Council and to develop a more congenial attitude among the fraternities?

There are several suggestions that might be made concerning not only the individual fraternities and their actions, but also the individual fraternity members.

The fraternities should be careful in the selection of their representatives. I do not intend to reflect on any of the present representatives, because, to a large extent, they have shown keen interest and concern in the execution of their duties as council members. But I believe that more attention could be given to the good of the fraternity system as a whole, rather than to the individual fraternity.

It is my opinion that fraternities are too clanish. It is one thing to cherish one's own fraternity and to be willing to work for its betterment. It is another thing to allow fraternity ties to exclude friends in other fraternities.

In rushing for one's fraternity, an individual should not find it necessary to concentrate on the shortcomings of another fraternity—whether these shortcomings be actual or fictitious — but rather on the good qualities of the fraternity for which he is rushing.

In the very near future, the Inter-Fraternity Council will meet to discuss proposals for a new rush program. The Inter-Fraternity Council representatives and fraternity presidents will discuss ideas for a new rush set-up with the fraternity members. Each fraternity member, therefore, will be afforded ample opportunity to present his own ideas. Through thoughtful consideration and judgement, the Inter-Fraternity Council should be able to formulate a program which will be acceptable not only to the fraternities, but also to the administration.

When we are able to set up a system of rush for the seven social groups on our campus which will be adequate and which—above all else—will be respected and enforced by all groups, we may be taking the first major step in convincing the administration and faculty that we are mature enough to govern ourselves effectively.

James P. Kilgo

AND THAT

It was the summer after I'd graduated from high school that I met Dante, and I knew Dante a long time before he introduced me to these two cats you might've heard of, J. D. and Selmo, so that might give you some idea of how long Dante and I have palled around. Actually, we never have "palled around," it's just been a sort of mutual understanding relationship . . . if you know what I mean.

Anyway, like I was saying, it was that damnable summer after high school and my parents had been on me about getting a job, and things were looking pretty rocky for me and Sara, though it was only the ground-breaking for the laying of the foundations . . . if you know what I mean. But I didn't know that at the time, so all I'd do would be to sit on the naked floors of that great big, cool, Victorian house I lived in and listen to the Weavers sing "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore" and Josh White sort of laugh and spit out "Sam Hall" (but I never played that when the folks were at home). Paul was gone and Hubie was at Quantico so there was no one left at home who could really appreciate real, authentic, grass-roots folk music. All of those phony high-school girls were listening to that commercialized stuff the K. T. sings and saying how they loved folk music and how unique the K.T. was, when it's really not folk music at all and they didn't know the meaning of unique anyway.

Well that's the way it was that summer with Hubie and Paul gone and Sara either coming or going (I didn't know which). I stood it until the middle of July and then I told Daddy I felt like I had to move, and he asked me what I meant, and I said, "I mean move," and he said, "Alright then, move!"

So I threw some clothes in this little green-plaid zipper-bag and got out on the road with the intention of going to Florida, but the man in the first car that stopped told me that I was headed in the wrong direction, and I asked him where he was going, and he said Virginia, and I thought a minute and said, "Okay, that's fine with me." And right then I started thinking about New York and the Village. Well, I got as far as Virginia and decided I'd stop off for a few days to see this second cousin I had never met before pushing on. Well, those few days turned out to be a few weeks and I had run out of money (I can get rid of money with more ease than anyone I've ever seen) so I wired Daddy for some and he wired back and said, "Come home." So the next morning I hit the road south and by mid-afternoon I was somewhere in North Carolina.

I'll never forget that. I stood on that sweating road with the soles of my shoes encrusted with that old black tar that oozed up from between the cracks in the pavement and looked up at that blue canvas stretched above me until it seemed like a mammoth furnace with a little hole cut in one side and right through that hole you could see that old white fire just blazing away and you could feel the heat—Lord, you could feel the heat! I was sweating something awful and my sun-glasses kept slipping off the bridge of my nose and I kept wishing to hell somebody'd come along, and about that time I heard something that sounded like an old John Deere tractor coming with its disc-harrows down, but what it was was some kind of vehicle of unknown vintage driven by a red-neck farmer and both seats were spilling runny-nosed kids, so I just sort of stood there and waved and said, "Damn you."

And there I was, all hot and sweaty somewhere in North Carolina in the middle of August when I saw something that looked like a pregnant whale coming closer and closer and then right on by and I was damning him when I heard his brakes.

I was never so glad to get a ride in my life. Of course, the first thing he asked me was where I was going and I told him and he said, "Well, I'll be damned. I live in Florence." (That's probably what he said . . . I can't remember exactly.) He said that because Florence's just nine miles from where I live and that's where Sara's from and all. Then we started on this is-that-right-do-you-know-so-and-so bit and it turned out that we knew a lot of the same people and then he asked me what my name was and I told him David and right then he started calling me Dave.

And that was Dante.

But he wasn't Dante then. He was just Don. We started calling him Dante later on when some misinformed person thought that the poet Dante had written *Paradise LOST*, and, because at that time Don could well have written something called *Paradise Lost*, this person called him Dante, and it seemed like a good name so now the "Poor Misunderstood Disciples of Jazz" and I call him Dante.

It was late when we got to my place and Dante

WAS DANTE

said that he'd better get on home, but to call him some time when I wasn't doing anything and I said in that case his phone would ring perpetually.

I guess about the first thing I did the next morning was call Sara and wake her up. She was mad as hell because I had gotten her up and didn't seem at all glad to hear me, and I was pretty disappointed, particularly when she said that she was busy that afternoon and was dating that night, so I told her that I'd see her around sometime. I knew that would make her mad and it did. Well, after that we didn't see each other until a few days before I left for school. In the meantime I would've gone crazy if it hadn't been for Dante.

It was several nights later that I decided to drive over to Florence. Just for the hell of it, I decided to drive over. Well, that's what I said, but I guess the real reason was to see if, in some way, I might see Sara. I didn't, but I did see Dante.

He was sittting by himself at the Sky-Way drinking a brew. (I don't know yet why he was by himself, but he was).

"Hey, Don, remember me?"

"Sure, get in." He said that like he didn't give a damn whether I got in or not, but I learned later that he did. You just couldn't tell exactly what he meant sometimes from the way he said it.

"Want a beer?" he asked.

"Yeah, I reckon I do. Toot your horn."

We sat there sipping our brews in silence. Then suddenly he asked, "What do you think of Brubeck?"

"Who?"

"Brubeck."

"Oh yeah, Dave Brubeck. Well, I'm not too familiar with him."

"What, you don't know Brubeck?"

I thought I had uttered some sort of sacrilege (I had, but I didn't know it then). Then I countered. "How do you like Pete Seeger?"

"Who?"

"Good Lord, man! Pete Seeger. He's the leading folk-artist in the country."

And in that way we introduced each other to our first loves, though neither of us have succeeded in converting the other.

Anyway, after we'd finished our brews, Dante said, "Want to cut the Airport?"

"Might as well."

So we cut the Airport and had another brew and then cut the Lantern and had another and then we came back to the Sky-Way and had another. By that time, I was only vaguely aware of what was going on, so Dante ordered some coffee and we rode around some and after that I was alright. I never could drink.

Another time we went to a party at Twin Pines and I met Selmo and rode around that night in his MG, And another time we went to a party at Johnny's Cabin and that was when I saw Sara and just seeing her there made me want to date her again like mad. Man, was I miserable the rest of that night. I really tied one on and said all kinds of phony things (I was feeling sorry for myself) that I hope no one remembers. Then the next day I called and asked her for a date and she accepted and I was all right again.

And then the night Dante was introducing me to Mulligan, I met Sister (I never called her Sister) and his little sister. Later, after I had undergone my metamorphosis, I thought a great deal about something that happened that night. It went like this: Dante's little sister came in to show me something that currently held her interest. She was holding this Mason jar half-filled with water and in the water there was a plain brown acorn.

"This acorn won't ever grow up to be a tree because it's in plain water."

"Well, why don't you put some dirt in with it?" I asked.

"Because it would make the water dirty."

Because it would make the water dirty.

And that was all.

I remember that when I see the young giants standing fresh in their piles of broken glass drying the "dirty water" from their ankles.

And that's how the summer was. Just me and Dante and the Weavers and Brubeck and right there at the end a glimmer of light that was Sara and a plain brown acorn and nothing to do.

* * * * * * * * *

And then we went to school and that year was for me a painting of parties and Sara and even a fishing trip, but Dante can tell you about all that, or maybe I will, but like old Holden said, sometimes it's better not to tell things . . . at all. ●

Jim McLeod
Stephen Lee

COME AGAIN SOME OTHER DAY

My name is Jason Lucas. I am writing this because I feel that I have just condemned mankind to eternal suffering.

But first let me go back a few years to the years following the "Great War." As a result of this dreadful war, all the world had been racked with famine and destruction. Our miseries were manifold; the greatest of which was the slaughtering of citizens by government officials for daring to believe in a God which had "forsaken" us in such a crisis. I, myself, unfortunately was one of those officials. Though I did my job effectively, I had a deep devotion to God which has gone undetected for these many years.

I first learned about "Nigger George," as he was called by his followers, while liquidating believers in the South. A Negro in his early thirties, "Nigger George" had the countenance of one much older. He was gray haired, bearded, slightly stooped, but stern of eye. He had a large Negro following, but because of racial prejudices the whites and officials referred to him as a blasphemous preacher of non-truths. My job led me to seek out this believer.

I was accepted graciously by him and his followers in their open church in the hills. "Nigger George" first impressed me as being remarkably intelligent. His preachings that night and in the days that followed left me with a feeling that I can only describe as mysterious. He was like a magnet. His preachings had enriched me to the point that I was drawn to him like a moth to a lamp.

I had completely forgotten my duty until my superiors, not having heard from me in some time, sent a party down to get a report on my findings. When they learned of my attendance at the meetings they demanded a statement. Knowing the graveness of my situation, I denied their accusations that I was doing anything other than carrying out my job. I then gave them a list of "Nigger George's" activities and suggested a plan of liquidation.

"Nigger George" was immediately apprehended. It was decided to make an example of this man who dared defy the government. The Negro was placed in the center of town where it was known he would be jeered at by the whites. He remained standing the entire day. His bearing did not change, neither did he speak during this period of physical and mental torture. But when the late hours of the night came he found some comfort; however, I did not. What he had endured during the day, I would have to endure myriad times through my life. When he was spat upon, I was spat upon. Every taunt rang in my ears; I was rotting inside for I did not have the courage to stand up for what I believed.

With the dawn came the time of execution. "Nigger George" was paraded through town carrying the shovel with which he was to dig his own grave. At the outskirts of town the people formed a large circle around the condemned Negro. As he dug his grave the people shouted unreturned insults. The digging completed, I took my position at the head of the grave facing "Nigger George." Calmly he knelt at the foot of the grave. The executioner stepped forward and halted with the gun placed at the base of "Nigger George's" skull awaiting my signal.

"Nigger George" looked at each face in the circle around him slowly and deliberately. I was the last to come under his gaze. Then, lifting his face towards the heavens, he uttered, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

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The NAIA District Champions, displaying 1959-60 Little Four Championship Trophies. Standing: Melton, Berry, Barbee, Hart, Waldrop, Coach Alexander. Kneeling: Manager Davenport, King, Cluff, Tinder, Martin, Trainer Gunter. (Absent—Harmon.)

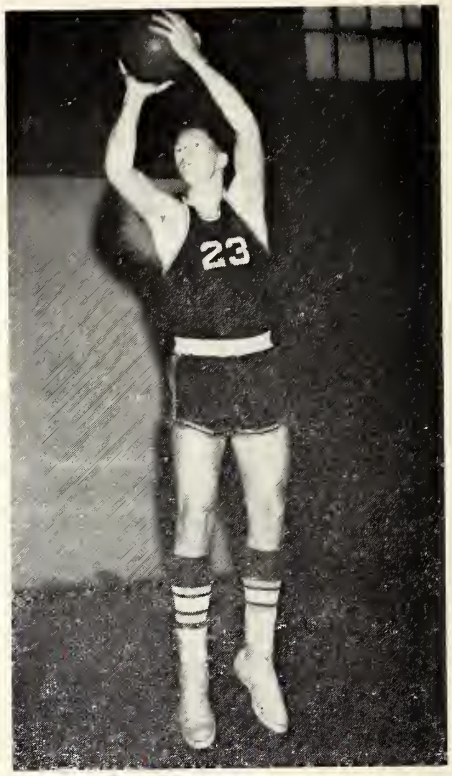
CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL 1959-60

With the coming of the 1960-1961 basketball season, the question on the minds of many fans is whether or not this year's team is going to be as successful as last year's.

How good was the 1959-1960 Team? The records show that the squad, coached by Eugene F. Alexander, had a 26-6 record. Wofford Terriers were champions of the Little Four and District 26 of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics and finished first in the Spindale Rotary Invitational Tournament. To finish the exceptional season, the team filed a 2-1 record in going through the quarter-finals in the nation-wide N.A.I.A. Tournament at Kansas City, Missouri.

What made this team as good as it was? The squad was composed of a group of good backetballers who quietly displayed remarkable cage prowess. This spirit manifested itself through supreme confidence in team ability rather than cockiness. The "never-say-die" attitude enabled the Terriers to move out in front in games in which it appeared that they had absolutely no chance at victory. In the five games which went into overtime, the Terriers were victorious.

The team was sparked by All-State choices Trap Hart and Bill Barbee. Trap averaged 17.2 points per game, while Bill tossed in 20.1



Coach Gene F. Alexander and the 1959-60 Wofford College Championship Basketball Team just prior to leaving for the NAIA Tournament in Kansas City.

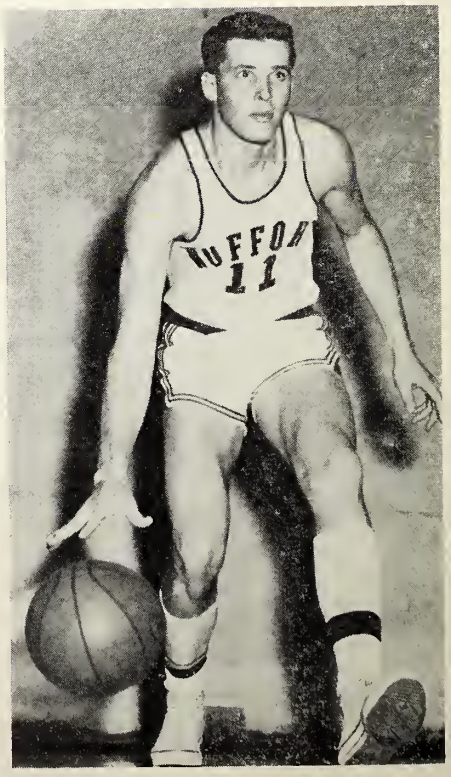
points per game. Trap was one of the best all-round cagers ever to grace the hardwood at Wofford. He could perform with distinction at any position. He could dribble, shoot, rebound, or drive with equal ease and adroitness.

The other main-stay, Bill Barbee, had a classic jump shot which he could fire up from any spot on the floor. His uncanny eye amazed both opposing players and fans alike. The image of Bill Barbee breaking clear from the man guarding him and popping his jump shot will not soon fade from the minds of many faithful Terrier fans.

Other starters for Coach Alexander were Bob Waldrop, Charlie Cluff, and Boyce Berry. All three of these men are back this year and are expected to spark Terrier successes of 1960-1961. Last season Bob Waldrop proved to be a pleasant surprise by averaging 13.3 points per game and pulling in a total of 441 rebounds in 31 games. He carried the team over the last one-third of the season. Boyce Berry and Charlie Cluff formed an adept backcourt combination. Boyce averaged 10.9 while Charlie averaged 8.2.

The highlight of the season to both the Terrier squad and their fans was the trip to Kansas City. Wofford won the right to represent District 26 in the tournament by virtue of their defeat of Catawba and Appalachian in a play-off series. In the national tournament itself, which is a single elimination affair, there was a total of 32 teams entered. The schools ranged in size from those with enrollments of 300 to 400 to enrollments of 5,000 to 10,000. All of the teams were champions, each representing an N.A.I.A. District.

In tournament play, the Terriers dropped Oakland City in a double over-time by an 86 to 83 score. In



Above: Bill Barbee, the team's top scorer, with an average of 20.1 points per game.

Below: Trap Hart, Captain of the 1959-60 Wofford Basketball Team.

the second round, Wofford defeated Findlay by an 82 to 73 count. In the quarter-finals, the gallant Terriers fell victims to the powerful Tennessee A. and I. team by a margin of 75 to 60. Tennessee A. and I. had been tournament champs for the two previous years.

Of course, no member of the Terrier squad will ever forget playing in Kansas City, but neither will they soon forget the travel involved. The team left Spartanburg on Saturday, March 6, by car for Atlanta. From there they caught a train, destination: K.C. Due to a delay forced by weather conditions, their train arrived in St. Louis too late to make the necessary connections. Everyone was thrown into turmoil because it appeared that the team would not reach Kansas City in time for the preliminary high-light, the Tip-Off Banquet, held on Sunday night. After a flood of telephone calls, however, transportation to the "Big City" was provided by commercial airliner.

Upon reaching Kansas City, the team found that Griggs James and Dale Engle, of the Seidlitz Paint and Varnish Company, had been named their honorary coaches. These men spent a great deal of time with the team: they sat on the bench with the Terriers, ate with them, and, though the team had come to Kansas City to play ball, leaving little time for anything else, Mr. James and Mr. Engle treated the team to several famous Kansas City steak suppers.

In the city, the Wofford men impressed observers favorably as both a splendid team and as gentlemen. They brought a great deal of good publicity to Wofford and the state of South Carolina. Many commented that Wofford had the best coached team in the tournament, while the management of the Phillips Hotel commended the team on its gentlemanly conduct.

The exploits of the 1959-60 squad have many people looking to this season to see if a repeat performance is in order. What are the differences in the two squads, one might ask. First, this year's outfit does not have an outside shot to compare with Barbee or Hart. Second, this year's team is largely inexperienced. One freshman, Tommy Lewandowski, will be filling a starting guard slot. Boyce Berry has been moved to a forward position after two years at guard. Glen Melton, the sixth man from last year, is starting and is the other forward. Therefore, Bob Waldrop and Charlie Cluff will be the only two men at familiar positions. Third, this year's Terrier team has capable reserves even though they are new in college circles. Falling into this group are Orville Crabtree, Ronnie Russell, Todd Heldrth, Buddy Cubbitt, and Keith Ammons.

In drawing pre-season conclusions from these differences, the prediction is that the team this year will place more emphasis on a control type game with a minimum of outside shooting. They will, however, use the fast break if the opportunity presents itself. This is due to having more than six able cagers. The team should improve as the season progresses, and the new men will gain some experience.

Terrier fans can look forward to another well coached, exciting team this year. Coach Alexander has been known to produce winners with much less material than he now has, so it appears that this might be another prosperous season for the Terriers.

LUDY DAVENPORT

Cooch Alexander ond the teom ore presented tokens of oppreciotion from the college by President Marsh, upon their return from the NAIA Tournoment.

Dr. G. W. Hammond

The Boy from Tennessee

(NOTE: The following short story was written by Dr. G. W. Hammond, a practicing Spartanburg obstetrician, who is currently enrolled at Wofford as a special student. The story is based on an actual experience of Dr. Hammond which occurred during World War II near Anzio, Italy, which was the scene of Allied landings in January of 1944.)

Here, life was stark. Life was brutal. Foreboding fear was with us night and day. Here, man's life was a paradox. To the Juggernaut, it meant nothing. To the individual man, life meant everything. Survival and a chance to return home were the constant thoughts of those who were here.

A range of mountains made a horseshoe bend around the plains which sloped from the foothills to the shores of the blue Mediterranean. From this range which bristled with guns the Germans looked down on 200,000 troops trapped there. British, American, and French forces were contained in this area only seven miles wide and eight miles deep. This was the area that was being shelled, strafed, and bombed. This was the area where men lived like animals in holes dug in the ground. This was the Anzio Beach head.

Dreary months passed. Preparations for the big push to burst out from the beachhead were painfully slow. All supplies had to be brought in by ships, transferred to amphibious "ducks," and transported to the supply depots on the beachhead. This supply line was constantly under fire from guns along the mountain range, and from the air.

Finally, the big push started. The British and American forces spearheaded the outward thrust from the beachhead up through the mountains. Our offensive barrages were met with counterfire. But once the thrust was made, there was no stopping nor turning

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

back, regardless of the cost. The casualties were staggering.

I was one of the medics following in the wake of this advance to treat the wounded. On the way to my aid station I drove through the British sector where the offensive had begun. Strewn about a large field at the foothills of the mountain range were fully battle-equipped British soldiers. Hundreds of them were lying there. A few hours before, they were alive young men. Now they were dead. This sight and the stench of human flesh burnt with high explosive shells nauseated my very soul.

My aid station was set up in a stable that had been attached to a farm house. Now the house was in a heap of rubble, but the roof and three walls of the stable were still standing. We draped a large tent fly from the roof to close the opening in the wall. The floor to the stable was concrete, and it was swept clean before our medical chests, cases of blankets, stretchers, and supplies were moved in. In the large yard we spread ten flies with red crosses painted on them. Our ambulances were parked in open view and no efforts were made to conceal them from the enemy. During the day the Germans would not intentionally shell our medical installations.

All during the day, casualties poured into the aid station. They were given plasma for shock and morphine for pain. Splints were applied and wounds were dressed. It seemed as though the stream of wounded was endless. They were evacuated to the field hospital as fast as our ambulances were available. Finally, night came, and it looked as though the peak of the casualties had been taken care of. I had no idea how many of our men had been killed. But three of us, my sergeant, my corporal, and I had treated over two hundred wounded men. Our ambulance drivers had evacuated all of them, we thought, to the field hospital.

It was near midnight, and we were exhausted. I opened a litter, took two blankets from the case. One I folded into thirds and laid it on the canvas for padding. The other I rolled tightly for a pillow. I sat on the edge of the litter, took off my combat boots and placed them with my helmet by my side. I stretched out, loosened my belt, and looked at the ceiling of the stable without seeing anything. I closed my eyes, inhaled and exhaled deeply, and began to relax when—

"Medics! Here's a litter case for you. Where do we put him?" the lead litter bearer said as he came through the door to the stable.

I jumped up. "Over here. We'll give you a hand as soon as I put on my boots."

The litter was placed on two empty medical chests turned on end for supports.

"What happened to him?" I questioned as I tightened my belt and walked towards the wounded man. "Sergeant, bring the lantern over here."

"Don't exactly know. We're from the engineers. When we moved forward into our new position today, we found this man half buried by the side of a German tank."

"You mean covered with dirt?"

"Yeah, that's right. We thought he was dead at first, but then, when we dug him out, he was still breathing, wasn't he, Joe?"

"Yeah, and he's been unconscious ever since then too."

"Why couldn't you bring him in any sooner?" I asked.

"We wanted to, but we couldn't move our ambulance out until after dark. And man! Is it dark out tonight without a moon!"

"How could you see to drive—in complete blackout?"

"Joe here—he tied his white handkerchief around his arm and walked in front of the ambulance. I followed him."

"Yeah—and I fell down five times in shell holes. It took us four hours, but we got him here, didn't we?"

"You sure did, fellows. There's some coffee on the stove over in the corner. Have some before you leave."

"Thanks, Captain. You think he'll make it?"

"We'll see what we can do for him, but he looks like he is in pretty bad shape. Sergeant, hold the lantern down a little closer."

The soldier was covered in dirt and dust from head to foot. His uniform was torn. His heart was beating slowly, his respirations were labored, and he appeared to be near death. His skin had a cool, clammy feel to touch. His right leg was fractured above the knee.

"Let's get some plasma started first thing, Sergeant."

"Want me to clean him up some?"

"We'll wait 'til he's in better shape. Bring me a leg splint when you finish mixing the plasma."

After the plasma was started, and the splint was applied, the Sergeant wiped the dirt from the soldier's face. I was surprised to see how young he appeared. Soon his state of shock began to diminish. Slowly, the soldier opened his eyes. In pain he moaned, "Oh, my leg! What's happened to my leg?"

"Take it easy, fellow," I consoled. "Try not to move. Your leg is broken. We have a splint on it now."

Dazed and bewildered, the soldier looked about the dimly lit stable. "Where am I now?"

"You're in an aid station now. You were brought in about an hour ago."

He looked at me, then at his arm. "Is that plasma running in my arm now?"

"That's right. Hold still. You might get the needle out of the vein."

"Captain, do you have an extra cigarette on you?"

"Sure thing." I lit a cigarette and placed it between his lips. "We have some hot coffee on the stove. Think you can keep down a cup?"

The soldier hesitated, then said, "I feel sick on my stomach, but I'll try."

"It'll do you good if you can drink some."

I raised his head and supported his back so he could drink the coffee. As he grasped the handle there was a slight tremor to his hand. Through habit, he licked the hot rim of the large aluminum canteen cup to cool it. Leisurely, he sipped the sweetened coffee in this propped-up position. When he had finished it, he lay back quietly until all the plasma had run into his vein. His strength began to increase, and his mental fogginess began to clear. He became more aware of his surroundings.

"Who brought me here?"

"Two aid men from the engineers brought you in here tonight."

"Where did they find me?"

"By the side of a knocked-out German tank. You were half buried in dirt when they found you this afternoon. You remember what happened to you?"

"Not too well. It seems hazy to me, like a bad dream." He became restless, his brow wrinkled, and he showed mental disturbance as he continued, "I remember that my buddy and me—we were on patrol when the 88's started pouring in. There wasn't any place to take cover."

"What did you do then?"

"I saw the knocked-out German tank and ran towards it. A shell exploded. It must have hit right where he was. The blast felt like a freight train had hit me in the back. It threw me up against the tank. The falling dirt just about buried me. I managed to push the dirt away from my face before I passed out. I don't remember any more after that. That was early this morning."

"That barrage you were caught in—that was three days ago," I muttered, shaking my head.

"Captain, my leg is beginning to throb. Can you give me a shot to ease the pain some?"

"I sure will." I injected half a syrette of morphine solution into the soldier's arm. "This ought to make you feel better." Then to distract his attention I asked, "How old are you soldier?"

"Nineteen—three months ago."

"You talk like you're from Tennessee. Where are you from?"

"Yeah, I'm from Tennessee—'bout five miles from Gatlinburg. Sure wish I was there now."

The morphine had begun to relax the young soldier, and dreamily, he answered by questions with his eyes closed.

"Do any hunting and fishing there?"

"Not much fishing, but a lot of hunting. Ever since I was big enough to tote a .22, I hunted all over those mountains with my old hound dog."

"I guess you were pretty good with a rifle."

"Yeah, I was a pretty good shot, not to be braggin'. It didn't take much training to make a sniper out of me. It just came natural."

"How long have you been in combat?"

"I've kinda lost track of time, but I think about eight months." He paused, then said, "My leg feels like it's getting numb. Can you loosen the strap on the splint a little?"

"I can loosen it some . . . How's that?"

"Much better, thanks."

"You got a girl back home waiting for you?"

"Well, I hope I have." His eyes were closed, and a faint smile came to his lips. "She was just sixteen when I left for Camp Forrest to be inducted. I get a letter from her every now and then, when the mail comes through."

"Is she a good cook?"

"She's not, but her maw sure is. You know something?"

"What's that?"

"That cup of coffee is the first hot drink I've had in the past week. It sure tasted good. Can I have another cigarette?"

"I don't guess another one will hurt you. But try to be quiet and rest for a while."

"How long will I stay here?"

"As soon as an ambulance comes in, we'll evacuate you on back to the hospital."

"Captain, I'm beginning to feel mighty weak again on the inside." He opened his eyes and looked straight into mine. "Do you really think I'll make it back home?"

I swallowed hard and forced a smile. "No doubt about it—you're as tough as an old pine knot. It won't be long before you'll be on your way back home to Tennessee."

He smiled faintly at me, then softly said, "As long as I live, Captain, I'll never forget you."

"And I'll never forget you either, son."

The young soldier quietly went to sleep. The burning cigarette dropped from his hand. Death had come quietly and without a struggle.

"Sergeant, call Graves Registration in the morning. I wish he could have made it back to Tennessee."

I walked outside into the black of the night . . .

. . . And I wept. ●

Pierce Arant

The New Life

Don Kulo closed the door to his small, uncluttered apartment.

"What a day!" he gasped as he collapsed onto the sofa. He had experienced quite a week of rushing at the department store where he worked as supervisor on third floor—women's suits, shoes, slips, etc. Now he had a long weekend to rest and regain his composure. Saturday and Sunday to get ready for the onslaught on Monday morning. But he had nothing planned—nothing but rest, reading, and escape from the monotonous world of prices and people.

Don had eaten a large part of his supper of cold corned beef, bread, and beer when he began to think of his family. They were there he thought. He was almost sure they were still there in the small, rundown house he had left 15 years before. His father had never wanted to go anywhere else. Don knew that it was because he had never really wanted anything out of life but his salary check on Saturday and his liquor on Saturday night.

But Don was not that way. He wanted more—and he planned to get it. It hadn't taken him long to rise from a mere clerk in Mac's Department Store to the floor supervisor, and the next step was manager of the entire store. Quite a position for the son of a penniless drunkard. But that was long ago, and Don was no longer the son of Franco Kulowski—he had even had his name changed to completely sever himself from his obscure past.

As he drained the last drops of beer from the disposable can, he wondered how he had ever lived in the filth of his parents' world. He was well-satisfied with his apartment, his job, and his rising prestige in the main office of Mac's Department Store.

He threw the emptied beer and corned beef cans into the trash and briskly ran water over his fork, replacing it neatly into the second drawer to the left of the sink. Running his fingers through his graying coal black hair, he walked into the combination bedroom-sitting room and sank into a comfortably overstuffed chair.

He couldn't seem to get the thought of his mother and father out of his mind. He could see their faces. They seemed in their age to be gnarled, distorted—almost grotesque. He closed his eyes to rest and slowly drifted into sleep.

During the next morning he had practically forgotten the vision of the night before. He went about his Sunday habits of reading and listening to his favorite music. It was late afternoon before he realized that it was not Sunday, but actually Saturday. Saturday! Usually he would have been at the department store. But today he sat staring at the wall opposite his chair. There was only one picture decorating the wall. It depicted a landscape.

The picture fascinated Don. It was so perfectly painted, so beautiful except for one gnarled, grotesquely-shaped tree stump which, though it was small, seemed to completely dominate the entire picture. The scene seemed familiar to Don, though he had never really seen it.

In the gnarled tree stump he could see a face—

an old face—wrinkled, worried. But the eyes, the tear-stained eyes. They were soft and warm. They seemed to radiate more in their expressiveness than any words could possibly reveal.

Don shut his eyes to close out the face, to divorce himself from its warmth. But it was there—the face, the eyes.

Don grasped blindly for his coat and ran toward the door. He was running to escape the warm eyes, and the cold, gnarled tree stump.

It was much later when Don realized where he was and what he had been doing. Before him gleamed a mass of red and green and blue lights—each tiny light, an eye, gazing coldly. Around him busily moving was a mass of dark faces—occupied by cold, staring eyes. Don's head whirled painfully. He was suddenly overcome by nausea and fell limply against a brick wall. His head came down and he found physical relief.

When Don awoke the next morning, he was in bed. He could not remember how he had gotten there —only that he had been sick.

What was wrong? He had never had anything like that happen to him before. All of the 15 years of work seemed to have been consumed in one night. In the past he had felt a sort of satisfaction in what he had accomplished. Suddenly it all seemed futule, meaningless.

He lay there on the bed, his eyes on the ceiling—lost in a vacuum of silence. He tried to regain the sight of the old face with the warm eyes. Now he wanted to see the eyes—the eyes of his mother. All the hate he had borne his mother and father for the past 15 years was gone now, and he wanted desperately to see them, to share with them, to give of himself in some way to them—to someone.

Don Kulo began to cry. He had waited too long to begin a search for a face with warm eyes that spoke while the lips were silent. All he could see were the gnarled tree stump and the gnarled faces, but the warm eyes were gone. A dark moan came from deep within his throat and his tears burned their way over his face.

Don Kulo walked through the front door of Mac's Department Store on Monday morning. A smiling face greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Kulo. How was your Christmas weekend?"

THE MIDGETS ON THE CAMPUS

As I walked east from North Church Street,
Heading toward Ole Main,
I looked out o'er the campus green,
But viewed its charm in vain.

The normal view was cluttered up
With many midget forms.
They did not look like College Joes
'Cause they were lacking arms.

So many dwarfs were standing there
So stiff along the way.
I thought I'd introduce myself
And see what they could say.

I asked one little monster thing,
'Twas barely two feet high,
Why they were lined along the road
Staring me in the eye.

"Why do you clutter up the view?
To do so is a crime."
The midget never moved, just said,
"No Parking Anytime."

SAM HARMON

BE REALLY REFRESHED

AROUND THE CLOCK!

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
SPARTANBURG COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY

Thomas Butler, Jr.

AS LONG AS WE HAVE NAMES

That summer we spent our afternoons at the Old Antwerp, a seamen's bar on Sixteenth Street, between Seventh and Eighth, right across from the *Iglesia de Dios* where groups of howling Puerto Rican boys tossed dice for pennies. The Antwerp was small and dark, and it had good music on the machine, and we could drink cold beer for a dime and once in a while champagne for seventy-five cents.

It was in July, I think, this one afternoon I have in mind, because there had been a parade, and the Puerto Rican kids had been out all afternoon playing ball, and there was water in the street from the hydrant. There were just the two of us there, with our half-full glasses of beer, listening to the woman and the drunk talking at the bar. There was always a drunk at the Antwerp: a beautiful, amiable, wonderful drunk who talked too much but who was so amiable no one ever told him to be quiet. There was usually a woman, too, with sandals and fat legs and a mustache of moisture over her lip. They were part of it there, and you would miss them if they ever went away.

I watched Beth and thought that the City held more for her than it did for the rest of us. Only she was there to do something; the rest of us were there simply because we had nowhere else to go. Like the rest of us she was lost, but we envied her because she knew where she was going.

She was sketching in a tablet: a rough pencil sketch of the man and the woman at the bar. She did not bend laboriously over the tablet as though it were an adversary to be vanquished, but held it lightly in her hand and moved the pencil across its surface in a tender, almost passionate motion. She was occupied with the one thing that was hers and she was transfixed.

Although her facial features were as delicate as fine lace and her skin as white as morning, Elizabeth Hammond was not a pretty girl. Hers was the sort of beauty that struck you peculiarly at first, but which soon lost its softness to the hard reality of pain and sorrow. She had a fathomless capacity for sympathy and pity, and those of us who knew her well understood that, as once before, it would cause her a great heartbreak; yet the sympathy and pity could not be taken out of her. Nor could the burning ambition. Her current struggle was with futility and oblivion, against which she waged war for her independence and her identity. She had come from Bucks County and she was bound for some far-away wonderland of which she spoke tenderly as success.

When she had finished and closed the tablet and drunk sparingly from the glass before her, she stood and went to the bright machine, into which she fed a coin and then pushed a red button. As the music began to play she returned to her chair and leaned back against the stained wall, her head back, her eyes closed, a deep, intense expression on her face. It was a song we had heard many times: a sad, fragile French piece, worn and scratched from countless playings.

Beth did not move when the song was through, but smiled, and smiling, spoke. "That's me. I feel like that. So sad and old."

"It was written for you." I did not look at her.

"Oh, I shouldn't want a song to be written for me. Wonderful things happen only by accident."

"What do you want, Beth?"

"So much I'm afraid I'll never have it all." She leaned away from the wall and turned back to the table, her sad eyes gleaming. "Only not so much, really. First I want to beat this big, sprawling city."

"It's a cruel place."

"No, not cruel. It's very kind, really. Like some baby mammoth. Only it's so large that it's hard to keep from being swallowed up."

"Haven't we already been swallowed up?"

"Oh no, not yet. Not as long as we have names and faces. We still have those, haven't we?"

"I don't know, Beth. I don't know what they mean now."

"But it can't be that easy to be beaten! I'll fight it. Until there isn't any life left in me."

"It's a war with you, isn't it, Beth? A glorious full-scale war, fought with . . . With what? What weapons do you have?"

"Ambition and desire and talent. I do have talent, haven't I? And if they aren't enough, I'll still have hope."

I said nothing more, but looked at her, at the brash little girl who had a tiger by the tail and was afraid to let him go. And yet I had to admire her. It had been hard for her all the way, and she had proven herself worthy of it. There had been trouble at home, a vague sort of misunderstanding with her mother, and she talked very little about that.

When she had first come to New York, some time back in the spring, she had found a comfortable apartment on Twelfth Street, not far from the New School. I had gone there often to see her, until the parasites appeared. They recognized her sympathy and took advantage of it, and when they moved in with her I stopped calling. I would meet her at the Antwerp, or at a small bar in the Village, and she would tell me how unhappy she was with her apartment full of hungry strangers, yet she felt such pity for them that she could not turn them out. I never knew what to say. By mid-June her money had almost given out and she had to take a third-floor walk-up on Avenue C. I had never been there. Three of the parasites went with her.

"It's not too much to ask, is it? A little success? Some small feeling of having accomplished something?"

I swirled the last of the beer in the bottom of my glass and felt unequipped to answer such a question. "You want to be an artist. That's good, it's honest, it's what you want to be. But it isn't why you came to New York. You came here to fight a war, but it isn't a war that has to be fought. It's a convenience, Beth, a rationalization. Your real battlefield is at home, and you know it, but like so many of us you were afraid, and so you came here where it's hard to be hurt. This is a big, formidable, oppressive city, Beth, and it gives a person the illusion of real struggle. But it's hard to be hurt here."

And suddenly she looked away, as though what I had said had broken her will, and she said, very coldly: "I don't have to tell you what your friendship and your interest mean to me. You should know. But you don't make it any easier for me when you say things like that."

"No one can make it any easier except you. It's up to you. I was just trying to help you decide." I knew I was right, but I felt something that was very much like sorrow.

She drank the rest of her beer, which was warm by now, and wiped her lips with a paper napkin and stood up. "It's late. I'd better go." She gathered up her pocketbook and tablet and turned toward the door.

"Do you mind if I walk with you for a while?"

"No, not if you want to."

I fished in my pockets for a bill and dropped it on the table, and then stood and followed her.

Beth was waiting on the corner for the light to change. She turned and watched me when she heard my footsteps. Then we crossed the street and walked toward Fifth.

"I'm sorry, Beth."

"I'm sorry, too. We shouldn't behave like that, you know. We're such good friends. It's just that it means so much to me."

I nodded and watched the sidewalk beneath my feet. We were out of the Puerto Rican section now, and it was suppertime and there was very little noise in the streets.

"Let's go up to the Cloisters. We've been talking about it all summer." I remember that we had planned since spring to go up to the Cloisters, but something had always happened and we had never done it.

"Not tonight. I want to get this sketch on canvas, and I'm very tired. Some other time?"

"Some other time."

We looked at each other and smiled.

★

It was Labor Day and the Christmas decorations were already up on Bleeker Street, and overcoats had begun to appear because summer was gone and everyone watched the sky for winter. It was a holiday and I knew that only a few small shops would be open uptown, and the fashionable ladies who shopped at Saks and Tailored Woman would be at home in Westchester and Long Island, and down on the docks labor politicians would be making speeches to the union workers. It wasn't long until New York would

MORE THAN A SYMBOL

Old Main, you shall remain;
Your history past: not through.
New life your walls obtain
To last a hundred years or two.

Old oaken beams, their strength not spent
Replaced by steel and concrete cold,
Shall not so easily relent
The sacred charge of minds to mold.

For in years past our fathers came
To this beloved quaint old school,
And took away not pomp or fame
But here they swam in wisdom's pool.

In years to come you'll stand there proud
Of all that you have done for men,
And gaze upon the growing crowd
Of humble honest Christian Men.

be at its best.

I walked through the downtown back streets, reacquainting myself with the old houses and sidewalk groceries and dark shops. The streets were very crooked, like those in Sachsenhausen across the Main from Frankfurt where old bombs are dug up even today, and their pattern was so complex that it was very easy to lose your way if you tried too hard to move in a particular direction.

In the street dirty boys were jumping onto the hoods and trunks of passing cars and calling names in Spanish and Greek at the drivers. There was hatred in their eyes, hatred for the rich drivers and their shiny cars, and they spat at the steel bodies and kicked them with their ragged shoes and the drivers were afraid. Hunger and poverty: those boys knew them both like parents and they were very bitter.. I turned down an alley, disgusted, not knowing whether my disgust was for the boys or the drivers or the hunger and poverty.

When I reached the openness of Greenwich Avenue I breathed deeply and savored the clean, fresh air in my nostrils. I turned toward Seventh and had walked only a few steps when I heard a voice calling:

"Hey, stranger!"

It was Beth, and she was running, struggling with the bulk of the captain's chair which she clutched at her side. I stopped and waited until she approached, laughing, gasping for the thin autumn air, her cheeks crimson from the running.

"I'm glad you're back," she said when she had caught her breath. "It's been sort of lonesome here without you."

SONNET II

I wake in dawn's ascending light, recall
Your love and my desire that lingered there
Too long. Again I hear the savage prayer
I hurled against the blank immobile wall.
But thinking back upon the day when all
Your smiles were mine, I see you standing bare
Within the margin of perfection where
Your beauty glistened like a waterfall
Turned silver by a virgin moon whose light
No lovers yet in all the world have known.
But from that margin never moved your heart;
Instead, across the threshold fell the night,
And I, concealed in darkness, stood alone
To watch the goal of my desire depart.

James P. Kilgo

"Thank you. I wish now that I hadn't gone. It was nothing." I had been in Vermont for a month. "Here, let me take that." I extended my hand for the chair.

She looked at me for a moment and then the smile went away from her face and she set the chair down on the sidewalk. Besides a trunkful of clothes, it was all she had brought with her to the City. It was old and scratched, and two of the stays were missing, but it had always been her favorite piece of furniture and meant a great deal to her.

"Are you finally going to have this old thing fixed?" I hoisted it over my shoulder and we started walking again.

"No." She tried to smile, but did not look at me. "It was getting to be an eyesore, so I thought I'd get rid of it."

I knew she didn't mean what she said, but I said nothing. We moved along in silence, and I thought that the silence must be very painful to her.

"How's the painting?"

"Oh, my painting!" She came alive for just the flicker of a moment, and then lapsed back into melancholy. "I haven't really had much time for that lately. I'm working, you know."

"No. Where?"

She tightened the scarf about her head and buried her hands deep in the pockets of her raincoat. "Klein's. It's a wholesale eye-glass place on Broad Street. I work in the frame department."

"Why?"

Her eyes were questioning.

"Why? Did your money give out?"

"Oh no, I just wanted something to do. You know how heavy time hangs in this city. It does me good to . . ."

"But your painting. You haven't given that up? Beth, you're good! I've seen work not half as good as yours sold right here in the Village. You can't give that up."

She stopped in front of a small shop. "Here, this is it."

I lifted the chair slowly off my shoulder and placed it on the sidewalk. "Beth, I'd like to buy it."

"No!" She opened the door and the bell rang. I picked up the chair and followed her into the dimly-lit little shop. It was cluttered with everything known to man, and the goods were strewn over the floor in mass disarray. A little old man wearing a gray fedora emerged from behind a curtain of colored beads, brushed aside a stack of old newspapers, stepped over a tarnished silver service, and squinted at us.

"Buyin' or sellin'?" His voice had the quality of a rusty nail being pulled from an old board, and when he spoke he revealed a mouthful of rotten stumps which had once been teeth.

Beth looked at him steadily and gave him a Sunday smile. "I have a captain's chair here, and . . ."

The old man squinted again and ran his tongue over his upper lip, and pushed the fedora back on his head, uncovering a ragged shock of dirty gray hair. "Sellin'."

"Yes, sir." Her smile was fading. "I have this . . ."

He took a step forward and peered at the chair. "What's wrong with it? Must be somethin' wrong with it, you wanta sell it." He got down very close to it and looked it over. "Hell, lady, it's 'bout to fall apart. Ain't no good. Won't nobody buy this thing."

I interceded. "Never mind that, pop. What'll you give her for it?"

He straightened up and took off the fedora and turned it around in his hand and then put it back on his head. "Three dollar. Give ya three dollar for it."

"Three dollars! This chair's worth at least fifteen. We won't take a cent less than fifteen for it."

"Will if ya sell it to me."

I glanced quickly at Beth, who was watching fixedly. "Twelve. The young lady'll let you have it for twelve."

"Won't go no higher'n five. Five's m' limit, son."

"Ten and we got a deal."

"Seven-fifty."

"Sold!" I looked at the old chair that had meant so much to Beth, and I felt as though I had betrayed a dear friend.

She smiled wanly. "Thank you."

"I'm sorry, Beth."

The old man dug deep in his trousers pocket and pulled out a large wad of bills and some change. He gave me a half and wet his fingers with his tongue and, holding the money close to his face, counted out seven mangled singles. "It's robbery, that's what it is. Robbery."

"You just don't know." I took the money and handed it to Beth, who folded the bills carefully and slipped them into her raincoat pocket. "Don't worry, old man. It's for a worthy cause."

We walked for a long time, down Greenwich and across Seventh and Sixth, to Washington Square, where the green and yellow buses waited and the trees rustled gently in the breeze and the bearded vagabonds around the fountain sang a mournful ballad in a tortured, rangeless pitch. Behind them rose the skeletons of new apartment buildings, and their wailing was a sonorous protest against the monuments of righteous social reform.

We watched them for a while, until they had finished their music, and Beth said, "Can you understand that? They still sing."

" ' And when there were no triumphs to celebrate, the poets found a compensation for themselves and their patrons.' "

"Burckhardt. He was once a great man, but everyone doubts him now. . . . Would you like some lunch?"

She nodded and we turned across the square, among the fallen leaves whipping at our ankles with the wind, and we walked until we came to Granado's on the corner. It was a Spanish place where I had eaten many times and where the food was rich but good. It was a night place, and after the shows it would come alive with the heavy laughter of many people, but now there was no one there. We took a table by the window, and the barman came with two menus.

"*Buenas tardes, senor.*"

"Hello, Paco. Start us off with a couple of beers."

We sat in silence until he brought two glasses, their rims overrun with foam that spread in small even blankets on the table.

"Beth . . . do you need money?"

She looked up quickly and there was a strange fierceness in her eyes. "No. No charity, please. I haven't come to that."

"It's not a hand-out, Beth. Remember me? I'm on your side."

"I can't take from you. I do all right." Her voice was quiet.

"Is it pride? Are you too proud to accept friendship? Don't you think you're entitled to a little after what you've been through with those miserable beggars at your place?"

She could fight the tears no longer and she wept, her whole body shaking convulsively, her fists clenched upward over her face. She cried for a long time and I let her cry, saying nothing, until she was able to speak.

"Bea . . . one of the girls living with me . . . one of your miserable beggars . . . she's pregnant. A Belgian seaman . . . She thinks he's coming back."

"And now you've gone to work for her." Her life was no longer her own; it belonged to the others, because of her characteristic of charity which deserved to be a good thing and not an incorrigible handicap.

"What could I do? She has no one."

"Loneliness is a hazard of this city, Beth. You're surrounded by eight million people, but everybody's lonely."

"How well I know that! But it can't be like this. I wanted so much to . . ."

"You sound as though you've given up." I drank from the glass and dried my lips on the back of my hand and looked at her for a long moment before I said it. "Go on home, Beth."

"I can't. Not now."

"The trouble there—whatever you're running away from—it's not going to work itself out just because

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you've come to the City."

The whiteness of her face faded and it was overcast with a gray sadness as bleak as the day. "You don't know how much I want to go home. I lie awake at night and think about all the things I did wrong, and I cry . . . Oh, how I cry! This—here—this isn't at all what I thought it would be. I thought I'd be part of a great, huge chorus, singing a hymn for mankind. But it's not like that at all . . . I'm afraid of going home, though. Afraid of saying I've been wrong."

There was nothing more to say. She was right. Take the fear out of New York and it would become a ghost town overnight. I hoped, though, that soon she would go home.

Later Paco brought two steaming platters of beef and saffron rice and little green peas, but we did not eat.

*

Fall passed quickly into winter, and the first snow fell early in November, and by Thanksgiving it was as unbearably cold in the City as it had been unbearably hot a few months before. There was football and toddies, stocking caps and red noses, and if you rode through the Park in a hansom the top was up and there was an old ragged blanket to wrap around yourself. Everywhere, people moved quickly and did not stop to talk, and the subways were unusually crowded because no one would wait in the cold for a bus.

It was nearly Christmas now, and the downtown commuters would come home in the evening bearing firs and spruce of varying sizes, and odd assortments of bundles, wrapped brightly in colorful foils and ribbons. They would tell funny stories and laugh with one another and sometimes sing in loud Christmas tones, and I knew that this was the point in its cycle when New York was most human. This was the time when it was practically free of non-residents, and it dared for a short while to take down its mask of coldness and breathe freely.

On Christmas Eve, because I had not seen her for more than a week and because it was a time when one ought to visit those for whom one is concerned and not be alone, I went to see Beth.

It had been snowing for two days and the slush which ran in filthy, shapeless rivers through the streets made walking unpleasant, and so I took a cab from the Park and rode toward the dismal bowels of the City.

The building which was home for Beth was in the middle of a block which was without light or laughter or distinction. For all one knew, there was going to be no Christmas in that block, an assembly of bars and appliance stores and ramshackle tenements. There were no carols blaring from second-storey radios, no happy celebrators wending their drunken way back to the fireside, no sounds except those of the midtown traffic and of a tugboat somewhere out on the water. The street was completely nude of greens or colored lanterns or streamers that read "Season's Greetings." There was nothing there to distinguish that night from any other.

The tenement was in decay and leaned noticeably toward the street. Here and there bricks had fallen, leaving gaping pores in the walls. There was a radio repair shop on the uptown side, and on the other was a miserable lunchroom which someone had in a flash of brilliance named the Coffee Pot. A mammoth percolator hung clumsily above it and swayed dangerously in the wind. I surveyed the empty street quickly and entered the leaning building, ignoring the row of buzzers, knowing somehow that they did not work. The sagging stairs groaned beneath my feet, and the sounds echoed through the corridors like voices in a tomb.

I was met at the door by a sullen, pock-marked young man who looked at me blankly for a moment and then, without a word, beckoned me in with an abrupt nod of his small bullet-shaped head.

We were in the living room, there being a bedroom and a kitchen opening off a short hallway to

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the rear. There was a dirty rose-colored couch, its springs hanging through the bottom, an old broken-down easy chair, a single table and several wooden pantry chairs. There was no rug on the floor, but someone had thoughtfully spread bath towels down to keep out the cold draft from below. In one corner was a large spruce tree, bare of ornaments. It leaned against the wall like a beaten and dying man.

Beth appeared from the hall. She was wearing a heavy woolen overcoat for there was no heat.

"Merry Christmas, Beth."

"Isn't it." For the first time she betrayed a tone of bitterness, as though the great weight had finally overcome her. She gestured to the easy chair. "Sit down. Please."

I did, and she leaned against the table. "You'll have to excuse the appearance of this place. We've been in an uproar, what with a baby on the way and me out all day . . . Oh, did you know? I lost my job. Bang, just like that. I clogged the machine or something and they fired me . . . Excuse me. This is Jan Something." She waved her hand in the general direction of the boy, who was sitting on the couch. We did not speak to each other.

I was conscious of someone behind me in the hall, and there was a heavy odor of rancid perfume, and I knew it was Bea. She came into the room, moving like an animal, and put her arm around Beth's waist. "Remember me?" A smeared scarlet grin spread across her hard, brutal face, and I was repulsed. I wanted to smash that Cheshire smile with my fist. I looked pointedly at her swollen belly.

"I wouldn't have known you, Bea. You've changed."

She took a cigaret from a pack on the table. "You can't hurt me." Handing me a book of matches, she leaned forward for a light. I threw the matches back onto the table and thought, "No, Bea, I can't hurt you. But I'd like to. I'd like to hurt you so bad you'd feel it the rest of your life."

"Beth, I'd like to talk to you . . . alone." The others did not move. I took a quarter from my pocket and tossed it to the boy on the couch. "Here, go out and find yourself a woman. . . . You too, Beatrice. Get the hell out!"

When they had gone, I asked, "Who was that? The talkative one."

"I don't know, really. Just someone Bea picked up.

They come and go so frequently now. She went into the kitchen, and I followed and sat in a chair by the window while she made coffee. An easel was set up by the sink, and there was a half-finished canvas: it was of the sketch she had made at the Antwerp. Only the background was painted in; the figures were still outlined.

"I'm glad you're painting again, Beth."

She was putting instant coffee into two cups. "Oh, that's been there for ages. I haven't worked on it since summer. I only leave it up to remind me."

"I wish you'd finish it. I like it very much."

She took the canvas from the easel and, with a courtesy, placed it on the table beside me. "For you. For Christmas."

"I can't, Beth. Why, with this you could get back on your feet . . ."

"I'd rather give it to you. It means more that way."

I touched the canvas and felt the thick, dry paint with my fingers.

The water was boiling on the stove and she poured it into the cups with the coffee. "I'm not going to finish it. I think it's better the way it is, with the people sort of invisible. We're not really here at all, you know. It's just a game we play." She gave me a cup and sat on the window sill. "But the game's over now. My team lost, and . . ."

"Beth, I have a present for you, too."

She looked up through a gossamer of steam. "You do?"

I took it from my pocket and put it on the table. "No pretty wrappings, no ribbon, no fancy card that says 'Noel.' Just a plain envelope. But it's something I thought you could use."

She sat her cup on the sill and folded her hands, looking at the envelope as though she were afraid to open it. "What is it?"

"It's a ticket home."

She turned and faced the window and the cold, black night. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I'm glad I didn't have to do it myself. I can at least pretend I was called away and didn't run. I don't think I've done badly. Things haven't turned out very well, but I've done the best I could. It isn't fair, you know, the price you have to pay, but it's a good lesson you learn here. Maybe I'll come back some day and show them I'm not afraid. And maybe I'll have friends again."

When I left her I walked through the lonely, windswept streets, listening to the frantic, agonizing symphony of vociferous silence. I walked to the river and stood looking down at the dark, cold current of tears. Somewhere it was Christmas and people were laughing and dancing and singing hymns and praying for a better world, but where I stood there was only emptiness and the sound of the water and a few glimmering lights in Brooklyn. It was colder and would snow again before morning.

A scrap of torn wrapping paper rushed past me in the wind and was swept into the river and carried out toward the sea. I watched it for a long time, until it disappeared.

PUBLIC SERVICE FEATURE

In recent traditional years there has been some grumbling, complaining, etc., about the Wofford application for prospective students. In the Journal's long and arduous crusade to aid the college in *any* possible way, a committee of prominent members of the *Journal* staff was set up to see if anything could be done about this unfortunate situation. The committee, after many months of deliberation, consultation, and meditation, created what we feel is a much improved document. Although we are aware of the sound, slow, and deliberate methods of this college and realize that the new, improved application will not be adopted immediately, we are sure that some time in the not-too-distant future, the wisdom and stature of the new, improved application form will be recognized and joyously adopted . . .

Wofford Application Form

Name_____, _____ Aliases_____

Sex (check one)_____yes _____ no (if so, how often?)

Answer yes or no:

Do you drink? _____

Do you have to have a cigarette within fifty minutes? _____

Do you like good food? _____

(If the answer to any of the above is yes, do not bother to complete the form.)

Anticipated major: _____A.B., _____B.S., _____R.O., _____T.C.

Is your father a Methodist minister? _____ (why not?) _____.

Do you have any brothers and sisters? _____ Which? _____ How many? _____. How often? _____

Do you plan to join a clique?_____ If so, in which fraternity? _____

Marital status: _____ single _____ married (Why? _____)

Special Talents: _____ singing _____ dancing _____ money changing _____ inhaling _____ bearing false witness.

Church affiliation (Check one) _____ Methodist

Nationality _____ South Carolinian _____Alien

Do you wear socks? _____ Why? _____.

Do you believe? _____.

SAMPLE PLACEMENT EXAM QUESTIONS:

Check correct answer: 2 plus 2 = _____ 2 pi _____ 6.02×10^{23} _____not answerable in time limit allowed.

Paradise Lost was written by _____Carol Chessman _____ Arthur Miller _____Richard Nixon _____ S.A.E.

Kennedy _____ won _____ lost _____cheated

Interpret the following poem using the space provided giving its social, economic, religious, political, and biological significance:

Thirty days hath Septober,
April, May, and no wonder;
All the rest have peanut butter
Except my grandmother
She has a little red tricycle . . .

(Write your answer here) _____.

Jane is 3 times as old as Sallie. Annabel Lee is half again as young as Jane. How old is Francis?_____

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COMMENT

Modern America is undergoing a social and mental upheaval which seems to be characterized by a complete lack of interest in anything intellectually stimulating. There has been a degeneration into mediocrity and complacency in our attitudes not only intellectually, but also in that realm of experience which we choose to term the spiritual. We have made an avowal of allegiance to the church which goes no further than expression in words.

This attitude has gained the past generation the reputation of being "angry," "beat," purposeless.

We, of the next generation, inherit this legacy of hopelessness. It is apparent from reading magazines from other colleges in the south that Wofford students are not the only ones infested by—or aware of—the situation. Where can we be going?

We can look to the literature of our own peers to see whether or not our literary attempts are only carbon copies of Salinger, Kerouac, and Faulkner. Our social concepts and norms, which are ours through heredity and environment, to a certain extent have stupified any real creativity or originality of thought. Can we use our concern over these existing concepts to develop beyond them any truly meaningful revelations? Or are we only presenting prosaic exclamations of the same theme: People are no damn good!

In serious consideration of our modern system of values, some have looked upon Christianity as a restraining force that holds us back from the ultimate development of mankind. But what can be our goal if it is not in perfection? Where is our hope if it is not in the innate goodness of man?

The definite question is "Where can we go from here?" As a recent political candidate has said, "We must move forward." Whether or not we take with us in our progress the old norms and standards which have become practically a part of our essence or whether we relinquish them to history, our task is still before us. We must shed the cloak of unconcern and aimlessness and take upon ourselves the responsibility of a concerned society of individuals ready to strive for the ultimate—or perhaps—more practically—the ultimate that we are capable of attaining in self and social improvement.

* * * * *

The staff would like to thank Ludy Davenport for his help in writing and organizing the feature for this issue and also Ramsey Mellette for writing the article, "What Purpose I. F. C." In future issues we plan to include other articles on different student organizations, their purpose in our college, and the success these organizations are attaining with respect to student cooperation and support.

* * * * *

CONTESTS . . .

There are two contests at Wofford which afford the creative writer not only a chance for recognition, but also *cash* awards: the *Helmus Poetry Contest* and the *W. L. Pugh Short Story Contest.* Any registered Wofford student is eligible.

Poems entered in the *Helmus Poetry Contest* must be original unpublished works of not less than 12 and not more than 75 lines, except that poems published in the *Journal* during the current year may be submitted. The poems should be in conventional metre and each should be written in ink or typed on a separate sheet of paper. The author's name and the title of the poem should be on another sheet of paper, not on the manuscript. Poems should be submitted in a sealed envelope to "Poetry Contest," in care of Professor Kenneth Coates, Wofford College. The prizes are as follows: 1st prize—$25.00, 2nd prize—$15.00, 3rd prize—$10.00. These prizes are made possible by Mr. Andrew Helmus of Spartanburg.

The *W. L. Pugh Short Story Contest* gives cash prizes for the best short stories appearing in the *Journal* during the academic year. The prizes, made possible by Mr. R. F. Cecil, are as follows: 1st prize—$20.00, 2nd prize—$10.00.

Judges for both contests are selected from the Wofford faculty. If you would like any further information, please contact Pierce Arant (Greene Hall—Room 101).

—P. A.

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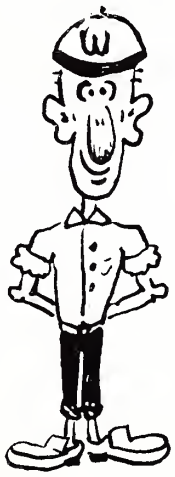

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by Spratt White (See page 19)

Don Greiner

SOMEDAY . . .

It was holiday time down South and everywhere else and up North, too, I think, if the teeming and pulsating masses took time for holidays in their normal insane dashes from red light to red light, and everyone was home with reverent promises which would be broken or maybe already were broken to study just a little and not a great deal because there would be so many wonderful and sweetly mad things to do if we could only find them, and if those wild and wonderful things could be found, Selmo and J. D. and me would be right there at the unveiling, at the discovery, and we wouldn't stand around timidly and idly at the far edge of the crowd with hands behind backs, waiting for someone else to explore the possibilities, because we always did our own experimenting and sometimes we were wrong and sometimes we were right.

Really, have you ever known or maybe seen someone like Selmo or J. D. or me, not a completely crazy or probable psychotic type of person, but just someone like us? Say, some young college boy at the Country Club, dressed in brown tweed jacket and khaki pants or olive green suit with matching vest or grey cardigan sweater with white shirt and fraternity pin. Or maybe you have only passed him on the street in the old home town or maybe you have talked to someone like us and after a while noticed a somewhat dreamy far-away look in his eye as if he were searching for something and just didn't know where to find it or even begin to find it, but you knew, you could tell, he wasn't just a non-conformist and nothing else and that maybe he did have manners and that maybe he did have something to say after all and that maybe he did see something in his environment that you couldn't or most probably wouldn't see at all. Maybe you have seen him playing furious tennis or methodical golf in the middle of a hot Southern or any other place summer day when you were drinking a coke or mint-julep in the shelter of the pines which guarded the putting green and the entrance to the not-so-secure-because-it-was-hot outside, and maybe you saw him laugh at his mistakes after a net-ball or duck hook into the rough, and on seeing him laugh, maybe you laughed not at him but with him and thought he was the portrait, flawless and beautiful, of the typcial American college boy, happy in his leisure, but he wasn't always happy, was he? You may have seen him at the Sky-Way with his girl, or getting a hair-cut, or working in the men's department, or maybe he dates your daughter, or maybe you have seen his name in the small town society page, telling of his Dean's List grades or of his campus offices or of his athletic feats.

You may have seen or known him or you may not want to see or know him. Just afraid, or not afraid, but wary, of his excellent attitude which is not really nonchalant, because he is burning up inside, not an advocate of "whiskey, women, and loaded dice," but only using them to express himself because they are merely symbols and he really doesn't want to hurt anyone, not even you, at all. A young man having finally approached the clear mysterious pathway to life, having to fight and thrash and scream to reach the end of the pathway, and toward the end, almost giving up but not quite because there had to be such a place as home where the stars shine through the pines because they allow the stars to shine and he knew it, so quietly this time he continues toward the exit with tired and nonchalant and apparent not-caring written in his attitude, but with a roaring and relentlessly burning fire within that pushes him on, with that maybe utopian hope to suddenly break through to find his lost dream of truth and shining stars and swaying pines. Because if he didn't think that the dream or those stars and pines were in the distance, he would give up, absolutely, and join the confused and stupid mass.

So we were all home and Selmo said, "Let's begin." And I said, "Where?" And J.D. came through again and replied, "There's a Parisian party at Twin Pines tomorrow night. Maybe we can find it there." And we went, only Selmo and J. D. and me forgot

SOMEWAY . . .

on purpose (maybe it was a mild form of repression) to dress in costumes as Parisians since we felt that people, including ourselves, already had enough costumes, so we went as us. But after a few drinks and a few laughs and general kick-out, we found some old cardboard and each of us made a sign saying "Tourist," and our dates pinned them to our sweaters.

And did we dance? We danced. Every tune and beat that rushed at us from the band grabbed at our insides and pulled out some of that "going crazy" feeling which had resulted from the last month of classes, and we took it all out on the dance floor until our dates became exhausted. But we were sweaty and laughing and had our shirt-tails out because it was cooler that way and most of all we were happy.

As we sat down to pour another, Selmo punched me and pointed across the room to where the girl that I had dated pretty heavily was standing and looking at me or us, I couldn't tell which, and he said, "Brother, she looks damn good! You should begin make-up tactics. Do you still love her?" I took a swallow and then looked at her. "I don't know. I don't think so, but I really don't know. Love? It comes and it goes. Like the wind, it comes and goes, but it is always there."

Selmo turned to look at me. "What are you trying to say?" And he laughed the way Selmo laughs and pulled J. D. into the crazy conversation. "Listen to him. I believe he's drunk."

And during the day we played a little golf, pretty bad golf. J. D. and I couldn't break 75 (Selmo never could) because of the long months at school, and we played bridge a good deal. I kept trying to play in "no-trump" since there were no restrictions and no forced conformity in "no-trump," but I couldn't always make game because you can't play in "no-trump" all of the time, and many times I went down.

And we read a couple of books. "You've go to read 'The Fountainhead,' " said Selmo. "I can't grasp all of the meaning, but you must read it." "O.K.," I replied, "if I ever get time. It's a long book, isn't it? There is so little time."

The puppet masters are always there, pulling and pulling and pulling and pulling, and we don't really want to raise any hell, but there must be an outside to the happy and pathetic confusion beyond the length of the puppet strings, only the puppet masters are blind and can't see beyond their own little holes.

They don't want to see J. D. They don't care to look.

The next week was filled with those hilarious things called "Debutante Balls," and Selmo and J. D. and me were invited and Selmo and J. D. and me attended, of course, but I won't tell why they were so funny. We know. Don't you?

We still had those rocking parties, and we were there, and Rick and Jim and Sister and Pard and a few other people that tried to understand us and who probably did and who didn't condemn us but who helped us search and question were there, and then, the rest of the mass was there, too, because you can't and we couldn't completely get away. I believe that realization was slowly rising out of the rubble. We would probably never get away. But don't you want to try? and doesn't everybody? ("Don't Worry 'Bout Me") because we'll get along somehow.

And then someone would ask, "Well, who in hell is worrying about you?" and we looked about us and we didn't know.

The stars do shine, though, somewhere beyond the crumbling buildings. Out and out and away the stars are shining and there is a rainbow and there is a pot of truth and we are looking and searching . . . down the nowhere highway, only you don't know where we are going and neither do they and we don't know and nobody does. We'll go our way by ourselves and we'll look for country walks in springtime and summertime and any and everytime and we will search for the Forests of Arden and Never-never land and all the other places where the stars shine and where mystical and musical and strange pathways gently rise and fall into the horizon forever and ever

through breeze-blown rooms, far from the uncertain edges of security and past the grave-like stillness of the decaying swarms of mobbish confusion and rabble. And maybe only the invisible people can go there and find it, but we can and will go our own way by ourselves. And we know that we shall come back, there are really no doubts about that, for time and maybe even the puppet masters move too fast for us.

And then, of course, time moved to us and then by us and the bowl games were over and the calendar appeared once more and exams were in the future and we all had to leave home again.

Selmo and J. D. and me stayed at Pete's pad on the last night and listened to Brubeck and Mulligan and Christy and we sipped suds and Pete was there, too, because I think that maybe he really understood, and we became lost in Brubeck's "Nomad" and Christy's "Don't Worry 'Bout Me" and Mulligan's "St. Louis Blues."

(I swear, "I hate to see that evening sun go down") but is it really going down? I could ask that question forever.

After packing my car and after shaking hands with Selmo and J. D., I thought once more of the dream of a fair-headed youth, over the meadows and across the way, of listening for musical sounds and praying for mythical paths that could only lead to the deep shallow river surrounded by the far-reaching misty light, where clasping hands and soft brown hair were lurking and looming and could be touched within the light, and where the face in the misty light could be seen and discovered and unveiled, and of a place full of shining stars. Come with me and we shall search for the misty light beside the river. The river. The deep shallow river. The river of eternal youth. Where we shall find the lost generations of forgotten people. Beside the river. Somewhere beyond, beyond boundaries of a shadow-flecked grave, past memories of a long lost love, down pathways from dim-visioned nothing flows a river encircled by a misty light. Search for the misty light. Who is the face in the misty light? I know but cannot find her. Cannot find her. But if I find the river I may find the misty light. A beholder of endless hope for open pathways to fulfillment of dreams.

So in the dreary January morn, I looked about me as I headed up the highway toward school, and I saw the ugly concrete and towering buildings and from insisting crowds and the poor confused people hurrying from what used to be somewhere to what will be nowhere, and I saw the stop lights and the stop signs and the one-way streets and the barricade and the rules and the puppet masters and I said softly to myself, "Don't go away mad. Just go away."

Glynn Coates

The day toward which humanity had been drifting since its beginning had finally arrived.

S——, just as every other community, village, and city in the world, was quiet—deathly quiet. There were no squirrels playing in the leafless trees on the North Church Street college campus. There were no birds singing. There were no trains leaving the brown station on Magnolia Street. Every shop, department store, beer joint, and office building was deserted. There were no police cars prowling in and out of the back alleys. In fact, there was no life to be seen anywhere in the city. This was the way S—— looked during the days following the War of World Destruction. Other than the lifeless air that prevailed over the city, there were no tell-tale marks of the War except for the lethal mist that settled in every nook and corner.

The only sign of life that could pssibly be found any where in the city was in Sybil's bar on North Church Street. There, in a back booth badly scarred with etchings of names, were Harry Simpson and Ted McMillan, two former students of the city's college which was now not a college.

On the floor of Sybil's were dozens of beer cans —cans with Pabst labels, cans with Schlitz labels, 12 ounce cans, and 16 ounce cans—all of which were the results of three days of continuous, nervous drinking. The juke-box was playing the only record that survived the calamity of Harry's slamming a cast of beer into the glass front of the machine. Both boys, by now, were immune to the stench which drifted into the bar from the public restroom near the back. Neither of the boys moved around very much. They just sat, stared, murmured to themselves, and drank beer. When they did talk to one another, the conversation was usually pointless and because of the amount of alcohol they had consumed, the conversation usually did not reflect the intelligence of the two.

"Henry," blurted Ted, breaking an hour long period of silence. "Henry, I'll be glad as hell when it's all over. I can't stand it any more. Here we've been sitting for three days, drinking ourselves silly. It wasn't so bad when there were a few people moving around, but it's pure hell. That old nigger has even quit coming around. Wonder where it got him?"

"No telling. Probably just fell out in the street

FINIS

between one bar and another. He didn't use any sense. Like I said, the more you move around out there, the quicker it'll get you. That's why we're going to stay right here to the end."

"Henry," started Ted, but a lump rose in his throat and so he kept quiet and sucked on his beer.

"What is it, Ted?" asked Henry, realizing that Ted wanted to talk.

"Nothing."

"Now look here, big boy. Spill it. Whatever it is, it'll drive you mad. We haven't got very much longer and this beer has lost its force now. So you'd better get it off your chest. Come on, what is it?" Henry said, as he bent over to pick up another can.

"O.K., Henry, just what do you think will happen to us?" Ted blurted out and then bit his lips, wishing he had not said it at all.

"Same thing that happened to the rest, I suppose. There just isn't any way around it, and we might as well look death straight in the face."

"That's not what I mean, Henry. I mean, where do you think we'll go—heaven or hell?"

Henry sipped his beer slowly, looking into the moistened eyes of the younger boy. Minutes passed, so it seemed, and finally Henry spoke. "Well, Ted," he said, "I'm not the most religious person you've ever seen. Never have been. It's not that I'm lazy or anything like that. I just chose to be that way. I just don't hold much to that heaven or hell stuff. I've lived my life as good as I could, but I didn't bend over backwards to be goody-good just so that I could go to some paradise that man has cooked up to give him comfort when he faces death."

"You mean to say that you think that this is the end—the absolute end—nothing after we die?" Ted questioned, with a puzzled look on his face. Ted had always been the deeply religious type. He had never even drunk as much as a can of beer until he and Henry had become stranded in the dying city. He had never been confronted with any sort of doubt about the hereafter, because everything had been spelled out so nicely to him as a child.

"It's not all that bad," Henry explained, realizing that he had dropped a damp rag on Ted's faith, "You see, the way I look at it, I've lived a happy life even though it has been fairly short, but the enjoyment of this life has been enough for me. It's sort of a heaven on earth. Why should I look for more? Death can't be so painful—because there is no feeling in death. Besides, I just *can't* say that I honestly believe in something because my fear has prodded me to seek it."

"But, Henry, what about the Bible? It promises us some hope for the future. It says that there is a life after death. You believe the Bible, don't you? Say, Henry, you do, don't you?" Ted asked anxiously and somewhat hysterically.

Henry saw that Ted was getting pretty excited, partly because of the creeping death that was slipping upon him and partly because of the shadow of doubt that had been thrust upon his beliefs now at the last few hours of his life.

Realizing that he had to soothe Ted in some way and not knowing exactly how to do it. Henry finally said, "Now Ted, don't get upset. If it makes you feel any better—yes, I do believe in the Bible and I believe just about the same things you do. Don't sweat it. Keep your faith. Look, Ted, we have just a few hours left. I can feel myself getting weaker by the minute. Let's walk over to the school and sit for awhile on the steps of the chapel. It'll make us feel a little better."

The two boys lifted themselves from the booth, waded through the empty beer cans, and made their way to the door. Henry realized that he had nearly destroyed the only thing Ted had left and this made him sick to the pit of his stomach. He had not meant to disturb him, but the alcohol in his system had gotten the best of him. No damage was done though. Ted still had his faith in the existence of something beyond death, and Henry still had his faith in the utter uselessness of that blind grappling of the human mind. They both were as happy as two people could possibly be in such a situation. As they turned their eyes up the deserted North Church Street and headed toward the campus, Henry knew that they would never make the return trip. If they could only make it back to the school! This was their main objective as they stumbled along together.

From the open door of Sybil's bar drifted the strains of that one record that had played so many times during the last few days—the last living thing on that street. "On the wings of a snow white dove, He sent His love ——."

G. W. Hammond

CRESCENDO

Suddenly I awoke from a restless sleep. I sat straight up in bed, looked about my darkened room, and was bewildered as to what had awakened me. I was disturbed about something. I lay back down and tried to go back to sleep. But the more I tried to relax the more restless I became.

My thoughts turned to undiagnosed cases I had seen during the day. I could recall no serious cases that would be disturbing to me, at least not enough to awaken me. Then I remembered Ethel Bowers, the quiet little lady in her early forties, whom I had been treating more often lately. She always looked neat in her cashmere sweaters, matching skirts, and tailored blouses. She must have made a point of having her hair set just before each of her appointments because her coiffure always seemed to be the same, with not a hair out of place. She never complained about her illness to me, and only by her asking that I increase the strength of the medication did she reveal that the pain in her chest was increasing rapidly.

What a contrast she was to her husband, Chet Bowers, the ex-pro football guard, the loud, blustering insurance salesman who had increased his overweight by another forty pounds! He still wore the same size collar and suit, but left them unbuttoned for comfort. He was all smiles, puffed a Tampa Nugget cigar, and repeated the punch line to his jokes to get another laugh. He was never at a loss for words, that is, until I told him that the malignancy in Ethel had returned. He didn't want to believe me, but when I showed him the X-ray pictures of her chest, even he could tell how advanced the process was.

He bit hard on his cigar and asked "How long does she have, Doc?"

I said, "That's impossible to predict," but I felt that six months was a generous time estimate.

I tried to put these thoughts from my mind, but it was impossible for me to force myself to go back to sleep. I recalled vividly now what I had considered insignificant at her last visit two days ago. She had mentioned a minor auto accident she had had—the front wheel had come off while she was driving alone. The man at the service station had not tightened the lugs properly, apparently. But no damage was done. And another incident, something about a headache from car fumes in her garage. I was writing a prescription for her while she was relating these episodes, and they didn't really register with me then.

As I handed her the prescription, I recalled that I suggested it would be nice for Chet to take her out of town on a little vacation to the mountains or to the beach. It was off season, but the change in scenery would do her good.

Thinking back over this as I lay quietly in my bed, I now realized what I had done. I had suggested

exactly what Chet Bowers had wanted me to do, and this could pave the way for him to murder Ethel.

These facts, this sequence of events, were clear to me now. Only five weeks had passed since I had written a short story entitled "Double Indemnity."—I was taking a course in Creative Writing to help me with my medical papers, and the story was one of my assignments. The story was about an insurance salesman who had taken out a large policy of $50,000 on his wife. In case of accidental death, there was a double indemnity clause. He was to be the beneficiary. Several years after the policy had been written, his wife was found to have carcinoma of the breast. Extensive surgery was done, and apparently she was cured.

He was the extreme extrovert, outdoor type, in contrast to his reserved retiring wife. Their circles of friends were different, and after her illness, he began to lose interest in her. His one or two drinks before supper increased to heavy drinking. Soon he began to see another woman, and they mentally plotted a way to get rid of his wife.

His wife consulted her physician, who determined that the cancer had returned, and metastasis to her lungs had taken place. The physician talked with her husband about her condition, and estimated that she had from three to six months to live.

After this, a series of accidents was planned by the husband to kill his wife, but they were made to look as if they were accidental. He loosened the lugs to one of the front wheels of his wife's car. Her car was wrecked but no damage was done to her.

His wife had a habit of starting her car in the heated garage, pushing a button to automatically open the door, then back the car out. He jammed the automatic device, and she was unable to manually open the door. Fortunately, the car stalled when she stepped out of it and tried to raise the garage door herself. The fumes only gave her a headache.

When these attempts at her destruction failed, he took her to the mountains for a change in scenery. By this time, she had to be rolled around in a wheel chair. "Unfortunately," the chair slipped from his hands while they were viewing the scenery at a look-out point, and she was "accidentally" killed. After much investigation he was awarded the double indemnity sum of $100,000.

The story had not been difficult to write, I felt, at the time of its composition. I had turned in the assignment to my professor and had forgotten about it while it was being corrected.

Now as I tossed and tumbled in my bed, I realized that Ethel and Chet Bowers were re-enacting the story that I had written. The malignancy, the limited time to live, the insurance salesman, the attempts made on her life—all these were identical. And I had even suggested that Chet take Ethel to the mountains for a change in scenery.

My pulse began to quicken and my heart began to pound. Was this a case of extra-sensory perception on my part and I had not recognized it? Was I only recording what I had perceived before the events actually took place?

Had I created the events, and Chet and Ethel were destined to enact them as I had written?

A feeling of guilt swept over me. I felt that I was responsible for a murder that was about to be committed. How could I stop it? Who would believe me if I told them that a man was going to murder his wife just because I had written it in a story?

The sweat poured from my face as I paced the floor, trying to decide what I should or could do. "I must remain calm, and not make a fool out of myself," I mumbled to myself. "Maybe a tranquillizer would help."

I took two capsules from my bag, and drank them down with water from the faucet. I sponged my face with cold water. This was refreshing so I decided to take a shower while the librium was beginning to take effect. The warm water on the back of my neck and shoulders began to relax me as I stood there trying desperately to control myself. Finally my tension began to subside, and I decided to wait until morning to talk to someone. A psychiatrist, yes, Sam would be the best one to talk to. Surely he would understand.

After a brisk rub down with a thick towel I put on a fresh pair of pajamas and lay back down on the bed. My muscles were relaxed, and my eyelids were beginning to droop. Maybe I could go back to sleep for a short time anyway. I fluffed the pillow, stretched out on the cool, but wrinkled, sheets, and went to sleep.

The telephone rang longer than usual before I awoke to take the receiver from the base.

"Doctor Hammond speaking," I said out of habit as I shook my head, trying to clear away the feeling of drowsiness.

"This is long distance calling, Doctor Hammond. Hold the line for Blowing Rock. Go ahead, please."

"Hi, Doc!" a booming voice greeted me. "This is Chet Bowers."

"Chet! Has anything happened to Ethel?"

"That's what I'm calling you for."

"What do you mean?"

"We came up here to Blowing Rock, as you suggested, and met a doctor on vacation from Memorial Hospital in New York."

"Go, on."

"He's been doing some experimental work in cancer, and says they have a new drug they've been using

in cases like Ethel's. He says it won't cure the cancer, but it will relieve the pain, and arrest the growth—for a while at least."

"I've read a little about it, why?"

"The three of us talked together late last night, and he thinks it would be worthwhile to give it a try. Ethel is willing, and so am I. He wanted to get your permission, and of course her past records. What do you think?"

"By all means, I'd give it a try."

"Thanks Doc! You know, I'm glad we came up here. Ethel and I got a lot of things straightened out between us. I'm going to do all I can to make the rest of her life as happy as I can."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Chet."

"Yeah, with the prospect of some help from this new drug, and with us getting our lives straightened out, it's just like a double indemnity policy unexpectedly paying off."

"Sure thing—keep in touch with me. I'll send the reports and Ethel's history to you at Memorial. And good luck to you both."

What relief to know that nothing had happened to Ethel! What a relief to know that I was wrong!

I placed the phone back on the base, then decided I'd have to step on it. I shaved, dressed, had a big breakfast, and left for the hospital. After making hurried rounds, I went to my nine-thirty class in Creative Writing at the college. I felt relieved, but I was still puzzled.

The professor entered the class room, and spoke a brisk "good morning" as he approached his desk. He hung his cane on the ledge of the blackboard, and placed his hat on one corner of his desk. He looked about the classroom, noted that not too many students were absent, and sat down. Here are some assignments I've corrected. Some are good, and some are not so good," he said as he distributed the folded papers name downward to the students.

He handed my story "Double Indemnity" to me. In red pencil was written "I didn't like the ending of your story. It was too abrupt, and lacked a sense of verisimilitude. I crossed it out and want you to rewrite it. I'd suggest that you may want to play up the double indemnity feature, but let him collect in a different way. Let her find some relief from her cancer, and let him regain the happiness they had lost. Let this be the 'Double Indemnity.'

"See what you can do with it."

After class, I spoke to the Professor. "Thanks for making the changes in my story. You would never believe what a difference it made."

He looked at me, puzzled, as I tore up the story, dropped it in the trash can, smiled, and walked away.

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WHAT

Since 1879 there has been an active Young Men's Christian Association at Wofford College. For better adaption to local purposes, this Association has developed into the present day Student Christian Association.

According to the constitution of the Association, its purpose is to unify the students and the staff of the college into an interdenominational fellowship and to help create a Christian college community. It strives to promote Christian attitudes and relationships in all campus affairs.

The Student Christian Association is one of the two organizations on our campus that is an all-inclusive student body organization, the other being the Student Government. When a student enrolls at Wofford College, he automatically becomes a member of the S.C.A., because a part of the student's fee goes into the S.C.A. budget.

The S.C.A. is in no way connected with any particular denomination. The Methodist Student Movement, the Baptist Student Union, the Westminster Fellowship, and the Canterbury Club are the denominational groups on our campus. The S.C.A. attempts to unify these organizations and the entire college community into one. It is an organization of students, and the students make of it what they will.

Opportunities are provided for Christian service and leadership through student participation in the planning and presentation of programs and projects, both on and off the campus. The planning is done largely by the officers, who are elected by the student body, and by various committee chairmen. This group is officially known as the S.C.A. Cabinet.

Many students at Wofford do not realize the activities that the S.C.A. attempts to perform. One of the most enjoyable activities in which the students participate is held at Gas Bottom, a playground for Negro children, located behind the college. Here boys from Wofford with the aid of the Converse S.C.A. provide recreational facilities for the children. Each Christmas a party is held for the children, and Santa pays his yearly visit. Christmas parties are also held for the needy white children in the Spartanburg area.

Through its chapel programs and dormitory discussions, the S.C.A. offers an opportunity for students to exchange ideas and opinions on issues of

PURPOSE -- S. C. A. ?

by Don Maultsby

President of the Student Christian Association

vital concern. Chapel programs are the only outlet the Cabinet has to the entire student body. Much deliberation and planning goes into the selection of programs that are worthwhile and appealing to the students. Night discussions or vesper services are held from time to time in the dormitories. At many of the services the programs are presented by teams from other schools in the state. Special programs are planned at Christmas, such as the Annual Christmas Tree Lighting ceremony.

Freshman Orientation Week is sponsored by the S.C.A. and the Student Government. During this week the S.C.A. Cabinet helps the freshmen become adjusted to college life and learn what is expected of him.

The biggest project of the year is what we call, for lack of a better name, Religious Emphasis Week. Each spring, three days are chosen for particular emphasis on religion. Well-known speakers are brought to the college to address the students once each day and to lead discussions at night. Faculty members help with discussion of the week's questions in the fraternity lodges, as well as in the classroom. This year Dr. Huston Smith of the Philosophy Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be the key speaker. He has written several books and is known in the intellectual circles throughout the country. Since Dr. Smith is a specialist on world religions, the theme for the week will be "Is a World Religion Coming?"

All of the activities mentioned above and various other projects are carefully planned to fulfill the S. C.A.'s purpose and to stimulate interest. The S.C.A. has always sought to help Wofford maintain an attitude and an atmosphere wherein its students could feel the concern of the church for their well-being.

Regretfully we must acknowledge that the Student Christian Association is failing in its attempt to achieve its high purpose. In the past few years the activities of the S.C.A. have been drastically lessened. Interest has declined each year. It appears as though the S.C.A. is losing its importance to the Wofford student.

Some students seemingly would rather do their religious work in the denominational groups. Certainly the leaders of the S.C.A. must place some of the blame upon themselves. Perhaps we, too, do not have the interest that we should. But it is discouraging and difficult for half a dozen boys to plan and carry out the religious activities for an entire student body. We have attempted unsuccessfully to get fraternities to help with the Gas Bottom project; we have attempted to have deputation teams present vesper programs, and then necessarily have to beg people to come to save embarrassment. At the Christmas Tree Lighting ceremony, it was discouraging to realize the amount of work that had been put into the project by a few boys on the Cabinet and by the Wofford Glee Club, and to see almost no one there except members of the two groups. This particular service was open to the entire college community, including the faculty.

The Cabinet is indeed alarmed at its ineffectiveness. We realize that many times we run out of ideas and suggestions and seem almost inactive. But without intelligent suggestions from the students and their willing help, we are unable to do more than has been done.

The S.C.A. today is charged with trying to unify the denominational groups on campus. Such a unity was attempted by an Intergroup Council through which the different groups could carry out joint projects. The attempt has largely failed because we cannot obtain the interest of the groups in such activities.

Whether the S.C.A. experiences a revival of interest and participation remains to be seen. The students are not disinterested in religious activities but had rather put their efforts into their denominational projects. This may not be bad, but there is still a need for some type of unifying religious body on campus. Some students and faculty members are very much interested in seeing the S.C.A. revived again to its normal effectiveness; others are not. The S. C.A. Cabinet promises to give their every effort to achieve their purpose. We ask only one thing—help. A handful of men cannot do the work of many, and we only hope that whatever fate awaits the S.C.A. in the future is for the betterment of the students and the college in their religious life.

Pierce Arant

Twice Told . . .

BE MY GUEST

There I was pinned under the steering wheel of my car—unable to move. It had all happened so suddenly that I could hardly remember anything. Only that Hank had left me there in the burning car and Jack had stayed, though there was the danger that the car might explode—but he stayed until the men came and got me out.

Now I'm in the hospital with nothing to do but think about all the things that have happened to me during the past year.

I had come north of the good ole Mason-Dixon line to go to college. Jack had been my roommate at first, but after about a week I moved in with Hank. Hank was a pretty good fellow. He had a good sense of humor and a good mind and could usually help me with a difficult math or chemistry problem. We usually double-dated because I had a car of my own, and Hank seemed always in the market for a free ride.

School had just gotten out, and I had asked Hank to go home with me for a few days to meet my folks.

The day of the accident Hank and I were getting ready to leave for home when Jack asked if he might catch a ride as far as Charlesville. We had left in good spirits after having several beers.

I still don't remember exactly how it happened—I only know there had suddenly been a car where there hadn't been one an instant before. Then the crash. Then I saw Hank running away from me—from the burning car—from the danger. I can still hear Jack's voice, "Don't worry, I'll help you—I'm here—someone will come. . . ."

I can hear Hank, too. "Get away from that car! It's going to blow up! Get away—you damned fools!"

Hank didn't know I was pinned in—he hadn't waited to see. He had only run.

I'll be out of the hospital tomorrow. Jack has gone on home. Hank and I will be leaving by train for home. I only wish that Jack were going with me to meet my folks instead of Hank, but I don't guess I could take Jack—his skin being the color it is. ●

DAMN SOLITAIRE

red three . . . black four . . . . king . . . king . . . can't ever beat this solitaire . . . damn solitaire . . .

can't understand why they had to send me up north . . . plenty of good southern colleges . . . plenty of places I could have gone to down here . . . should have known it would happen . . .

didn't know anyone at all up there . . . knew I'd have to room with whoever they wanted me to . . . black, white, yellow . . .

"Hi! My name is Jack Frazier. I guess I'm your roommate."

Dean Andrews didn't say anything for a moment. He only looked. It was a Negro, a solid black Negro. A Negro was his roommate.

"Are you sure you've got the right room?"

"Yeah. 305. That's the number of the key they gave me. See . . . 305."

Dean didn't say anything. He only stood there.

"Where are you from?" the smiling Negro boy asked.

"South Carolina, a small town in South Carolina."

"Oh, I see."

knew it would happen . . . something always happens to me . . . told them I might have to room with one . . . "oh, no. they'll know you're from the South and they won't put you in a room with a Negro . . ."

no? . . . didn't make any difference to them, but it didn't matter, though . . . wasn't for long . . .

"Jack, I've been talking with this fellow that rooms down the hall and he doesn't have a roommate. He kind of wonders if I'd move in with him. He and I have some classes together and . . . and it might just be better that way."

"Yeah, I understand, Dean. I don't mind if you want to move down there with him. I understand how you feel. I lived down south for a while when I was little. It makes me feel sort of funny, too, knowing where you're from and how you feel and all."

"That's not it! We have classes together and we could study together. That's all."

"Okay, Dean. Let me help you move some of your stuff."

"No, I can do it."

can't ever win . . . can't ever beat this solitaire . . . start again, I guess . . .

Hank was okay . . . big help in math . . . kind of loud, though . . . talked a lot . . . not about important things . . .

"Hank, how about cutting down the stereo for a while. I can't concentrate."

"Aw, it's break time—time to relax."

Hank lay there on his bed thoroughly absorbed by the music. Then his concentration broke as he looked at his watch.

"Dean, how about let me borrow your car to run downtown. I'm supposed to meet a girl downtown. I won't be too long."

"Okay, Hank, okay."

okay . . . okay . . . just get out and cut that damn stereo off . . .

good friend, Hank! . . . glad to take my car off my hands . . . glad to double date . . . anytime . . . anytime . . .

glad to come home with me . . . "come home with me, Hank . . . meet my folks . . ."

he came . . . sure, he came . . .

"Well, we've got the ol' buggy packed. Let's move on out, Dean."

"Dean." It was Jack who called. "I wonder if you'd mind my catching a ride with you. I only live thirty miles from here, and it's right on your way. I only have this one suit case."

"No, I don't mind. Jump in."

The car moved away from the school, homeward.

happened so quickly . . . there was a car where there wasn't supposed to be one . . . a crash . . . my leg . . . my leg . . . broken . . .

then the fire . . . then Hank running . . . I saw him running . . . heard his voice . . .

"Get away from that car! It's going to blow up! Get away—you damned fools!"

"Don't worry . . . I'll help you. Put your arm around my neck . . . C'mon . . . that's the boy . . . let's get away from here."

Hank ran . . . but Jack . . . Jack . . . wish he could come home with me . . . meet my folks . . . guess not though . . . guess not . . .

a black king . . . that's what I need . . . a black king . . . where is that damn black king? . . .

GONE ARE THE DAYS

Stood he at lower level gazing up
In full allegiance to a cause.
'Twas not of old that loyalty was due,
But novel freedom and a life.
A balancing of the scales of society's words
In revolutionary action,
For counter stools and picket lines are instruments
of Light;
And work, sweat, study, passion, devotion
Are evident in the climb.
All men are one.
Mankind is man, and Man himself Mankind.
Brotherhood, including christian enemies—
Love against hate of benevolent masters—
New knowledge despite unholy odds of money-
changers, social-climbers—
What will He be tomorrow?
Perhaps an equal—and if not realization, a master.

—Bill Gravely

LETHE

awaking
he gazed at the wall
and thought only of the previous evening
when all was
dark
happy
without pain of conscience

demanding
he hated
the moment of his birth
and the thrust of his life from the womb
with the strength left by the gin
O God! a return into oblivion with no care
to bite one's heel
and gnaw at the mind

listening
he heard steeple sounds
reeking with the holy intent
with the venom of the scorpion
striking at the soul
to remind him of his late act of unchristian hatred
toward the pure PAST
and the honest NOW
then slept—
a return to the venom-free state without
Society's Sacred 10—

a desire
will
lust
to seek his Own
. . . a dream . . .

—John Sharpe

DILEMMA

Old man, young black with no more subjection—
A kindness and gifts refused—
How can this be?
Grey, fat one, scratch and figure this one out.
Reaction says, "The fools—the damned ignorant
fools!
A-body can't give *to 'niggas' these days."*
But black will smile, and walk away
Down roads to life never before.
The Old One pauses, pondering dilemma,
For hurt—confusing disappointment arose,
And a head bowed.

—Bill Gravely

THE LOSS

Felt I the touch of it
Upon such furrowed brow.
So all-engrossed in ignorance
I smiled.

Felt I the warmth of it.
Such radiance there was
That simply in its presence there
I stayed.

Felt I the want of it,
To feel it closely there
Within my reach and presence, but
I waited.

Felt I the love of it,
Consuming all within,
But always absent from its warmth
I was.

Felt I the need of it
When to another did
This one desire go, and then
I wept.

Feel I the loss of it.
No other can replace.
With loss of it—in part—it seems
I died.

—Pierce Arant

Thomas Butler, Jr.

THE EARTH REMAINETH

THE road was as timeless as Spain herself. In the dim, distant days before men saw fit to record their thoughts and deeds, it had served as highway for the fair-skinned natives of the region, curling along beside the sea, rising and falling with every nod of the hills that rolled down from the mountains. Legions of soldiers, caravans of gypsies, throngs of poor fishermen, and kings and beggars had traveled there. In the spring it wound through gauntlets of heather and, farther south, groves of oranges; but in winter, as now, the road was buried beneath shadowy drifts of snow and was blended with the land as it flowed down to the sea. It was little used now; there was a new highway for motorists driving between Barcelona and Valencia. Now the road was left for the pedestrian wanderers who made their tedious way from the Prat de Llobregat, through Castelldefels, to Sitges, and back again.

He was an old man, living in a time when men of his kind died young in behalf of glorious dreams, and he carried himself with the broken resignation of having missed his one opportunity for salvation, for greatness, for eternity. There had been a time, perhaps, when his eyes had shone with the light of what he must do; but they were cast over now, sad, bottomlessly pensive, regretful that they had not seen that which they were meant to see. They were buried, forgotten, in a fact of leather, drawn with hunger, forested by gray stubble. The old man carried his head low, chin held tight against his breast, for the relentlessly torturous, snowswept afternoon screamed about him and bit at every patch of unprotected flesh. His lips were blue, his face crimson with the cold, and bits of moisture had frozen on his brows and in his beard. The ragged gray overcoat, which had served the old man for many winters, was pulled tight about his crooked body, and his hands were plunged deep in the warmth of its pockets. It was hard for him to see, for the snow fell in windy blankets and blurred the harsh, bleak grayness of the day, and so he stumbled on at a deathly pace, stopping at intervals, with his back to the wind, to take the four small potatoes from his pockets and turn them slowly in his hands as though committing to memory their every contour.

Clouds dwelt like smokey shrouds just above the earth, blotting the mountains from view, and the sea was covered with a fine, dull film of mist, and the black water glistened with an invisible light. The high wind carried the falling snow swirling, and then laid it in pockets of the ground, piling it higher and higher about the naked trees and shrubs, covering everything with a frozen whiteness that was the color of blood. Somewhere the sun was shining, but here there was no warmth: only the coldness of hunger and fear and death. The desolation of the day spoke in eloquent monotones of the tragedy that was being played out in the very land through which the old man plodded. There was a war.

A horrible, hateful, personal war, carried on with a furious, deliberate languor that was more terrible than the iron and dirt and blood. Men killed and were killed, blindly, indiscriminately, never knowing why, only that they all suffered a great injustice and must account for that. Brother turned on brother, father on son, and all across the country, men lay dead with tears in their eyes because their lives were over before their meaning had been made clear. Nearly a million men. And more horrible, still, than that was the suffering of the families, the hungry families of old men who found it necessary to travel by foot over many miles, through the unbearable winter, in search of food.

Soon, viejo, the old man said to himself. Soon you will be home.

Home. How far was it? How far had it always been? A drafty cellar, without light or heat, hidden in the dark, upset stomach of Barrio Chino, the Old Town: a dwelling-place that had been used by families such as his for seven hundred years. The old man thought of the calle which ran outside the windows of the cellar: a wide gutter, transport to the filth of Barcelona, its cobblestones slimy with the residue of rainfall and garbage disposal, its dismal walls oozing and sweating dank moisture. Narrow as the calle itself might have been, that a child might with a minimum of effort extend his arms and flatten his palms against the transudent bricks, the buildings which enclosed it, none more than sixty feet in height, fairly brushed one another at their rooftops, as rafters, thus excluding the light of day and holding the alley in a perpetual state of somnambulistic darkness. And this was where his children played: in the same alley, the same games, perhaps, as had the children who suffered through kinder winters in the time of Columbus. And yet, despite this gloom, there was life: a suspended kind of life, without hope, with no future save the relief of death, nothing more than an intake of sooty breath and the physical processes that sustain existence.

They were there, waiting for him to return with

the food, the treasure that would mean another minute or another day of numb, empty life. His wife, good woman that she was, had given way to the strain and the years and the war, and now she sat alone in a grimy corner, staring out at the rest of their little world with unseeing eyes, never speaking, never hearing, never caring to live or die. The children, four of them there were, huddled together about the fire, keeping it alive, kindling it with whatever could be found, waiting for the spring. All their lives, all their young innocent lives, they had been waiting for a spring that had never come and an end to killing that would never come, not counting the hours or the days or the weeks or the years, just waiting. What fine men and women they would be, if only he were able to set them free of their waiting.

The old man felt the tears freezing on his cheeks, and his hands sought refuge with the potatoes in his overcoat pockets, squeezing them as if to extract their special magic. Such simple things as small potatoes. Elsewhere in the world they were fed to swine and discarded in surplus. How could anyone know what they meant to him? One of them alone was like a precious ruby, without price. It was a universe: a tiny, wrinkled universe through which revolved the planets of the old man's existence; it was the sun, and the stars, the moon, the sweet summer wind that blew in from the sea, the memory of laughter, the legacy of immortality. Who could know? The old man plodded on, and he dreamed his dream.

Somewhere beyond the mountains, some day when there was no war, there would be a cottage, a neat white cottage, floating on an ocean of luxurious grass that rippled in the breeze from spring to spring, never dying, always green; and his wife would sit by the door of the cottage and watch the children as they ran across the meadows and played among the trees; and the sun would shed its warmth over everything; and the old man would be happy at last. It was a dream that came to him frequently: when he sat beside his poor wife in the cellar, holding her hands in his to warm them; walking the streets of the City in search of firewood; traveling alone through the icy barrenness of a coastal winter. But it was only a dream. There was nothing real now but the emptiness in his heart and in his stomach, nothing real but the four potatoes, the universes, that he carried in his pockets.

They had not come easily to him. They had meant long hours of walking through the merciless snow, stumbling in drifts along the road, stopping without shelter to rest, to stand with the crowd at the docks in Sitges, watching the horizon for the ship from Grottes du Drach, on the far side of Mallorca. What fine men those sailors were, to risk their lives to bring food to the hungry men and women on the mainland. How many there had been waiting! Literally hundreds: tired and cold and hungry, thinking of a family at home; and surely there had been those with no family at all. Perhaps, thought the old man, it was a thing for which to be thankful, having a family; or perhaps it was a thing to regret. They had stood there throughout the night and the morning, restlessly, impatiently, hopefully. It had seemed as though the ship would not come. But at last it came, and when it docked the people had fallen silent, intent, knowing that of all those waiting there would be those who must go away empty-handed, each determined not to be among the unfortunates. There had followed a great pushing and swelling toward the sacks which were opened on the boards of the wharf. A portion of the wharf had given way beneath the weight, and some of the people had plunged into the icy water. Loud, frantic voices cursed anonymously, arms flailed in the air, feet kicked at whatever stood in their way. The crowd fell upon the potatoes like demons, a great surging wave of humanity that was inhumanity, enveloping, devouring. . . . The old man found an alien strength to struggle, but still he was an old man and he had grown weary, his face bleeding, limbs aching, and he had gone away from the crowd to sit by himself, and he had cried for his failure. But in the struggle, the potatoes had been forgotten by the crowd: the object of their animal desire had become incidental, as their emotion waxed foremost. There had been four small vegetables, lying beside a piling, ignored by the throng, and the old man had fallen upon them and carried them away as quickly as he could, fearful that someone might notice and take the prize from him. He was bruised, and his body ached from his effort, but now, as he neared the City, he felt little pain.

Soon, children. Soon you will eat.

As the old man came around a bend in the road, cut off by a high drift of snow, he saw them: four of them, standing outside the shack, smoking cigarettes and talking. They were Italians, probably born on farms in the North of their country, who had grown up in a disturbed era and who were not sure of values. They had been good young men, corrupted by the insanity of one maniac, and now they were like machines, doing what they were told without question. Dressed in the drab green of the Italian army, they were members of a regiment of mercenaries, paid murderers, descendants of the condottieri of Borgia and the Medicis. They had come in boat from Mallarca, and they had joined their comrades at Valencia, and together they had cut a swathe up the coast, burning and pillaging, driving civilians

from their homes, crushing all that stood in their way. They were paid rebels, hired to oppose the will of the people, and it was a hard thing to see them standing on Spanish soil, where they had no right to be. They did not understand what they were doing, and so it was unjust to hate them, but there was hatred in the old man's heart.

His eyes were passive as he approached. The shack, from which a spiral of gray smoke circled upward out of a tin chimney and blended with the haze, stood at the bridge which led across the Llobregat, the river that ran down from the North and sliced the road just before it forked into Barcelona. The soldiers were there to search travelers entering and leaving the City, and they carried machine guns and pistols which were strapped about their heavy woolen greatcoats or held tightly in their mittened hands. What right, thought the old man, drawing near to them; what right had they to come with their guns and stand on land that had been paid for with the blood and tears of a hundred generations of Spaniards? He was repulsed at the sight of them, but his expression did not change.

There was a great urge within him to speak out against the foreigners, to scream his hatred in their faces, to defy them and defy their guns, but something checked that urge. Perhaps it was the thought of his family, cold and hungry, waiting for him, depending on him, that cautioned him against anything foolish; perhaps it was that, telling him to take care and not to fail them, no matter what he felt. Always it had been so: always there had been some hesitancy within him, some reluctance to strike out at his enemies, his hunger; and always he told himself that it was wise to remain silent. He was becoming unsure of that.

Stop where you are, old man. The Italian who must have been in charge stepped into the road and blocked the old man's way. He was a giant, made more imposing by the bulk of his garments, and there was an austere fire in his eyes which had been kindled, no doubt, by the predatory crimes he had committed. In his hand he held an automatic pistol as though it were a toy, and he pointed it at the old man's belly. The other three guards dropped their cigarettes in the snow and circled around. Where are you from, old one?

Barcelona. His eyes were closed. Today I come from Sitges.

The huge Italian scratched the back of his neck with the barrel of the pistol. Your business?

I am a traveler. Nothing more.

You would not be bearing food or weapons, would you?

It is forbidden. The old man knew then that he would be searched, and he clutched the potatoes in his pockets with increased intensity, drawing from them what strength he could. Through the tips of his fingers he felt a voice speak to him: Fight, old man. Do not allow yourself to be deprived of what you have earned. Think of the children. Fight.

So it is. Take your hands from your pockets that you may be searched. He beckoned to the others, who moved closer to the old man.

God, Italiano—four small potatoes for a family of five that waits now, starving, in a cellar in the City. The old man fell to his knees in the snow and extended his hands before him, grasping there the vegetables.

It is forbidden, old man! A heavy boot fell and kicked two of the potatoes into the snow.

How easy it would be, Italian, to say you found me with nothing. How easy to let me pass, and forget.

Forbidden. Do not ask. You are of a conquered people.

Conquered! Never! Never by you, Italiano! The swine that grovel in the mire have more right to the land than you! The old man tried to stand, clutching the soldier's coat for support, but the pistol fell and dealt him a crushing blow beside the head. Sprawling in the snow, the whiteness of it maderized with his blood, he saw the haze grow grayer still and felt the heaviness close about him. The inhumanity lost its dimension and became a smell, a physical sensation, and the old man spoke to a tormentor he could not see. How little decency there must be with you. Have you no concern for the children of the world, who know nothing of this war but its horror? Have you no respect for their right to grow and make their peace among themselves? What of the children, the cold and hungry children who wait forever . . .

The snow fell and swirled soundlessly above the earth, and the long day drew final and became dark. The soldiers walked away, back to the shack, and they smoked again and did not look back to where the old man lay in the snow, still clutching one of the potatoes. His hands and his face were turning blue with the cold, and heavy lids closed over eyes that had never seen till now; they looked upon endless field of green beneath a warm full sky of cotton clouds and blue, a land where time stands still forever. . . .

The old man was home.

There is a holy land between the mountains and the sea.

The graves have been covered over by the heather, and the winter snow falls softly and does not freeze.

You may look for crosses, but there are none there.

Robert Morris

NEIGHBORS

THE drifting fog muffled the sound of the two men crouched in the muddy foxhole. The chattering Chinese on the other side of the ridge sounded as if they were a thousand miles away as Jake reloaded his small carbine rifle. He turned to his partner, who had only minutes earlier crawled into Jake's area, and said:

"Did you see anything out there? I been here for over two hours and every now and then one of them will pop outa nowhere and I pick him off. I figure I done kilt seven or eight of 'em. Don't like 'em anyhow. Remind me of niggers. Them niggers and chinks are just alike. Kill one, and two pop up for him. How many you got?"

"None," was the reply. "I just came up from the first aid station. I didn't see anything, but they're all around the place. I'm a medic and this is the first time I've been at the front. I usually do my fighting around the operating table. How long have you been around?"

"I've been in this place for three months and it's hell. I hate this country, 'cause it reminds me too much of the South and them niggers. I ain't gonna go back to the rear 'cause they want you to mix with them black things and treat them like they was somebody. Say, you ain't one of 'em, are you?"

"It sounds like you're pretty down on the colored people. They seem like they are human to me. What part of the country are you from?"

"I'm from Georgia," was Jake's answer. What's it to you?"

"Just wondering. I'm surprised to hear a Southerner talking about his native region like you talk. I thought the Southerners took care of their colored folk."

"Like hell," snapped Jake. "We tolerate 'em to a certain extent. I've always hated niggers. One of 'em killed my pa when I was a kid and the law didn't do a thing to him."

"Why didn't the law punish the man?" asked the medic. "I thought that a Negro would be punished severely for any crime against a white man in the South. Could you explain it to me?"

"They claimed that the nigger killed pa in self-defense, whatever that means. All I know is that pa was drinking a little. He never did git real drunk, only on Saturday nights and then he didn't hurt no one. Anyhow, Pa and a couple of other men decided they would have a little fun, so they went to this nigger's house and called out his daughter. They tried to git her to go off with them and her daddy, that black nigger, came out and stopped her. Pa and the nigger got into a fight and the nigger tried to

run Pa and the other men off. Pa took out his pistol and told the nigger gal to git in the car and said he would kill the old man if he tried to stop her. You know somethin'. That coal black nigger tried to take Pa's gun and Pa shot him. He didn't kill him, but he shoulda. The nigger got his shotgun and tried to make the men and Pa leave, and Pa took another shot at him. The nigger shot back and the full load of the bird shot took Pa's left arm and shoulder off. He died before they could git him to a doctor."

"It sounds like it was self-defense. Your Pa was drunk and should have been home. Besides, it isn't right for a white man to try to get a Negro girl to go off with him."

The conversation between the two men was interrupted by the sharp whistle of a mortar shell overhead. The shell hit close to the foxhole and the men hugged the ground.

"That almost came in the front door. Looks like they are about to start another attack," exclaimed Jake. "We ought to know each other's name and address in case one of us makes it and the other one doesn't. Mine is Jake Watkins and I'm from Five Points, Georgia. What's yours?"

"Williams, Ralph Williams. I come from Mississippi. I don't have any kin except a younger sister. She's married and has two fine boys. But we're going to come out of this o.k. I'm not worried."

"You ain't never seen battle. You said yourself that this is the first time you been close to the front. What's your outfit? I can't see a thing with the fog so thick. The moon is out but it don't do any good. You talk mighty fancy. You must've been to college or something."

"Well, I have been to school. I finished the University of Texas and went to medical school. I was setting up practice and the war came along and I enlisted."

"You enlisted! That means that being a doctor you are a second louie. I thought you guys stayed behind the lines and took care of the wounded. What are you doing up here in a foxhole with me. I ain't got no education cause of that nigger killin' my pa. I had to work to support ma. What are you doin' up here?"

"Somebody had to come. There are only two medics around here. The Commies got the rest. It seems like they aim for the Red Cross on your arms. Hope you don't mind me around. They say that the army is run by its sergeants and I will have to count on you to look out for me."

"How about that! Me lookin' out for a second john. Man, wait till the fellows hear about this. Suppose I git it, though. What happens them? I don't want you givin' me any nigger blood to keep me alive."

"I'll take good care of you. We'll have to stay together. The Commies are all over . . ."

The sudden explosion of a hand grenade sent the two men to the bottom of the hole. Jake slammed a clip into the breech and opened fire. He got the first two coming over the ridge and knocked the third one down. They kept coming and two of them jumped into the foxhole. Williams grabbed one of them around the neck and sent his knife into the chest of the Chinese. Jake split the head of the other with his rifle butt and wheeled around to Williams.

"Let's git the hell out of here. They gonna be all over us in a minute."

"Right behind you. Take off."

Jake and Williams jumped out of the hole and ran toward the rear. The sound of machine gun fire erupted in front of them and they hit the ground.

"Keep low, sir. We can make it in a second."

The machine gun fire stopped and Jake jumped up and began to run. From nowhere appeared a Chinese soldier and he opened up on Jake. Jake fell, screaming. Williams crawled over to him and took his carbine. The Chinese soldier showed himself and Williams killed him with the last few rounds of ammunition in Jake's rifle.

"Lieutenant Williams," mumbled Jake. "I'm hit and I'm hit bad. I ain't gonna make it. Git out of here, sir, and make it back alone. Somebody is gonna need plenty of doctorin' when this is over. Please, save yourself."

"Knock it off, soldier! We can make it together and we will. Put your arm around my shoulder and try to stand up.

"I don't need your help! I'm done for and I konw it. Keep away from me, damn you!"

With these words Jake passed out. Lieutenant Williams picked him up an headed for the first aid tent. He made it with no further incident and Jake came to on a table with two men over him.

"What the hell is happening?" asked Jake. "What am I doing here? Where is the Lieutenant?"

"Keep quiet," one of the men said. "The Lieutenant is outside and will be in here in a minute. He saved your life. We needed blood for you and his type was the same as yours. He gave blood to you to keep you alive. He sure went through a lot to bring your worthless hide in."

Jake passed out again and the next time he woke up was on a hospital ship off the coast of Korea. He had been out for a week and the war had gone on without him. He turned to the man in the bed next to him and mumbled: "Where are we? What am I doing here?"

"We're on a hospital ship off the coast. They

brought you in here about a week ago and you were hit pretty bad. They'd just about given up hope for you and here you are with your eyes open. They say that some second john lugged you down from the hills and then gave some blood to keep you alive."

"That's right. He sure was a great guy. I wonder what happened to him?"

Several weeks passed as Jake began making a rapid recovery. One afternoon he was on the deck of the ship taking in some sunshine when a launch pulled along side the ship. They brought on several more wounded soldiers and Jake wandered over to the doctor in charge.

"Where did these guys get it?"

"Somewhere around the Seoul sector. That's where you were hit, isn't it?"

"That's right. Who are the wounded, Doc?"

"Here's the list. See for yourself."

Jake picked up the list and his eye stopped on the name of *Williams*. It was the Lieutenant; Jake dropped the list and headed for the ward. He walked up to the nurse in charge and asked where Williams was. The nurse directed him to a bed in the corner of the room. Jake went over. Lying in the bed was a Negro with both legs gone. Jake couldn't move. The Negro opened his eyes and his lips began to move.

"Hello, Watkins. I see that you made it after all. I told you that we would get out of it alive."

"You're a nigger. A stinkin', black nigger. Why did it have to be you? I thought you was white. I got your blood in me. I got nigger blood in me. I'm part nigger. I oughta kill you."

"Look, Watkins, your blood is no more Negro than mine is white. Bloods may mix but you will never have to worry about being Negro. It saved your life so that's all that matters."

"It does. I got nigger blood in me and it's your fault. Why did you do it? You should have knowed that I hated niggers, the way I talked to you on the lines. Why?"

"I know. I realized that you wouldn't have let me help you if you had known I was a Negro. That's the way you people are. I did it because you were a man in trouble and needed help. You're a human being. I have something to tell you. That girl that your pa wanted to take out was my sister. She was a mulatto and your half sister. Your pa didn't have much morals when it came to things like that. He wanted to take her with him and make a prostitute out of her. She was human and my sister. My father had to kill your pa to keep him from killing our whole family. Your pa was bad and didn't care for nobody but himself."

"Don't say that! You're a nigger and so was your sister. She ought to have been a whore for some man. That's all niggers is good for."

"That may be, Watkins, that may be. But, there is one thing you should always remember: no matter what color a man's skin is, no matter what he believes, he is a human being and does have feelings. His life should be considered by other people. Because one never knows where or when he is going to need help."

"Shut up, you nigger! I don't need any nigger's help and I sure don't need yours. I'm a white man and I don't need anybody's, especially a nigger. I hope to hell you die."

"That's your right, Watkins. That's the wonderful thing about being American. You have the right to say what you think, regardless of how it makes other people feel. You can say what you want to and never have to worry about anything. We *are* Americans! I will never be able to . . ."

Jake could only think of one thing as the nurse pulled the sheet over the closed eyes of the lieutenant. He could only remember how his mother used to sit and cry over his Pa and how he used to run after the share-cropper's wife. He could only remember how he hated niggers.

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(A Folk Ballad)

[NOTE: Somewhere in a fictitious mountain range there lies a fictitious canyon whose depths no man has ever reached successfully. Sometimes there emanates a strange glow from deep within this chasm. Mountain folk and Indians call it Lishcanu, "The place of the Devil."]

Old Big Jim Blue, he lost his dog.
T'was over yonder dale . . .
So off he went to find him, for
T'was coming up a gale.

And winds were blowing cold and strong,
But still old Jim, he wandered
All through his mighty hills of home
Where he had oft' meandered.

Jim had to find his faithful dog,
It could be none too soon,
For he could see an evil omen
Foretold him by the moon:

Jim knew that if he found the critter
. . . Found him still alive . . .
Then he could make it back to safety,
Fight the North Wind's drive.

But if he found the critter dead,
T'would mean another death.
T'would mean that old man Satan'd come
To take Big Jim from earth.

Now Jim was wise—and big and strong,
But, just like any man,
He was a weak and mortal being
In this timeful sand.

He longed to live for he loved life;
He loved his hill and dale;
He wanted earthly life to last:
He dreaded things of hell.

So through the wind Big Jim pushed on—
Through river-bed, through trees—
Until he came to Lishcanu,
The place of ancient seas.

And then where no man dared to tread,
Big Jim stepped boldly down
To pits and craters there below
A-looking for the hound.

As if a spirit guided him,
He walked among the rock.
He thought he'd find the critter there
Before the crow o' cock.

But all night long Big Jim, he looked;
He called; He strained his glance;
Until at last he was possessed
By Satan's evil trance.

And, then, there came a sound to Jim—
The whimper of a dog!
He saw a flash, he gave a cry
And ran right through the bog.

Down, Down into the depths he ran.
The earth began to glow.
The sound grew loud; he followed it.
T'was there he had to go!

And suddenly a spot of light,
A straight and narrow beam,
Shone through a little plot of ground
To make an upright stream.

From down below that stream o' light,
The whimper came, again;
So Big Jim fell upon his knees,
Began to dig right in.

He dug until his hands were numb,
But he'd not stop his task.
For thirteen and fourteen nights,
He dug his deep'ning cask.

Still Big Jim heard the baleful sound,
But all he saw was flame.
He looked around, at last—T'was HELL!
He hung his head in shame.

He'd dug a hole for ten miles deep
And three miles long and wide;
And, to his horror, he saw Satan—
Smirking, to one side.

As Satan raised a gory hand,
Jim knew that he was caught.
He ran the flaming, fiery pit,
But it availed him naught.

For quick he stopped, and there he fell
And dropped his weary head.
He closed his eyes. He loosed his soul:
For there the dog lay — Dead ! !

Jody Wimberly

HORSE CREEK

"Brother Carter will now lead us in a word of prayer," announced the Sunday school superintendent of Horse Creek Methodist Church. As the little congregation lowered their heads and closed their eyes, I couldn't help but look around the small sanctuary of the little country church. How pure and radiant each face shone in the ten o'clock sunshine peeping through the unstained windows. It didn't seem that I had been gone for seventeen years. It seemed that only last Sunday I had been sitting by mother in this same little church and had been listening to the word of God. Well, I sat and supposedly listened, that is, when I wasn't making airplanes from the church bulletins or silver goblets from the inside of Beechnut chewing gum wrappers or seeing how neatly I could scratch my name on the rustic hard back of the pew in front of me.

There were still the same faces there in the same pews, the same hymns in the same hymnals, and the same carpet on the same floor—how could I ever forget that old red carpet!—with twenty-four leaves and six flowers woven in each foot of it—I counted them every Sunday for eight years. There were a few of the older members missing and a lot of the babies had grown up into beautiful girls and handsome fellows.

Many memories came back to me as I saw these faces, and many secrets about these people, who looked so pious, popped into my mind.

As I gazed around, my eyes met those of Mr. Huggins, the Sunday school superintendent, and immediately both of us became embarrassed and lowered our heads. It was the same Mr. Huggins, however —a bit gray, but still handsome, with clear sharply defined features. He was the politician, I guess, of the Horse Creek Community. He was a trustee on the school board of Cross Junction—the nearest town, which was about seven miles from the little farming community of Horse Creek—and he also was a member of the House of Representatives for Cascade County.

It was about the tenth of July, 1943—seventeen years ago—when Tom, James Lewis, and I decided to raid Mr. Huggins' watermelon patch. . . .

"Listen to them dogs—they got that old fox hemmed up in that briar thicket down by Miller's Creek." yelled James Lewis, as the three of us ran down the moonlit, sandy country road.

"Pshaw—sounds more like a 'possum to me," I answered, as we took off in the direction of the briar thicket.

"Not so fast, I'm just about out of breath," said the younger Tom as we turned the bend by the sandy fields, "and I'm about to starve to death. Hey, I've got an idea. Mr. Huggins' watermelon field's just chock full of little ice-box melons, right across the branch. It'll be closer to go by it, and then we can get us a couple."

"If that's a fox, he's sure to head for the old Jackson place, which is just a little beyond the watermelon field," I said. We all agreed that we couldn't go wrong by stopping by the watermelon patch on our way to the briar thicket, so we let out across the knee-high cotton field and were soon at the edge of Mr. Huggins' watermelon patch. As soon as we stepped in the first row of melons, basking in the July moonlight, we froze in our tracks.

"Is my eyes foolin' me or does I see Mr. Huggins' car parked over yonder on the other side of the field?" whispered Tom.

"I d-d-don't know, but if they is, then mine is foolin' me too," whispered James Lewis, and before

we could snap a ripe "sugar baby" from the vine, all three of us were flat on our stomachs among the thick green leaves, and sure enough, there was Mr. Huggins' big black sedan with both back doors open, parked across the field.

Right behind it was another car, "Who's car is that?" I asked, raising my head just a tiny bit.

"It looks like that stylish widow woman from Cross Junction—yep, that's whose it is, 'cause I remembers that sticker on the front bumper about some place in Florida," answered James Lewis.

Loretta Kingsley had moved to Cross Junction about a year before, after her husband had died, leaving her with four small children. She ran a gift shop near Railroad Avenue and that was about all I knew about her.

We could now hear the dogs circling back and they seemed to be heading for the old Jackson place sure enough, but we just lay there and no one said anything.

"Let's get out of here," I suggested. So we crawled to the end of the row and into the woods.

"James Lew, I don't want you or Tom to breathe a word of this to anyone, white or colored, you understand?" I said, as we got up on the pine hill.

"No, suh, I wouldn't for nothing in this world."

"Cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart and hope the Lord will kill me dead 'fore I takes another step if I do."

"Me too," answered Tom.

Whether the two young Negro boys realized what a scandal we could have caused around Cross Junction if we had told anyone what we had seen, I don't know, but from that night on I always felt a little uneasy around Mr. Huggins. Anyhow, we soon forgot about the watermelons and were once again on our way in the direction of the hounds.

As the words flowed from Brother Carter's lips, his wife and daughter Marcia sat by his side. Next to Marcia was Edward Mansfield. Marcia was still as beautiful as ever . . . and that handsome boy sitting beside Edward. I never would have known that he was Marcia's son, now a full six foot, sixteen year old. Too bad, the kid never knew his father, but then there are still scoundrels in this world.

Mr. Carter was about the most prosperous man in the Horse Creek Community. He was a contractor, and a very good one, too. He worked very hard to provide a good life for his family—but there are times when folks have too much. Take Marcia, for instance. There was nothing she wanted that Mr. Carter didn't get for her—that is, anything money could buy. But Marcia was, I suppose, what the young folks today call a "party girl," because she had her parties and she had her pals and the Horse Creek Community had a topic for gossip.

"Will, here's a letter from Dean Frampton of the University telling us to come get Marcia. They caught her drinking," sobbed Mrs. Carter as her husband stepped in the house from a hard day's work.

"That girl is going to drive me crazy! Where in God's name have we failed?" uttered Mr. Carter. As he snatched the letter from his wife's hand and began reading it slowly, she could see his round face getting redder and redder. Neither of them said a word for about a half hour. Finally, Mr Carter said gently, "Well, she's our daughter. I've got to go to River City tomorrow anyway, so I'll bring her back with me then."

"She's certainly not going to stay here all her life—it's impossible for me to live under the same roof with that girl," answered Mrs. Carter. "First, it was Julia's Beauty School that she was expelled from, then the Business College and now this. . . ."

"Shut up, Em," snapped Mr. Carter, as he walked into the next room. "I'm sick and tired of all this. If she can't get along with her own mother, who in hell can she get along with?"

In a few days Marcia was back in River City working as a secretary for the E-Z Loan Finance Company. It was here that she met Jerry. It wasn't long before she and Jerry were married and her parents and the other people of Horse Creek Community breathed a sigh of relief—it looked as if Marcia had finally decided to settle down. Then Jerry was sent to Tucson, Arizona, and Marcia went with him. About a year later Jerry and Marcia were the parents of a baby boy. Financial problems set in and before long Marcia and the baby were back in Horse Creek. After obtaining a divorce from Jerry, Marcia started reliving her exciting past. Then somehow she started dating Edward Mansfield. Soon they were married and have been for the past fifteen years. I understand Edward is now teaching in the Cross Junction High School—and Edward once had such big plans. He was my age and the smartest boy in our class.

"Edward, for goodness' sake, put that book down and bring me an armful of stovewood," his mother called one afternoon as I was spending the day with him. "I declare that's all you think about is reading—what do you expect to amount to anyway?"

"Just wait, one of these days I'll be a famous doctor, and I wouldn't stay out here in these sticks for anything in the world," replied Edward. All these people know how to do is eat, sleep, and work in the fields—I bet not one of them has ever read Plato."

"There you go again, throwing off on the low mentality of the Horse Creek people—mark my words, young man, but you'll be glad to stay here yet. I'd

much rather have good old common horse sense than all this book learning any day—it's never hurt anyone to do a little work, now git!" snapped Mrs. Mansfield.

I walked to the woodpile with Edward to get the wood and in a very unsurprised tone Edward asked, "Did you hear about Marcia Mansfield this week-end —spent the whole night with Wayne Carter in the cabin on Black's Lake. It'll sure take a fool to marry a common tramp like her."

I told him that I had heard all about it so the subject was changed to Cross Junction's basketball team as we loaded our arms with wood. Edward went to the University for four years only to return to Horse Creek after all.

The next year he married—of all people—Marcia Mansfield, the same Marcia Mansfield that Ed himself had called a common tramp.

Finally, Brother Carter pronounced the long awaited "Amen" and the congregation raised their heads.

Why, there was Miss Maggie, sitting in her usual place. Every Sunday found her on the third bench from the front of the church. That is, when her kidney stones weren't bothering her. She was still the same little, dried-up Miss Maggie. She had never gotten married since her fiance was killed in the war. Miss Maggie's life was dedicated to visiting the sick and shut-ins of the community and taking them her renowned homemade egg custards. She meant well, but at times she got on one's nerves complaining about her own ailments and pains.

Sitting behind Miss Maggie were Virginia Lee and Dick Simpson. Virginia was from somewhere "up the country" and had married Hubert Lee while he was in the service. When he died, leaving the farm and two boys in Virginia's care, she had her hands full. Somehow, somewhere she met Dick Simpson and before long he stepped in and took over the farm. No one in Horse Creek knew Dick, but once they met him they couldn't help but like him. Soon he was spending week-ends at Virginia's farm and before long he was spending every night there. As far as I know, they have never been married; however, she does have an engagement ring from Dick —has had it for seventeen years.

Gossip says that Mrs. Simpson is in an alcoholic institution and won't give Dick a divorce. Miss Maggie swears that this is true and is proud to boast that this is one house where her egg custard has never been.

As I looked at these pious people taking time out from their busy schedules to worship in the little country church, I couldn't help but smile when I heard Mr. Huggins repeat the familiar benediction:

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COMMENT

The existence of a publication such as the *Journal* depends completely on the cooperation and creativity of the campus population of the institution that it serves. Many persons on the Wofford campus are both cooperative and creative, but apparently they lack the one extremely important element of personality which is essential—dependability.

"Promises, promises—that's all I hear" day after day, week after week. Some few persons "come through" without more than a "would you write something for the next issue?" Others inevitably promise, apologize, promise, apologize, etc., etc. Various excuses are offered: "Haven't had time," "Can't think of anything to write about," etc., etc. I am sure that those persons who do write have to make the time to write, and often they have written — apparently — whether they have had anything to write about or not. (Your editor is an example of one of these "idealess" writers.)

In the past every editor has "griped" about a lack of interest. I expect English majors to be passively interested in the *Journal*—perhaps. But many times their interest is confined to criticism. The *Journal* is the creative writer's "do-it-yourself kit." If you—and I assume you are an English major since you are reading this—want better "quality" in the *Journal*, then do it yourself. If you're content simply criticizing, then more power to you.

But besides the fact that few people are truly dependable—by this statement I not only refer to writers, but also to persons involved in every other extra-curricular activity on our quaint little campus—there is also the fact to be considered that Wofford's *Journal* must be published five times during the year. Trying to issue a magazine which is both of good quality and sufficient quantity five times a year at a school of Wofford's size is almost an insurmountable task. The magazine will necessarily fall short in either quality or quantity, or both.

At Furman University, our neighboring Baptist institution, the student magazine, the *Echo*, is published only twice a year, and, though I won't comment on its quality, I will assure you that its size is about the same as any one of our issues of the *Journal*. With an enrollment more than twice that of Wofford's, they attempt to issue a display of their students' creativity only twice during the year. It is also interesting to note that this past year the *Echo* was chosen the best literary magazine in the state by the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

The *Journal's* mass production schedule is forcing us to get "blood out of a turnip," which is apparently dry. I only hope *your Journal* can survive the year. I suppose it will. It always has—quality or no quality, quantity or no quantity. —P.A.

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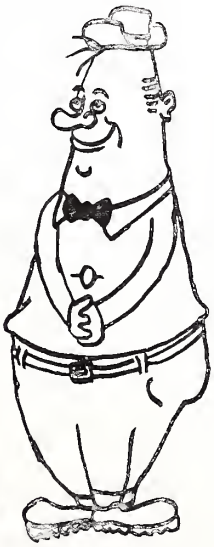

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the JOURNAL

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SOMETHING GENUINE

by Wilson Davis

Jim Meadows, like thousands of others, was a freshman at the University. But, unlike many of his colleagues, he sought for the meaningful. . . .

Funny, thought Jim, how different Old Main Street looks when you know you're seeing it the last time for a while. I never noticed it before, but Mr. Brenchly's got a swell place for his service station there. Wonder what makes a guy want to operate a service station? Love of cars, maybe? No, couldn't be that. Money? Well, he's not exactly getting rich. Still drives that old Chevy.

"Aw, hell, what difference does it make?" he wondered out loud. "And how'd I ever get off on that subject? Besides, I've got other things to look forward to."

It was the spring holiday break at Duncan University, and Jim Meadows was headed home. He was a freshman, just like half a million others across the Country, returning home from the far country to the small town several hundred miles away where he had been born and reared. But unlike many others, this was his first trip home since entering Duncan seven months ago. He had been to the big city and stuck it out, and perhaps he felt a little like Telemachos as he began the trip to his homeland. He had imagined it would be a lot different, this first trip home. Well, he had imagined a lot of things during the years back in Brookshire when he had dreamed of college. And since he had been at Duncan he had found that things are not always as you dream.

College had been a disappointment in many respects thus far. His studies were hard, his professors, generally speaking, were fake and phonies, college athletics was an enterprise just like everything else, morale on the Duncan campus was low, and his social life . . . well there just wasn't any. Between his job uptown and his studies there was little time left for anything else.

All of this Jim had thought about many times in the past seven months. One thing could be said in his favor. He was frank with himself. He never pretended he was having a good time when he wasn't. In fact, he seldom pretended anything. He had to feel everything, or it never happened. Jim decided that he was genuine in this respect, which was more than he could say for many of his colleagues and associates. Many of the guys at Duncan were first class phonies. They made a habit of fooling everybody about a number of things until finally they deceived even themselves.

Jim switched hands on his suitcase and walked on, stepping over a puddle in the sidewalk remaining from last night's rain. That was another thing, he thought. It rains all the time here in Midwood. That by itself is enough to get a fellow down. He passed by the barber shop and remembered the first time he had wandered in, an optimistic freshman who hadn't really needed a haircut, but who wanted to look sharp for his first blind date with a college girl. What a disappointment that had been! Jim decided that many college girls you meet are really gold diggers at heart whether they admit it or not. He threw up his hand at Brannon and passed on. Now there's a real guy, he admitted. He's only a barber, but he's genuine. Hey, since when did he start classifying people

Several minutes later he strode into the bus station and bought a ticket for Brookshire. He was a good looking kid, standing six feet and weighing nearly 180 pounds. And his tan trench coat gave his crew-cut an extra crispness.

Jim stuck his ticket in his coat pocket and stepped outside to wait for his bus.

I never did like crowded bus rooms, he reminded himself.

The sky was still bleak gray and there was a cool moistness in the wind which whipped his face. He straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath of the stern breeze. It felt good, and Jim decided that it wasn't the world that was really bad and disillusioning, but the people who lived in it. And slowly but surely some of the optimism he had known in his former youth returned to him as it often did at times.

He reasoned that his trip home would be just what he made it. It was something he had long thought about and dreamed of and he determined that if it was spoiled it would be of his own doing.

Minutes later he was aboard the Queen City Express as it wheeled out of the bus station and hummed down Main Street toward the by-pass. There was Mr. Brenchly still putting gas in cars, and the odd thing about it was that he seemed to be having a good time.

College man returning home, thought Jim. Wonder if I can scrape by their economic status? A product of his environment, maybe. He'd have to watch that in the future.

up a date or two this week. I'll buzz around town and then get on the telephone soon as I get home, he told himself. Of course, I'll spend some time with the family first. But a good date is pretty important now too. Wonder how the girls back home will like to date a college man? Doesn't really matter, 'cause I don't give a jolly good damn about them anyway.

It was then that he remembered Sandra. Funny, in an odd sort of way, he hadn't thought of her all day. And there hadn't been many days since he'd met her four weeks ago that he hadn't thought of her. She was the girl of his dreams, yet he had never dated her. He had often asked himself why the devil he kept thinking of a girl he hardly knew. But there was something about her he couldn't forget or pass off as he had with other girls. She'd been a member of a deputation team that spoke at church one of the few nights he'd attended. He'd never forget her talk. She'd said things about life just the way he thought, and all the while she seemed to be penetrating just him with those soft blue eyes. She was different from the other members of the deputation unit. She had a quality of genuiness about her and he guessed her life was just as vivacious as her words and manner. And what's more, she was lovely, in a New England, ebullient sort of way. Afterwards, he'd gone up and chatted with her, surprising even himself. She'd been as sweet and charming as her words, and later he'd found himself wondering if she wasn't out of his class. But he had long ago decided that nothing was beyond his reach if he really wanted it, and that had settled things for him more often than once. Then, he'd said good-by, and hadn't seen Sandra since.

But the memory remained.

Wonder when I'll snap out of this dream girl pattern, he mused. She was nice, but a girl like that is nice to all the fellows. She probably stays dated up weeks in advance anyway. But sometimes, it's pleasant to dream . . . what a girl she must be!

Jim looked out at the passing roadsides, and suddenly felt rather sleepy. He closed his eyes and relaxed against the well-cushiond seat. Minutes later he was asleep and the bus sped on.

. . . "Is this seat taken?"

"Why no," managed Jim as he tried to place the soft feminine voice behind his shoulder. He glanced up. No! It couldn't be, Sandra! He returned her gaze with a slow smile he saved for such occasions, and added: "Point of fact, I've been saving it for you all along. Sit down."

"Really? That's nice. I was afraid I wasn't going to find one."

The girl put her umbrella on the upper rack and deftly seated herself beside Jim. She had on an olive skirt and a matching sweater. She was about five feet, four inches, and put together admirably well. Her hair was almost blonde and it clung with an easy looseness about her head. She had a nice smile and soft, inviting lips.

"Well, hello again, Sandra!" said Jim as he turned around and smiled once more.

"Why Jim Meadows! How are you? Well, isn't this something? How's school?"

"Great! Just great! Going home?"

"Yes, Isn't it terrific? Classes over and a whole week off. Isn't it great?"

"You bet. Say, you know, ever since you visited our church that night I've been wanting to see you again. I really have. Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

Jim pulled out his lighter with a casual steadiness and let her dip the Winston into its golden, leaping flame. But all the while his eyes were probing her's for approval.

She opened her wet lips and issued a fog of blue smoke.

Jim sighed, that's powerful chemistry. Smoke and lipstick always gets me.

"I've been thinking of you too, Jim. I kept hoping you would call."

Jim grinned. "I'm dialing your number now sweetheart. Hello, long distance? Give me . . ."

"Dublin," inserted Sandra, "Dublin, 3-2781."

"Dublin!" exclaimed Jim. "That's only 20 miles from Brookshire where I live." Things were going too good, he thought in amazement.

Her eyes twinkled and she wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. "I think I'm getting the message," she said with an understanding smile. . . .

"Brookshire, all out for Brookshire! We'll have a 20-minute rest stop."

Jim twisted in his seat and slowly rubbed his eyes. "Brookshire, already?" he muttered. "I must have snoozed longer than I thought."

He glanced at the seat beside him. It was empty.

Then he remembered the dream. He was fully awake now. Straightening his coat, Jim reached up and got his suitcase and walked slowly to the front of the bus.

"Have a good sleep, son?" The bus driver wanted to know.

"Fine, it was a swell trip," he answered automatically.

Outside the sun was shining again and the air was crisp. Everything looked especially clear outlined against the cool blue sky. Not a cloud was in sight and it made a guy feel good to be alive.

Hey, that's right! She did say she was from Dublin. I remember now. And asleep or not asleep, it is only 20 miles away. And who said dreams didn't come true, anyway?

He picked up his suitcase and began the walk home with a new spring in his step. The town looked just the same and it felt good to be home. His return home was going to be all he had hoped it would.

All of life is a search, he decided, a search for what you find real and meaningful. A man could never really rest until he found it, and conversely, sometimes a man couldn't find it until he had rested, chuckled Jim.

●

FROM ANOTHER SOAPBOX
or

Stood He at Upper Level Gazing Down

These words are true—
"All men are one."
But is there not a lesser portion?
"Work, sweat, study, passion and
devotion . . ."
These are present in the lighter
half
But in the darker rare.
Is ignorance fought on counter
stools?
. . . stools bought by sweat of
others?
If I would sweep my stools off clean
And choose not to mix with the
other half;
It should be my decision
Not that of laws, nor poets, nor
blacks . . . nor God . . .
For what I own is mine to rule,
Be it store or home . . . or mind.
No Black has less to offer than a
white
But whites have offered; Blacks
have not.
They bear banners boldly blaring:
"There is no color line in Heaven."
But I say:
Neither is there one in Hell!
Let them, then, depart thereto
And leave myself and mine to me.

JIM MCLEOD

HOW DEEP THE DEPTHS

How deep the depths of psychic pain,
The racks of torture turn and strain.
Helpless reason cries again—
As deathless fear has it's reign.

Causation births the dismal cell.
Despair the jailer knows the hell,
That anxious Fearfulness compells,
Truth to silence what it tells.

A thought of hate, the bitter gore
Between malicious dreams implore
Two souls, the malady, A sore;
Can only wait, and wait for more.

But dreams the essence of all hope,
Trust undespairing truth to cope—
In schemes and methods as
they grope;
The pilgrims flight from pity's scope.

ROGER D. PACE

ON EDUCATION

by Richard Robinson

Having spent nearly four years in college, presumably in search of an education, one might normally expect to be able to make some statement of the success or failure of his search. But college students in quest of education generally find themselves in the rather unenviable position of looking for a needle in a haystack without being at all sure what a needle looks like. For at best the purpose and nature of education are quite nebulous ideas and ultimately must devolve upon the individual for interpretation. This "personalness," which places final responsibility upon the individual for deciding the nature of education, would, however, seem to be relatively independent of whatever else one might think concerning education.

If education, whatever else it may be, is personal in nature, then in the final analysis one's success or failure in his search for education is largely dependent on how hard he has searched. That is to say, one cannot hope to have his teachers bestow education upon him nor can any teacher hope to do this. For to assume that this were possible would be analogous to assuming that a farmer can *make* his crops grow. The most that any farmer can do is provide the most favorable conditions possible for seed growth; he cannot cause the growth. The most that any teacher can do is provide the most favorable conditions possible for one's intellectual development; if an educated man emerges, it must ultimately have been because of that man's own activity. The analogy should at the same time make clear the important role of the teacher.

Having established, or at least suggested, the "personalness" of everything pertaining to education, including its definition, it would be reasonable to inquire as to what kind of statements one may make in judgment of another's education. It should immediately be admitted that the most intelligent and certainly the safest statement one could make would be no statement at all. At the same time one must recognize that because of some singular compulsion to exercise one's freedom of speech, few people follow the safe course suggested above, which in turn means that there is a large class of persons quite willing to tell others what is wrong with their education.

Such attempts to pass judgment are not necessarily bad, even though they are risky. But they have value only if one respects the rather narrow bounds within which they have any real meaning. In other words, it must be made clear that any statement concerning another's education is necessarily made relative to the concept of education adhered to by the one making the statement. This means then that it is impossible to make an absolute statement concerning the value or extent of another's education. All interviewing committees would do well to recognize this.

All that has been said so far is in the nature of first considerations and should be more or less obvious, although there could presumably be debate even here. Nevertheless, the academic world is infested with those who fail to acknowledge the "personalness" of education and who would insist that they have found the secret formula which if followed inevitably yields an educated man. There are those, for instance, who would divide all knowledge into two classes. In the first class they would put philosophy, the Classics, history, language, literature, music, and art; and they would call these "cultural" subjects. Mathematics, the natural sciences, and the social sciences would be called "skills" by these people. These "skills" are useful for putting satellites into orbit, building machines, measuring distances, creating new products, and describing social organizations, but there is little else involved. Such people would insist that a person, to be educated, must be broad, but this breadth is interpreted mainly in terms of the "cultural" subjects. These same people would throw their hands up in holy horror if asked to demonstrate a knowledge of mathematics or natural science.

There are other varieties of this attempt to say "*This* constitutes education." College students are condemned extensively for not having read widely, even though the suggested reading may have absolutely no bearing on their major course of study. There can be no question as to the value of this reading, but at the same time it should be admitted that there is a certain basic responsibility to develop at least some depth in a limited area. Contrary to the consensus, there are courses of study in which these objectives conflict. But then there is no requirement that all education be telescoped into four years. There is an enormous difference between lack of interest and a "temporarily shelved" interest.

Possibly the finest statement that has been made concerning those who go about noisily proclaiming, "*This* is education," was made by Emily Dickinson when she wrote these words:

He preached upon "Breadth" till it argued him narrow—
And of "Truth" until it proclaimed him a Liar—
The Truth never flaunted a Sign—
Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence
As Gold the Pyrites would shun—
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
To meet so enabled a Man!

●

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH

by Phil Coffin

We used to run half of the way to the falls. It was a very small falls. The water formed a smooth fan-like shape where it flowed over a large flat stone and then slid easily into the pool below. We used to hold sticks in the fall and watch the instant mutation of water to mist as our sticks were pushed downward. On a sunny day, the tiny droplets brushing each other in the air made rainbows. We made our rainbows in that stream under the fern-like hemlocks that hung toward the flow.

Five years is a long stretch to bridge and Donna and I are going down to the falls for a picnic. It won't be as it was but it seems to be the only way for me to start again with her. We were kids then and our world was full of feathery ideals. We were in love; not so much with each other as with love. She always used to wear the low-under-the-ankle-type of tennis shoe but she never wore socks with them. I'd wear tennis shoes also but always with socks. My feet sweat and I suppose that's the reason. She would kid me about being soft but I never liked my toes slipping against each other. Then she would wear her nut-brown sweater that nearly matched her hair. It was a button down kind of sweater and under it she would wear a moss colored blouse. I used to say that her shirt was a good color and she would come back with, "Girls don't wear shirts ignorant boy!" I'd come back with, "Oh yes you did, I saw you in one of your father's shirts the other day, washing the car, and you looked like you were walking around in a tent without any tent pole!" That would make her mad on the instant. Her eyes would get a little larger and off we'd go on the run.

It is three days that I've been home and I've not seen her yet. I'm a little afraid of seeing her. It never crossed my mind until today that I'm afraid. As I climbed the steel steps to the train I remember saying "I'm going home!" That was all. No feeling. Nothing.

She will look a little older but she will be the same person that I knew before. She may smoke or drink a beer now but she will be the same steady self that I used to love. But will she know who I am now? Will she be able to touch that part so far buried inside of me? There may be nothing there. She may see that-nothing. So I am afraid.

The falls won't be a similar joy to me. I've got to go back. I've got to go back with Donna. That old beech tree half way bent over at the trunk with its leaves brushing the ground will be there. I won't jump astride it again and carve the initials deeper. They are deep enough.

How do people cover over a memory? How did I stop carving? When did I stop feeling? Letters came every other day and mine to her only once a week until I forgot to write for a month. Still she always wrote with never one word, one question about why I wasn't writing. Then I never wrote. I had some feeling of shame when I stopped to think once or twice a month but I kept silent. She forced herself on my thoughts occasionally but I didn't care if I saw her again. Home, the home town, the falls, Donna, school friends; they all mean nothing. I care now. I care so much that I hurt inside but there is nothing to give. Is there anything worth while to say that won't hurt. "Donna, I thought of you often, but after so long a sickness on my part, I thought you'd not want to hear from me." I could tell her the truth, the bare truth. "I seldom gave you a thought, girl. I was too busy crunching gravel and being a hard rock fighting man to think of you. Of course there was Xeyco and Tochico and Yoshico. Yoshico was fine woman. I've got her picture. Would you like to see it? What I mean to say is that I left you behind, not only in distance but in my every thought. I fought to forget your goodness. I drank to replace your love. It happened so suddenly that I didn't want love, your love. There was no desire to give, but only of getting, of hoarding life to me as if there would be no tomorrow!

But there are few excuses for being no damn good. Either a man hangs on and keeps his identity or he doesn't. There is no in-between. The road not taken must be the road that leads to hollowness. When a man gives himself to hedonic moods of expression there is very little of himself to find. When he looks he hates what is there.

He must be sentient. He must not lose a sense of sympathy and compassion. With feeling comes truth and with truth comes understanding.

Now that I've left myself nowhere perhaps I've found a place to start. There are those that grasp for God with "O God, don't let me lose myself!" They are too late. He can't be used as a final stop-gap. Perhaps, on the road back, if there is such a road, ideals can meet with reality and find a mutual place of habitation. She may help me find a clearing, a small spot of sunlight on the forest floor. She may see my nakedness but I must try. There is no other way.

CRAZY THEY CALL ME

by Don Greiner

With a slow stomach-rolling halt, the elevator made its way to the main floor of the hospital and automatically opened its sliding doors. The Doctor and Father wiped his brow as he stepped into the busily humming hall, dodging scurrying white-clad nurses who somehow didn't look like the type he had read of in books. He moved to the side and stood still. As he watched the nurses he absently brushed the dandruff from the shoulder of his tweed jacket. Then he walked to his hospital mail-box and glanced through the glass. Nothing. He was glad. Reaching into the jacket pocket, he pulled out a cigarette and lit it. He dropped the match to the scrubbed hall floor and walked slowly down the corridor. He stopped. He looked at the ugly old clock which hung over the operator's desk.

Four-thirty.

"It couldn't be this hot at four-thirty," he thought as he wiped his face again.

The speaker system interrupted his concentration on the heat. "Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans. Report to the lab immediately. Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans. . . ."

Four-thirty.

"I've still got time to get to the club for a drink. How could it be this hot at four-thirty?"

"Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans," droned the voice.

"Maybe I can get out of here before that damned thing calls me," thought the Doctor, moving briskly now. He walked away from the elevator, past the clinic rooms, and swung right into the main lobby. "Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans." was still echoing through the white-tiled halls, only a little more faintly now. The Doctor thought he even detected a note of exasperation in the speaker system's voice, and he smiled. "Maybe Evans is already at the Club," he thought. "Then that thing could call till hell froze."

Musing over what would happen if all of the Doctors were at the Club while the system called them one-by-one, the Doctor went through the revolving doors and skipped down the steps to the outside. The sun reflected sharply off the windshield as he walked to his car. "It couldn't be this hot." He thought about an article he had read. About the fact that the earth was moving closer to the sun or something like that. In four billion - trillion years we would be dead. Melted. Ooey-gooey blubber. The thought made him thirsty again. He slid into the driver's seat, turned the key, punched "drive," and, without looking, sped into the street.

For some reason unknown to him, the traffic was unusually bad. His roaring exit from the curb had almost instantly slowed to a traffic-controlled crawl. The stop-light at the corner of the bank and funeral home switched from green to red twice before he came close enough to the intersection to have any hope of making the next green light. He watched the shoppers, dressed in short sleeves and bermudas, hurry from corner to corner between the faded yellow lines. It made him think of the heat again. "Why in hell does June ever come?" he thought to himself. "The stupid schools are out, too. I guess even the colleges are. Or maybe it's tomorrow that they get out. Damn this traffic. I think Son will be coming home today. Or is it tomorrow?"

A horn sounded impatiently behind him. The Doctor cussed again. He knew the light was green. Jamming the accelerator, he hooked left and screeched into the next red light.

"When in hell is Son due?" He thought outloud this time. "Something's been wrong with that boy lately. He doesn't appreciate anything. Always talking about such childish things. The future and inspiration and everything. Damn, it's hot!" The light turned green.

The Wife and Mother sat in the coolness of the air-conditioned "sunroom" and sipped a martini. She looked at her legs. The hose was run. She took a deep swallow and then wiped her lips on her blouse. The lipstick smeared, but she didn't care. It was too hot to worry about trifles. She reached to her left and turned up the air-conditioner. She blew her nose in a napkin. It made a big noise. Then she glanced at her watch and punched a small button which rested on the arm of her flower-patterned chair. The television switched on.

"Mabel," she called. "Mabel, it's time for 'Brighter Storm.' "

Mabel, the somewhat younger neighbor, closed the bathroom door, walked down the carpeted stairway, and hurried through the library, the den, and the living room. Stopping at the edge of the sunroom to adjust her skirt, she asked, "What?"

" 'The Brighter Storm,' " repeated the almost plump lady in the chair. "It's time for the 'Brighter Storm.' You know we never miss it."

"Oh. Yes," replied Mabel absently. She adjusted her sweater and sat down.

"Want a martini?" the Wife asked.

"No, thanks. I've had three already."

"Well, be quiet then. This is my favorite program."

Mabel straightened her hair. Then

she reached to the blond coffee table and picked up her purse. Carefully, though, so as not to disturb the glasses. Unsnapping the catch, she peered into it until she found the mirror. Mabel began to powder her face. "When is Son coming home?" she asked, without moving her eyes from the mirror. She was already down to the chin.

"SHHH," demanded the plump one.

"To hell with that program," exclaimed Mabel. She pulled out her lipstick. "When is Son coming home?"

"I don't know. Why should I?" Wife and Mother poured another martini. Her hair was stringy and her face was burning a dull red. "Today. Tomorrow. Yesterday. I don't know."

"Oh," said Mabel, as she rounded her lips, the lipstick poised and ready. "Doesn't he write?"

"Not any more. Well, he sends us his grades. He's a junior this year, you know. And doing quite well. Dean's List. Wants to teach literature."

"Literature?"

"Yes. And it's such a shame. We've tried to tell him. He could take over his father's practice and everything, but all he does when he is home is sit on his bed and read those crazy books."

"No kidding," said Mabel, as she searched for her eyebrow brush. "Just reads and all, huh?"

"I looked at some of those books, once," said the plump one. "I couldn't understand the first word. No action or love or anything. We even offered him a new car or trip to Bermuda if he'd study medicine. Think of the difference in salaries. Why, he'll have to work every day."

"That's too bad." Mabel stood up and adjusted her skirt again. Then she poured herself a martini.

"He just doesn't understand or appreciate all that we do for him. His father even offered to buy the college president a new car, but Son blew up at the idea. Said that people just didn't do things like that."

"Is that right?" mused Mabel.

"I just can't see it. Son would rather swim at the municipal pool than at the Country Club. He even takes his girl out for hamburgers when he could dine at any of his father's clubs. And charge it, too. . . . Something's wrong with that boy."

"SHHH," said Mabel, as she began on her fingernails. Wife and Mother poured another martini.

Son finally finished shaking hands with the few remaining fraternity brothers. The others had already left for home. As usual, he had had a last day exam. Everyone was talking of the coming summer. Where they would go. Girls they would see. Things they would do. Some were already on the road to inebriation. Sort of a celebration or something.

Going out the back door of the house, he walked down the flowered walk to the parking lot and climbed into his used car. The motor sputtered and popped and then finally caught. Someone yelled at him from the porch. "When are you going to junk that thing, huh?" He smiled and waved and, shifting into first, began the crawl across town toward Highway 7. The Highway to home. Five hours away.

The sun was blazing overhead and it was hot inside the car. The last stop light finally gave way to the highway and the dirty bustle of the city finally gave way to the sloping farms of the foothills. The brilliant green hills rose and fell away as the car followed the turning road. It was hot.

Hours later he was home. Non-stop trip. Weaving through the traffic, he quickly came to a residential section. The sign said "Country Club Estates." He looked at it and laughed and then drove past. He came to the tree-lined driveway and turned in. "At least the azaleas are blooming," he thought as the huge columned house finally made its appearance. He parked the car and stepped out into the intensely shaded yard. There was no one to meet him. Avoiding the patio doors, he walked through the kitchen and into the heavily carpeted dining room. He could hear the television blaring from the sunroom. "Stay tuned for 'Stella's Three Lives,' " it said.

"At least Mother's home," he said to himself as he braced and then walked into the room. "Hello," he said simply.

Wife and Mother was bending over the serving table. After all, it was hot. June was here. "Son," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you write? Wait just a second. Let me mix this martini and then kiss me. Get me the ice will you? Want one?"

Son obediently passed the ice-bucket. "No thanks. Where's Dad?"

"Father? I don't know. At the Club or hospital. Isn't this weather dreadful?" She straightened up and then sat down. "Turn up the television a little, will you?" Son obeyed. "Now, give Mother a big kiss." Son obeyed.

Later, in the evening, they were assembled in the dining room, white silk drapes drawn: Doctor and Father at one end of the table; Wife and Mother at the other end, twenty feet away; Son inbetween them on the side. The maid served the shrimp cocktail.

"Well, Son," said the Doctor between chews, "it's good to have you home. I've planned a big trip for you this summer."

"Thanks, Dad," Son said without a trace of enthusiasm.

His tone didn't surprise the others. They were used to it.

"And we've bought you a new shotgun. With inlaid silver ornaments and everything. I picked it out myself," chimed in the Wife.

The maid served the roast.

"Well, what do you say," said the Doctor between chews. This time of beef.

"About what?" asked Son without glancing to his left.

"About the trip and fancy shotgun and all. They cost a lot of money, you

know."

"Well, it's all very nice," said Son without enthusiasm again, this time staring at the morbid portrait of his grand-father on the opposite wall. "But, I've applied and been accepted for a job in a Boy's Camp. It begins in two weeks."

"Why, Son—," began the Wife, putting down her martini in surprise. People always had wondered how she could mix martinis and dinner.

"Quiet," demanded the Doctor with finality. "The boat leaves for Europe day after tomorrow, and you'll be on it. Boy's Camp. Damnation, boy, what will the neighbors think?"

"Or my bridge club?" put in the Wife.

The maid re-filled the martini glass.

Everyone had gone to bed. Son sat in his room and examined the shotgun with silver trimming. It was indeed beautiful. And quite expensive. "Why?" he muttered to himself. "I don't even like to hunt." He put the gun aside, picked up the boat tickets, and moved over to the bed. There was another portrait (a great uncle) facing the bed: dark and hauty; rich and successful. "Successful, hell!" he thought. "He shot himself at thirty-seven. But the money. The money. In the springtime of life darkness covered all the earth. Somewhere there's music. How near? How far? Isn't that how the song goes? So I'll try to laugh you right out of my life. But the money, the money. In the illusions of youth, I lost myself on the roads."

"Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans," the voice dronned. "Please, Dr. Evans. Has anyone seen Dr. Evans? Where in hell is Dr. Evans." There was a hint of exasperation in the voice.

"We will be dead in four billion-trillion years. A melted mass. Bubbling, stinking blubber. The earth is moving toward the sun. Why doesn't that light change? Damn, it's hot. I need a drink. It was in a magazine, though."

"Something's been wrong with that boy lately. Pour me a martini, will you? I personally think he's crazy. No, we can't take him to a hospital. What would people say? And we even bought him a silver ornamented shotgun. Does he like to hunt? Hell, no. What difference does that make though? I tell you, he's crazy. Don't you tell anyone. Pour me another martini. And turn up that damn television!"

The maid served the dessert.

"Well, Son, it's really great having you home. You leave day after tomorrow."

dying in four . . . pouring another . . . with inlaid silver . . . kiss me and turn up the television . . . rich and successful . . . darkness is covering . . . in the springtime . . . somewhere there has to be . . . MUSIC . . . I HEAR MUSIC . . .

With ears pounding, he raised himself slowly and then deliberately walked over to the shotgun. He picked it up. 'I'll try to laugh you . . .' He flicked the safety on. And he inserted one shell. He flicked the safety off. After a deep bow to the portrait, he quietly walked out of the bedroom, down the hall, down the stairs, through the library, the den, the living room and stepped into the sunroom. He hesitated a moment, and then poured a martini. He carefully set the full glass on the tray by the easy chair. Then he walked over and turned on the television. The test-pattern glared at him in the dark room. Only ten more hours until 'Brighter Storm.' Then he felt the tickets in his shirt pocket. They were there. He checked the shell in the chamber of the shotgun. It was there. He left the house and crossed the patio to his car.

He was gone in the morning. No one seemed to have heard the sputtering of the starting motor.

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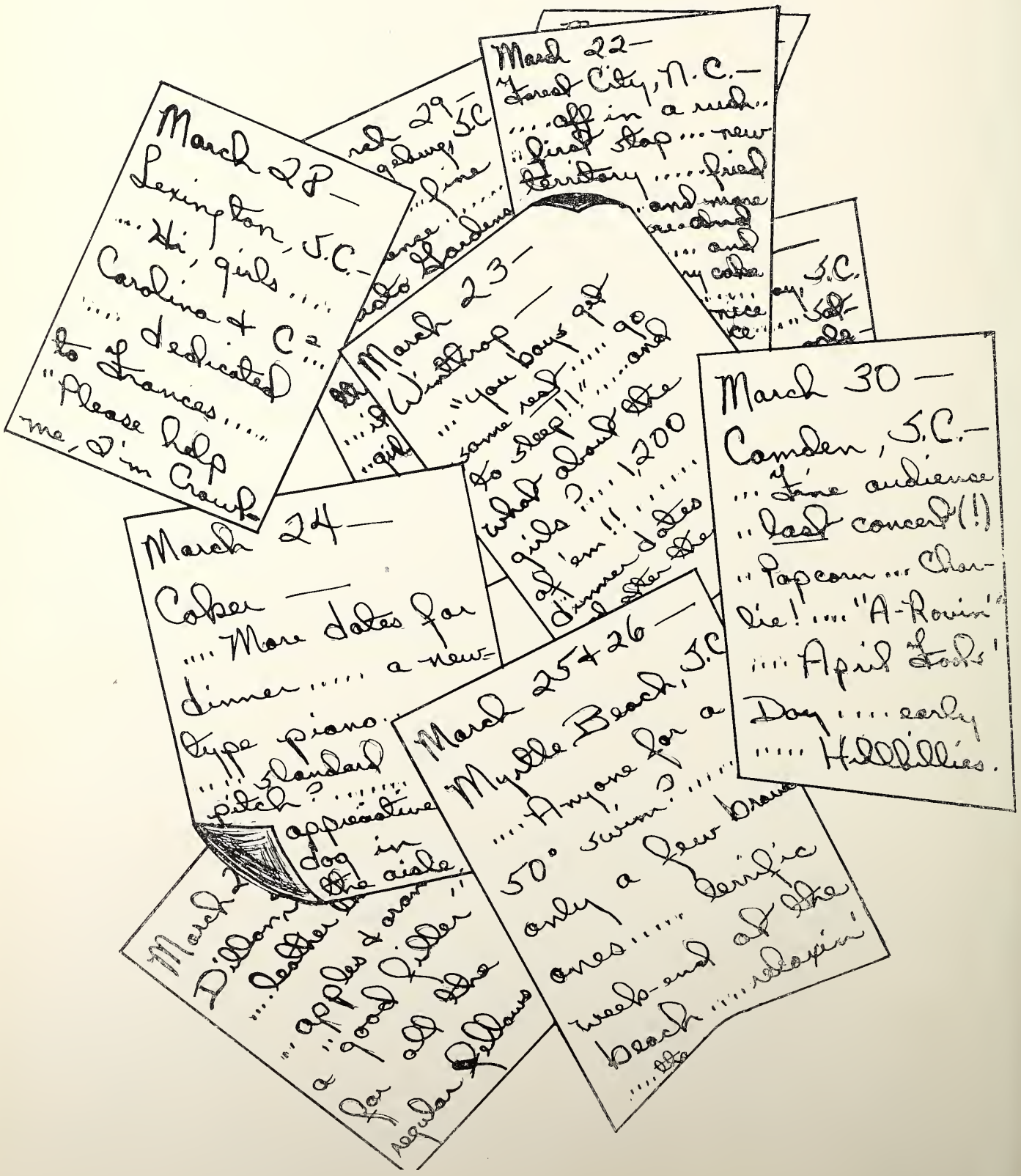
March 22—
Forest City, N.C.—
...off in a rush..
..first stop... new
territory.... fried
March 28—
Lexington, S.C.—
...Hi, girls....
Carolina & C²...
.... dedicated
to Frances.....
"Please help
me, I'm Crawl-
March 23—
Winthrop—
..."you boys get
some rest..... go
to sleep!!"..... and
what about the
girls?.... 1,200
of 'em!!.....
dinner dates
March 30—
Camden, S.C.—
...Fine audience
..last concert(!)
..Popcorn... Char-
lie!.... "A-Rovin'"
.... April Fools'
Day.... early
..... Hillbillies.
March 24—
Coker—
.... More dates for
dinner..... a new-
type piano...
.... standard
pitch?.....
appreciative
dog in
the aisle.
March 25 & 26—
Myrtle Beach, S.C.
.... Anyone for a
50° swim?.....
only a few brave
ones..... terrific
week-end at the
beach.... relaxin'
.... the
March 2
Dillon
.... leather
.. apples & oran
a "good filler"
for all the
regular fellows

Odyssey

or

A Glance at the
Glee Club

or

The Sam Moyer Chorale
Rides Again

or

I was a Tuneful
Terrier for the
S. R. M.

or

Portrait of a
Fried Chicken

or

Stops Along
the Way

by I. M. Poppin

LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS

by Paul Davis

Revolutions are tiresomely routine in Latin America. In some cases they follow a predictable pattern; once they start, their courses can be traced with the greatest of ease. Not so in Cuba. Fidel Castro's revolution adds something new, unpredictable and significant to the pattern. It may very well mark the beginning of a cycle of similar revolts, superficially like the old, but actually in a new style. The political revolution seems to be giving way to the social.

In the old-style revolution, an ambitious strongman, civilian or military, would come to power, often by more or less legitimate means. Once in office, it would become almost impossible to get him out, except by force. Using the ancient device of continuismo, he would cling to power indefinitely. Continuismo involved such contrivances as manipulation of the constitution to give a veneer of legality to his actions, or replacement by a rubber stamp.

Meanwhile, the opposition would begin to build up even before he was safely seated. The buildup continued until it developed a strong leader, and the army became infected. In most instances, the army was still the decisive factor. When it finally turned against him, the dictator was through; another dictator stepped in, and the process began again. Nicaragua is a good example. In 1937, the late General Anastasio Somoza, head of the army, was elected president. He was still president when he was assassinated in 1957. By a further refinement of continuismo, his son Luis was picked to follow him.

Why, in the past, has this been the characteristic pattern of Latin American politics? Largely because politics has been a game played by the military and the upper classes.

Most of Latin America had no middle class. Society was divided between a small, wealthy ruling group, and a "melancholy sea of illiterates." As an inevitable result of the maldistribution of wealth, the large poor majority was diseased and undernourished, as well as illiterate. They took practically no part in politics. Many of them could not legally vote, and, in practice, few of them did.

Fundamentally, the interests of all members of the ruling class were similar. The divisions among them were largely personal, and parties were the personal followings of individual leaders rather than organizations built around political philosophies. The man or group of men that was in power one day was out the next. And few except those directly concerned cared. Through every change of command, every election or revolution, the little farmer in the hinterland continued serenely about his daily affairs. He would neither gain nor lose by the change.

Such a situation led directly to dictatorship. With nothing behind him but an armed fist, a ruler had to be a dictator. The situation was, of course, made to order for the military. In many Latin American countries, the army was the only or, at least, the strongest organized, disciplined force. Whether the contestants for office were ambitious generals or power-hungry civilians, he who had the support of the army won. If by mischance he lost at the polls, he could always win in the streets. And

once the revolution was over, life went on as before.

That was the old-time revolution. Occasionally, minor reforms followed in its wake, but—generally speaking — a revolution was purely political, a change of the guard about which the common people could not care less.

The first of Latin America's social revolutions, in which the whole social fabric was torn and rewoven into a new pattern, was actually the Mexican upheaval of 1910. But that was a special case without immediate consequences elsewhere. The first, imperfect prototype of the modern revolution was Juan D. Peron's seizure of power in Argentina in 1945. This was imperfect because Peron had no real social conscience. He simply saw the huge, amorphous mass of the descamisados, the shirtless ones, as an effective counterbalance to the army officers who opposed him, and he built them up as another focus of force. To gain his own ends, Peron gave bread and circuses to the Argentine masses, hitherto an unconsidered majority in a semi-feudal society. In the process he gave them something else too: A new sense of their own worth and power. In effect, the people had beaten the army. They could never be ignored again. This, in a sense, was a social revolution, a foreshadowing of things to come.

The shadow rapidly lengthened. Living standards were slightly and slowly rising in Latin America. Education, health measures and literacy were pushing a little deeper into the hinterland. The democratic slogans of the wartime allies were ringing through the continent. In some countries, a middle class was appearing. The common people were restless and were beginning to demand more of life and society. It would not be as easy after this for the ruling minority to play its private political game without regard for the masses.

Dictators Rojas Pinilla of Colombia and Perez Jimmenez of Venezuela were overthrown not by dictatorial successors, but by the people. The Bolivian Revolution of 1952 had many of the earmarks of a true social revolution, but it was an incomplete and transitional one, the future of which is still in the balance. Fidel Castro astonished the world with the first social revolution since 1910. The world, and the Cubans, misinterpreted Castro's revolt from the start. It had all the initial appearances of a simple protest against oppression. The ruthless hand of Fulgencio Batista was bearing down hard on the Cuban people. Terror stalked the streets; no man's life or property was safe.

The people who had the most to lose were the first to rebel. Tension and uncertainty paralyzed business and businessmen were unhappy. Upper class Cubans, who are basically a democratic people, were ashamed of the spectacle their island was showing to the world and turned against Batista in disgust. Idealistic students fought openly against the dictator and were hunted down, tortured and killed by his dread secret police. First secretly, then openly, the upper and middle class began sending money and arms to Fidel Castro, whose forlorn little band in the Sierra Maestro was the symbol of freedom.

It is worth noting that the masses played very little part in all of this. The cutters of sugar cane for the most part stayed quietly on their plantations. The powerful organized workers of Havana remained aloof. This was strictly a middle class revolution. Old time democratic leaders flocked to Castro's standard as he marched victoriously onto Havana. They assured themselves that things would return to normal now, with Batista out of the way.

To their consternation, Castro had other ideas. Political democracy quickly got lost in the shuffle, and veteran politicians went into the discard. To Castro, whether consciously or not, the removal of Batista was strictly a necessary means to an end. The end: To remake the Cuban social order.

There is no doubt that Cuba was ripe and ready for social reform. The island's total dependence on sugar gave it a distorted economy, subject to the buffeting of every change in world markets and prices. Only the United States' commitment to buy a large part of the sugar crop at better-than-world-prices kept Cuba on an even keel. And nothing helped the mass of small farmers, busy cutting cane for three months, idle and penniless the rest of the year. This had been the pattern of the Cuban economy since it had been a nation. Certainly agrarian reform was as badly needed in Cuba as in most of Latin America, which has no hope of permanent prosperity until the landless masses are given a stake in their countries. Diversification of agriculture and the expansion of industry are also worthy objectives.

But they are long-term objectives, and Castro had no patience with the long run. All had to be done overnight. And the growing pressure of the extreme Left wing became an important factor in both his objectives and his methods. Cuba headed rapidly toward a state-directed, socialist economy, under the rigid, authoritarian political controls that were necessary if the new order was to be enforced.

Then a grim new question arose: Where does social reform end and communism begin? It is natural for social reformers to be attracted by communism or other far Left ideologies, but in Cuba the attraction seemed to go beyond coincidence.

The interminable debate over whether Castro and his chief advisors are Communists is more or less a waste of time. The point is, that whether they are or not, they are doing exactly what the Reds want done, and with active encouragement from the Communists. They are seizing private property without adequate, indeed without any, compensation. Instead of handing the expropriated land over to the peasants,

they are turning it into cooperative communes, suspiciously like those set up by the Chinese Communists. Most important, they are separating Cuba, and as far as they are able, the rest of Latin America, from the United States, the natural leader of the hemisphere. It is unlikely that the Communists will ever openly and boldly take over the Cuban government. It would be foolish for them to try, for the United States, in its own self-defense, would immediately crack down on them as it did in Guatamala. And why should they bother? They can sit back quietly, rubbing their hands, while Castro does their work for them, destroying private enterprise and nibbling away at the inter-American front which, in spite of family differences, has always held fairly firm in emergencies.

This, then, is the kind of revolution Castro has brought to Cuba. It is new in character and sweeping in its implications. There can be little doubt that there will be others like it, similar in basic character, different, perhaps, in detail. They will, first, be social rather than political revolutions. The dictators are fading out, one by one. Disturbances, in the future, will represent efforts by the newly awakened masses to create better lives for themselves.

Secondly, these will be nationalistic revolutions, of the kind that are sweeping Africa and Asia.

Thirdly, they will contain an element of anti-Americanism, for as one of the old "colonial" powers—if only in an economic sense — the United States is a natural whipping boy. How strong this element will be is up to the United States itself, and the way in which it handles potentially revolutionary situations.

Fourthly, the Communists will be feverishly active in all of these revolutions, as they obviously are in Cuba. They are not likely to get as far in Latin America as in other parts of the world, but they will make trouble — perhaps more trouble than the United States can afford.

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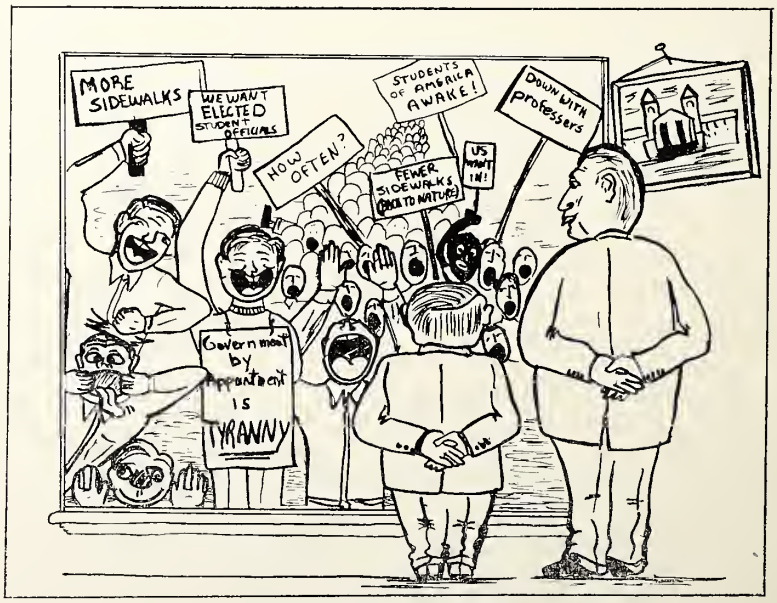

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ALL THE GOOD

by
Bill
Whetsell

John shifted the gear as he turned the little car up the steep entrance drive and rounded the curve. Then he pulled to a stop in front of the concrete block building. He got out of the car and etnered a sagging door with dusty panes.

"Morning, sir," he spoke to a man as he walked in.

The man, holding a wrench in one greasy hand, turned and nodded pleasantly, "Morning."

John spoke again, "I wonder if you could check my spark-plugs, please, sir. My car is skipping a little. I thought maybe one of the plugs is lose."

"Yeah, I reckon I can. Drive on in."

John went back outside, and the man slid the weathered, tin auto-entrance doors apart. The little car entered the building, and the doors closed, again.

John sat in the car looking around the mechanic's dingy shop as the man opened the hood of his car.

". . . that's what it says, right in the Good Book." A woman's shrill voice echoed from beside a desk in one dark corner of the room. John looked quickly in that direction.

Two women were standing there talking to a man who sat looking up at them. "It's right there in black and white: 'As ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' " One of the women spoke again as she held out a battered-looking tambourine.

Both women smiled through plain, untouched faces. Their worn, ill-fitting coats were drawn tightly about them. On their heads sat familiar black bonnets with wide maroon bands which extended to stiff bows about their throats. The man seated before them fumbled in his pocket among the tinkle of coins. Drawing out one shiney round piece, he smiled uneasily and dropped the money into the extended tambourine.

The coin landed on the round tin bottom with a dry, dead thud. "Thank you, brother. May the Lord bless you for your good heart. "

The women smiled timidly and walked through the outside door. Then the man got up and moved to the back of the concrete-block room. As he stepped across the debris of hub-caps and blackened tools, he called back toward the other man who tinkered under the hood of John's car. "I oughta kill you, Joe." Then he laughed teasingly.

The other man under the hood replied, a blissfully ignorant smile broke on his face, "I didn't see'em till it was too late. They'uz already in the door."

"Yeah, well you should have whistled at me or something. Them old girls . . .," the retort broke off from the back of the shop.

"None of 'em looked worth a damn either, did they?" The man under the hood spoke and laughed roughly. "All them girls — they's good girls, though. You heard'em reciting from the Bible." He brought the hood down with a resounding bang. "Okay, son," he looked at John, "It oughta be all right, now. One of them plugs was kinda worked loose."

John studied the man's face for a moment. Then he said, "Any charge?"

"No — not for just that."

"Thank you, sir," John spoke with a kind of habitually forced respect.

"Come back if you ever have any trouble. We'll do you right, and we can use your business."

"Okay," John nodded. Of course he would come back if he ever had any trouble. After all, he had nothing against this man nor the man in the back of the shop. Of course they could use his business. Of course, they needed money. They had to live, and you need money to live.

The big doors slid open, again; and John backed the car out.

Then the doors slid shut.

John shifted the gear as he turned the car down the steep drive. He stopped a moment at the curb. He looked both ways, then he pulled out in to the stream of traffic, moving along the street like everybody else.

THREE

TO WOFFORD MEN

Dr. David English Camak, Class of 1903, in the copies of his recent book *Human Gold from Southern Hills* (History of the founding of Spartanburg Junior College) received in the library, has written in each book:

"*To Wofford Men:*
You cannot walk these campus ways
And not put foot into the tracks
Of numerous great of other days
Who bore your future on their backs.

Take care you go the way they went --
The road of service high and true --
That other strugglers, backs o'er bent,
May find new strength in
thoughts of *you!*
Prayerfully,
D. E. Camak"

January 20th
1961

Dr. Camak is a retired Methodist minister, presently living in Greer. Copies of his book are obtainable from him in Greer.

DIFFERENT

ON THE NORTHERN BORDER

In the foothills of the mountains,
Stands a Christian College;
It is a place of much good times,
Also, a place of knowledge.

Put together by many good men,
Each of them donated;
This is how it became a school
That is so highly rated.

The boys come from far and near,
Each to obtain some culture,
I have heard it praised, and heard it
damned,
But each of them love her.

In my heart, it has its part,
One I'll ne'er forget;
Nothing will ever take its place,
And I shall not regret.

Part of me was left at school,
To carry on till 'morrow;
And of those who left her halls,
I know they must feel sorrow.

Every one who has gone away,
Each of them has offered
To try to do his very best,
And help raise high Wofford.

JOHNNY WALLER
Class of '59

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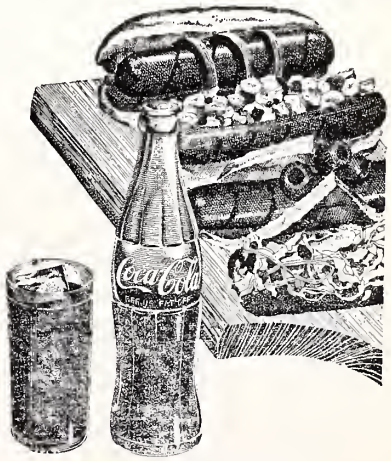

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REJUVENATION

On the city's northern border
Are a set of time-worn towers,
Towers representing ages
Past and present—now united.
Once the towered building sheltered
Men who came away to study.
But the building now is vacant,
Save for working men and putty.
Men and putty, nails and cement,
Put to use to save a fossil.
"New interior designing,"
Thus the rulers gave their orders.
Students still asleep and docile
Will inhabit modern quarters.
Fish will still his Spanish dictate.
Doctor Charlie will unravel
Dates and names from history's drama.
Chewny wants our minds to gather
Nothing's better than good grammar.
No more will the rooms seem creepy
In this building now restoréd.
All is new except the student:
Tired, sleepy, docile, boréd.

PIERCE ARANT
Class of '61

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THE BALLAD OF SAM McBEE

There once upon this noble earth
Lived quite a man to see.
His eyes were dark, his hair was black.
His name was Sam McBee.

It seemed as if he lived too soon.
His name was quite renowned.
He gained his fame that fateful day
When he rode into town.

Now Sam McBee was stared upon.
The citizens could see
That he was brave and bold and strong.
This man named Sam McBee.

The leaders of the town all feared
A bounty hunter he.
So they lined up and drew their guns
On brave and bold McBee.

He stood his ground and gazed into
The eyes of these home folk.
With dauntless daring, he did speak.
These are the words he spoke:

"Like, man, I dig this town the most.
It's really quite the stuff.
But when you aim those rods at me,
Like, man, enough's enough.

"Please show me where to find a brew.
My buds, like, need a douse.
A glass of milk, or H^2O,
Or an espresso house.

"Like, show me where the bongos play.
For some keen spot I drool,
Where poets read and hip ones sip,
Where all's serene and cool.

"Man, put away those guns you got.
Don't aim them at my head.
I'm not prepared as yet to claim
My six-foot-under bed.

"I'll move on out and find some spot
Where music's played in flats.
I'll dig you later, so 'til then,
Like, man, just cool it, cats."

So Sam McBee rode out of town
When these farewells he'd bid.
And from that day his name was known
As Sam, the cool, cool kid.

—Pierce Arant

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NO OTHER GODS

by Paul Lofton

A certain man had many cows. Not a great many, but enough. Now these cows were "grade" cows, that is, they were not registered as any particular breed. However, it was evident that Jersey was the dominant strain, and that is what the man liked to call them. For the most part they were pure-bred, but the fact that none of them had "papers" mattered little to the man. These animals were not the best, by any means, but for the man they were the best that could be had, and that was good enough for him.

This same man had a small farm on which he kept his cows. He had a home and a family. He was happy. The farm produced nothing except that which went into the maintenance of the herd. There were no chickens or hogs or row crops, but pastures and hay and silage. The man with his family worked hard, and occasionally he made a small profit. Some years were lean and some were fat. In the years of plenty—the years when the rains came in abundance and at the proper times, years when the veterinary bill was low and the price of milk was high—in these years the man laid aside a part of his earnings, hoping to send his children to college someday. The cows were good to the man, and he knew it and he was happy.

Because the cows were good to the man and because he knew they were, he in turn was good to them. For many years he rose faithfully at four o'clock to begin the day's work. Besides the actual milking, there were many things to be done to keep the cows well and comfortable. Each day was a ritual, which he performed with genuine piousness, and he was rewarded accordingly.

One day the man went to a sale. This was the first time the man had ever been to a gathering of this calibre. Here were to be sold some of the very best pure-bred Jerseys in the state. He had never seen such a collection of beautiful animals. He was impressed beyond measure. One cow in particular he set his heart on buying. She was from a long line of famous stock, and he thought she was the most beautiful animal he had ever seen. The American Jersey Cattle Club had classified her as "Excellent." Her owner said she gave over 60 pounds of milk a day. Sixty pounds! That was seven gallons! And even the man's very best cows gave only four gallons. He felt he had to own this magnificant producer.

His wife tried to dissuade him. "This is not our kind of cow," she said. "We have lots of good cows, and they are good enough. We do not need any more."

But the man would not listen. The cow topped the sale, and he bought her for $1600. Of course the man did not have this money. He had to borrow and then take all of that which he had been saving for the children's education, and even sell five of his most promising heifers to help meet the payments over the next few years.

Yet he felt the cost was worth it. She was the personification of all that he had ever dreamed of among dairy cattle. He thus gave her very special care. Nothing was too good for her. She even received attention at the expense of the rest of the herd. With each calving she always had what dairymen commonly call "milk fever." This malady occurs only among high producers as it is caused by a deficiency of calcium in the body at the time of calving. Too much of this element goes into the rapid production of milk. The illness is fatal unless arrested in time. But the remedy is almost always certain—and expensive. Needless to say, this extra-special cow cost no little money to be kept in good health. But the man could always sacrifice somewhere, because now, not the herd, but she was his Alpha and Omega.

The man began to plan for the future. By artificial insemination the cow could be bred to any number of the very best registered bulls in the country. Maybe he could eventually build up a whole herd just like her. But artificial insemination is not to be had for the asking. Castles may easily be built in the sky, but putting the props under them comes only by way of more substantial stuff than dreams.

The daily ritual continued, but the god was no longer that which had sustained him through the years. No more did he kneel at the altar of that which had given him life itself. Another god had come before, and this new god was worshipped with an even greater devotion.

But the payments were hard to meet, even on this small debt. Other expenses unexpectedly began to appear. Still the man kept faith in his magnificent cow, believing that she alone would heal all his diseases.

Then, one day, quite unexpectedly, the cow died. The man never knew what caused her death. He knew only too clearly that what little money he once had was now gone, that he was in debt, that his herd had deteriorated. All because of the magnificent cow. Needless to say, he was greatly distressed. He refused to accept the fact that his cow was gone forever. All his happiness and all his plans were taken from him so quickly. His world and they that dwelled therein had been shaken and shattered.

Yet, at times, when he entered into his closet and shut his door, he chanced upon little visions of what he had known all along was the thing he should do. But it would be oh, so hard, and yet he had to do it, because it was the only thing he could do and still go on living. ●

Comment

The *Journal* is going to bed on a bus somewhere between Camden and Spartanburg. The bus, which is bouncing along in a slight torrential downpour, contains about 15 young men, the last survivors of what was formally known as the glee club, but what might now more appropriately be called the "leather throats." After nine days and 15 concerts, the deleted club is heading back to its point of departure.

And here I sit, with pen in hand, to compose a "Comment" for the dear ol' *Journal.* The only thoughts that will come concern the last nine days, the many persons throughout the state who have fed us, sheltered us, transported us, made us a part of their families for an afternoon and night, and a disgruntled breakfast.

Has this year's tour been a success? Certainly we hope it has accomplished its prime purpose — that being the spreading of Wofford College propaganda. And I don't use the word "propaganda" in any derogatory sense. The glee club tours with the purpose of presenting Wofford College in a favorable light to those S. C. Methodists who help support us and also to those young men in high schools throughout the state who might become "Wofford gentlemen" if properly impressed. Like the man says, "Go to the church of your choice, but send your son to Wofford."

It has been said that the glee club is the best advertisement the college has. This may or may not be true. Most of us display our best manners, our broadest smiles, and our best singing voices—whether those singing voices be full or falsetto, tired or tiresome, flat or sharp or even—on occasion—on pitch.

We are even considered lucky to start our spring vacations early. For seven of our nine days of touring, the Wofford gentlemen who are not musically inclined continue to explore their books while we, oblivious even of their existence, sing our way merrily across the state, faced with a slightly rude awakening when we find ourselves confronted with missed tests, lectures, and labs. (Here's hoping we won't have to make-up a "movie" drill.) Our only wish is that the professors haven't dreamed up some quite ingenious method of punishment for their truant students by presenting them with a few impossible and/or improbable make-up tests.

But, I guess, we might as well realize that "the party's over," and the work is about to start again. The glee club has made its annual *Odyssey* through the southern Carolina and parts unknown of N. C. Art and Music classes will start again. Seniors will try to catch up so they might possibly be able to graduate. Others will work to pass.

It's all just a memory now—a sentimental old memory. Something to recall when we're old and gray, when youth is only a dream. In those dear golden days, we will reminisce over the good old college years, and school spirit will be at its height . . .

. . . my only *comment* . . .

. . . I always get sick when I try to read or write on a bus . . .

*

At the recent S. C. Collegiate Press Convention, which was held at Columbia College this year, the *Journal* was rated comparatively with other literary magazines from colleges in the state. Overall the *Journal* was given 84 points out of a possible 100. The rater or raters made the following comments on the Score Sheet with regard to the *Journal's* quality: Page layout is "rather uninspired." Art (creative illustrations, photos, cutlines) "weak here." With regard to covers: "It could go on *any* magazine and belong there. Make the cover *Wofford!* Who are the people on the December cover? A parent might like to know." General comments were as follows: "An interesting and informative magazine of which the staff and school can be proud. But it lacks the extra polish that would make it superior. It should have more character." (The comments were made in almost unintelligible, but extremely literary, pencil markings, so if I have misread and misquoted, I apologize.)

I might explain that the ratings were made on the last three issues of 1959-'60 and the first two of the current school year.

Congratulations should go to Thomas Butler, Jr., who was awarded a certificate for having written the best essay to appear in a college magazine during the year, "In Defense of Absolute Law," which appeared in the November, 1960, issue.

Next year's editor and staff might take into consideration the comments that I have quoted above and try to improve the *Journal* by "polishing" and "characterizing."—P.A.

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SLEEPY? BORED?

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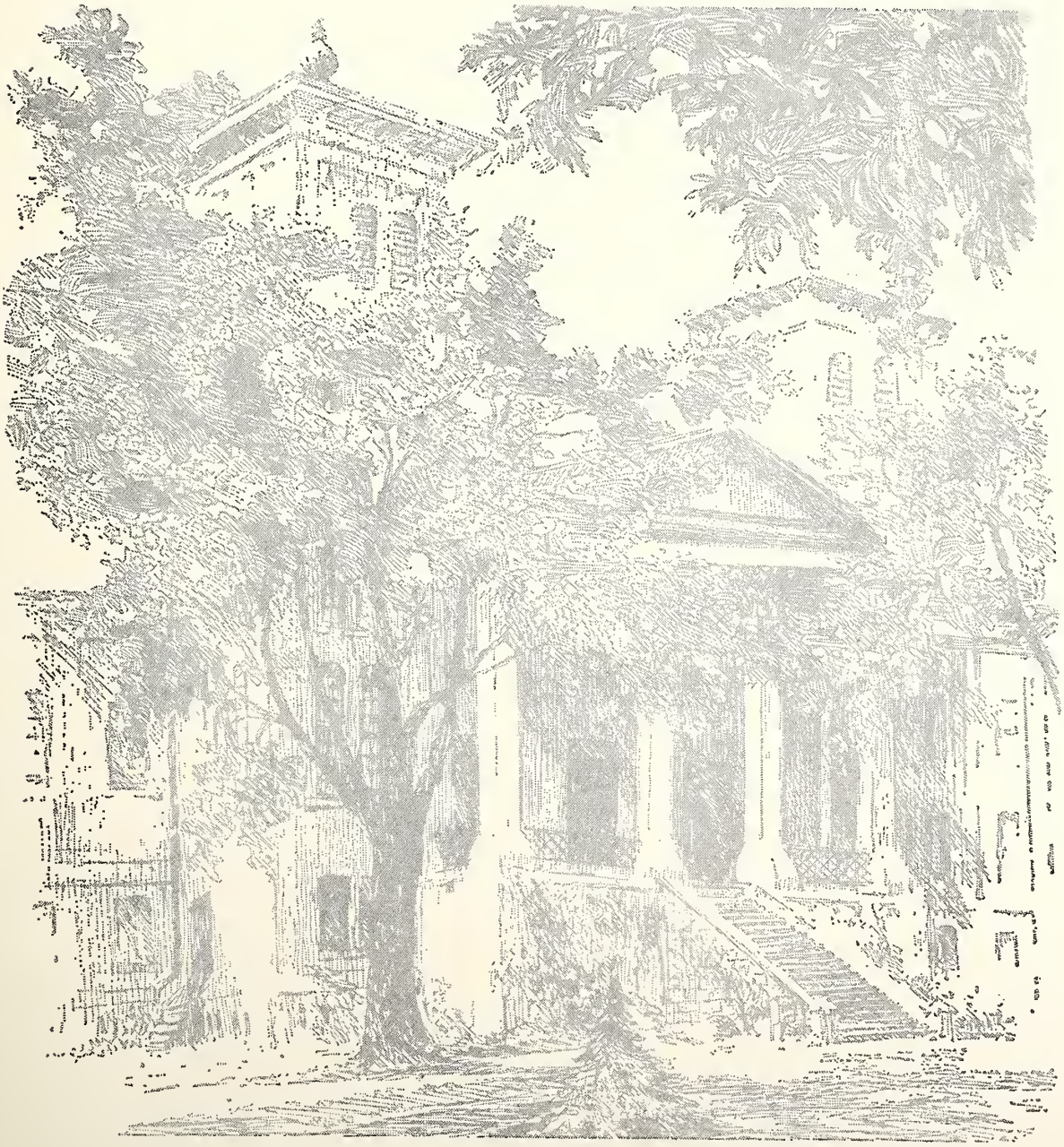

WOFFORD COLLEGE / MAY, 1961

WOFFORD COLLEGE

MAY, 1961

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the JOURNAL

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4 A DOG FOR JUAN / *Short Story* / Bob Yelton

5 RESIGNATION
COMPLIANCE / *Poems* / Fred Henry

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Poll Results
Staff Recommendations

20 COMMENT

COVER: "Old Stand-by."

The Acceptance

by

W. B.

Moseley

"Actually, there should be many better colleges than this. . . . It's so frightfully boring at times . . . and this room is so bizarre . . . padded walls and all. . . . Looks nice though . . . and can you imagine bars in my windows! . . . as if I'd attempt an escape . . . sorta hilarious . . . truly an odd set-up. . . . It would be o.k. if they'd let me go home an' all . . . and if they'd stop putting that horrid coat on me when I feel excited-like . . . can't even move in it . . . but it's so damn funny! . . . the way these women in white — house mothers probably — run around and get a professor to put it on me — and I just laugh . . . my soul, does it disturb them . . . oh . . . panic!"

These were typical thoughts that occurred to Robert Jenkins as he would sit on his bed, moving slightly to and fro with his hands akimbo and marmoreal face.

Each afternoon after an all-too-scanty meal, he would sit there and cogitate for an hour or so before studying, and occasionally babble inconsistently to himself, mixed with outbursts of laughter and sounds with a close affinity to those of crying. Often these sounds would arouse third-ward attendants who ran to his room with demands to quieten, after which he would saunter to his desk and leisurely begin his assignments for the day to come.

It was mid-November. A hurried winter had arrived bringing harsh wind and rain around St. Joseph's Mental Hospital. St. Joseph's was perhaps the most modern and most recently built institution within a range of several hundred miles. It received only the more severe mentally ill patients, specializing more in hopeless paretic cases, chronic schizos, and severe paranoiacs. Robert was fortunate in being at such an eminent hospital because of the excellent treatment given to him. He was of no serious trouble to the doctors and attendants, because to Robert, St. Joseph's was a high academic, liberal arts college by the name of L' universitè de Boulingrin.

The arrival of Robert to St. Joseph's was indeed a strange event, happening in mid-September, just as myriads of college students scurried back to a year of learning. It was late afternoon. The wind stirred, and the gravid clouds dispersed rain about the hospital's vicinity. Earlier during the day it was extremely warm, even though the clouds were gathering. The weather was uncanny. Late on that afternoon, Robert was seen walking through a blanket of rain toward the hospital. He walked onto the porch and into a psychiatrist's office. The psychiatrist was engrossed in a particular case history of a demented giant, who during the previous night, had, in a rage of frenzy, killed himself and maimed an attendant. Robert, resembling one in deep vertigo, stumbled to his desk and muttered, "I've been accepted . ."

The hospital's staff of psychiatrists

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were astounded. Robert was perfectly normal in every aspect, except this "college" where he had been accepted. Through several techniques of psychotherapy, they attempted to free him of this devil, which had so incompassionately grasped him. He had an extremely high I.Q. they discovered, and he easily comprehended the material from the college textbooks that they supplied to him. They endeavored to create a college for Robert in hopes that he would snap out of his madness.

A certain psychiatrist—a doctor Pendle—who had first seen Robert, did a great deal of research on St. Joseph's college pupil, and he discovered several interesting aspects of his embittered youth. None were so important as the fact that Robert, despite his family's destitution, had wanted a college education above anything else. In a manner of speaking, Robert obtained this one desire. The psychiatrist learned that during high school Robert had applied for any scholarship available, but because of his poor grades during his junior year, he received only trivial ones.

At first, Robert's life, introspectively, was tranquil, but as time passed he began to detest the whole idea of this pseudo-college life. He was being treated cruelly he thought. To the attendants of the third ward, he was mildly dangerous in his recurrent rages, and, for this reason, he was not permitted to go home, even though this would probably have helped him.

On a brisk December morning, as Robert was escorted to Dr. Pendle's Chemistry 21 course, Robert glimpsed the hospital caretaker, who was an extremely odd-looking man: short, rather hump-backed, with a deep tan, and a conspicious wart on the tip of his long nose. As soon as Robert saw the pyknic old man, he screamed, "There you are! I could kill you for letting me come here—It's so unbearable." He ran toward the absequious fellow, who knelt and moaned. That night, after a bitter struggle of taking Robert to his room, he could be heard crying, along with intermittent, inarticulate, and self-directed talk. The next morning Robert was found dead in his room with a serene and seemingly omniscient look on his marmoreal face. Death had come after a clean, swift cut into his chest with a stolen steak-knife.

His family, though knowing and visiting the whereabouts of their son, were greatly upset, and their sobs were heard over the telephone.

Dr. Pendle made a last attempt towards solving this enigma by talking with the caretaker. He looked humbly toward the doctor and said, "Only seen the boy oncet. Early last September, believe it was. The boy walked up to me—you see I was out there getting me some apples off dat tree beyond dat pasture, after work—and he came up to me and looked at me crazy-like and moved his hands and mouth, and then he started walking over towards the hospital in the rain."

The psychiatrists were correct in assuming Robert's insatiable desire for a college education. He was there to avail himself of any describable type of financial help.

Robert's mental adventure began one misty, late-August evening while walking on a back alley towards home. He discovered an odd magazine which, upon a careful investigation, revealed "Scholarships and financial aid for outstanding young men offered by L' universitè de Boulingrin."

After sending for free information, Robert vigilantly awaited its arrival. An admittance test arrived the next morning, and Robert thought it very odd since it had traveled over 400 miles in such a short time. He took the test, but he did not cheat because an honor code was affixed. Robert mailed it off Saturday afternoon and Sunday afternoon it arrived graded. The questions, the majority being of a psychological type, were scribbled on with unidentifiable words and marks that Robert had never seen. Had it not been for a passage forbidding the taker to reveal the test to anyone, Robert would have sought aid in deciphering the marks. On the last page were directions for carrying out the final assignment, which would determine whether or not he would be accepted.

Robert caught a ride past the Old White Ranch, as the directions stated, and walked up an unpaved road for a mile or so. It was early September as Robert started on this hegira, just as the colleges were opening.

As Robert looked over the road winding over a large hill, he beheld a broad, green pasture with heavy forests around it. A vast array of buildings were in the far distance. Robert realized that this was his destination. A diabolical terror had encircled him upon that hill. Robert felt entirely different, as if a new personality had entered him. A kaleidoscope of colors was before his eyes. He heard a sound and quickly turned around to see an occupied hammock suspended between two spreading oaks. A sigh left it and a pyknic sort of man with a wart on his long, brown nose lifted himself from it. Robert walked towards him, each moment his heart beating faster and an ineffable thing spread itself through his body.

"Are you the man I'm to see?" asked Robert. The man's eyes were ablaze—dark they were and golden. He pointed a shaking finger toward the distant buildings. The wind swept through his hair as he said in an unearthly way, "There is the college in the distance. You've been accepted."

A heavy rain began to fall as the caretaker, with an air of bewilderment, ran to his automobile and wondered about this boy, who had so casually approached him, motivating his arms and contorting his mouth, and who was now walking through a blanket of rain towards the distant buildings, never to return.

●

A DOG FOR JUAN

by Bob Yelton

"A dog!" Juan's father looked up from the row of beans he was hoeing. His ten-year-old son stood beside him dipping a barefoot toe into the warm soil.

"How often must I tell you I can not allow you to have a dog?" said his father, trying to make his voice sound stern and patient. "Look here, my son," he said. "there are two kinds of dogs. There is the kind that lies about sleeping the day away. Good for nothing but to eat and play. A dog like that would be just another mouth to feed."

"But, Father, there are other kinds of dogs," interrupted Juan eagerly. Manuelo, in the village, has a hunting dog that—

His father answered slowly and sadly, "Juan, you know that a dog like that would cost much money, my son."

Juan sadly turned away, because he understood and knew how very hard it was to get food and money for his family. Juan trudged the long, hot miles to and from the airport at noon each day to sell his father's home-grown oranges to the plane passengers to make the extra money needed to get by on each week.

After he left his father, he prepared the oranges for his daily trip. By hurrying along the road, Juan reached the airport just in time, because even as he stepped onto the concrete apron of the landing field, the huge transport was being refueled. The passengers had emerged from the plane and were stretching their legs in the shade of the administration building.

"Oranges! Oranges for sell!" called Juan as he mingled among the passengers. Suddenly, his voice caught in his throat, and the oranges were completely forgotten. For there, before him, was the most beautiful dog he had ever seen. It was a tall and rangy dog with hair like a silken flame. It tugged at the scent-laden air sweeping in from the jungle with a desiring look in its eyes to explore the underbrush. Juan looked up at the tall, elderly man who held the leash.

"Your pardon, sir, but what kind of dog is this?"

The man smiled and picked up an orange. "It's an Irish Setter. I've named her Duchess. Do you like her?"

"Oh! She is the most beautiful dog I've ever seen," replied Juan.

"I bought her yesterday, and I'm bringing her home with me to do a little hunting," said the man.

The dog had been tugging at the leash the whole time, straining towards the jungle wall whence came the inviting odors. Suddenly, the leather of the leash was yanked out of the man's hand, and in an instant the dog was racing for the undergrowth at the airfield's edge.

The man raced after her, shouting frantically. "Duchess! Duchess! come back girl!" Juan, his basket of oranges forgotten beside the hangar, was running after the dog also. Suddenly, the man stopped, dug into his pocket and held out a silver dollar to Juan. "Help me find her and this is yours. Quickly though, because the plane takes off in twenty minutes."

The silver dollar glistened invitingly in the sun before the young boy's eyes. "Yes," he gulped, "I'll help you." Juan plunged into the thicket in search of the dog.

After searching for several minutes, Juan found the dog in a jungle glade where her leash had gotten entangled in the underbrush. She greeted him with an eager yelp, but, suddenly, Juan reached out and held her muzzle to quiet her. If he could only keep her quiet until the owner was gone, all his wishes would be answered.

Juan thought to himself that finally his wishes were answered. The man was very rich, and he could afford to buy ten dogs like this. Whereas, he could never afford a dog like Duchess. It was just his day, and this was the day he had been waiting for ever since he could remember. He finally had a dog. Oh, would his father be proud of this dog! His

father—Juan had completely forgotten about him. How could he explain how he got the dog? His father had always taught him to never steal and to be honest, and yet, Juan was planning to keep the dog. He could not hurt his father by this action. Thinking all these things over in his mind, Juan then hung his head in shame. Sadly, he untangled the leash and led the dog through the jungle and back to the plane.

At the hangar, the dog's owner ran eagerly forward to greet him. The man took the leash and held out the silver dollar to Juan. "Here, son," he said, "You have certainly earned it, my boy."

Juan took the coin without even looking at it. His eyes were fixed on the dog that could have been his if he had only taken advantage of the situation at hand.

"What's wrong, son? Isn't it enough!"

Juan turned to the man and he was feeling full of shame. "Oh, no sir, it is more than I expected. I was just thinking of the dog, wishing I had one like her. May I hold her until the plane leaves?"

Silently, the man handed Juan the leash. The silver dollar lay at Juan's feet, forgotten, as he petted the setter's silken coat. Suddenly, the man turned and headed for the airplane. He went inside, and in a few minutes, he emerged again with a squirming bundle of fur in the crook of his arm. He walked up to Juan holding a puppy out to him.

"Here, son. He's one of Duchess' pups, just weaned. I have three more in the plane. Would you like to have this one?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears and the words he sought were choked in his throat. "Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you very much."

As the plane soared upward, Juan clutched at the yelping pup in his arms and stared at it in disbelief.

"A dog," he said at last, and his voice echoed the wonder of it. "A dog for Juan." ●

Resignation—*1958*

So steeped am I in beauty laid to waste—
My heart is gripped, my body full embraced
By hands and fingers resting in her lofted lap,
While clutching 'til pain in my nigh to a
nightly-laid nap.

Heretofore I withdrew; and as I saw
Her face as the foot on his erotic frame,
I rued the vice of man that breaks his law
Of virtue down and places him to blame.

That is I: A votary bound to look around
Her gilded aureole . . . as if to be shown
That her wistful beauty will never be known
through my love,
As if to see that this beauty beyond me will ever
Be fleshless to my touch, distant to my eye.

Compliance—*1961*

So steeped was I in beauty laid to waste.

Suffering and groveling (she in her ditch too),
My enameled body might crack
And spit at the world the contemptuous intestines
That it ruptured;
And they would splash on hard skulls,
Not even to chaff,
Or they would sink into soft skulls,
And I would laugh.

Or this body could molt its final cuticle
And smell her monthly stigma,
Exposed by the perfume that pollutes it,
Or delight in predicting her varicose veins,
As they ripple over puffed flesh that strains
Its fading frame;
And from sense too hyper
Be rashed by the diaper
That sprang from her thighs
And her hideous cries.

But I will resonate with cacophony,
And view my love with the view of its object;
I will draw from their lives,
But trees may have mine;
And I will lull to inhale with her exhaling,
To breathe a cool breath on her last one.

—Fred Henry

BOOKS—

PREFERRED BY PROFESSORS

In an attempt to aid Wofford students in their reading, a group of *Journal* staff members contacted at random several members of the faculty with a request that they list two or three books that every Wofford student should read—not necessarily the greatest books in print, but simply books that Wofford students should have read if they are to call themselves educated men.

The only conditions placed on the request were that they not list the *Bible* and that they not list any topics as general as Shakespeare or Greek tragedy. Many of the lists reflected the professor's field of learning; most said that they had difficulty narrowing the list; many said that in a different mood, their list might have been somewhat changed.

It is interesting to note that two books were included on three of the lists: Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* and *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevskii. Six others were on as many as two lists. The other forty-four were listed only once.

Below are the results. It is hoped that the list may serve some useful purpose.

—Randy Kincaid.

Prof. Patterson:
Bunyan—*Pilgrim's Progress*
Darwin—*Origin of the Species*

Prof. Duke:
Orwell—*Nineteen Eighty-Four*
Myrdal—*An American Delima*

Prof. McCoy:
Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*
Fielding—*Tom Jones*
Dostoevskii—*The Brothers Karamazov*

Prof. Weller:
Adams—The Education of Henry Adams
Dostoevskii—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Aeschylus—*The Supplicants*

Prof. Blevins:
Chesterfield—*Lord Chesterfield, Letters to His Son*
Wells—*History of the World*

Prof. Green:
Homer—*The Odyssey*
Dickens—*David Copperfield*
Orwell—*Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Dr. Marsh:
Shakespeare—*Hamlet*
Aristotle—*Nicomachean Ethics*
Mill—*Essay on Representative Government*

Prof. Coates:
Dostoevskii—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Clemons—*Huckleberry Finn*
Gibran—*The Prophet*

Prof. Miller:
The Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams
Camus—*The Rebel*
Ionesco—*The Bald Soprano*

Prof. Hill:
Whitehead and Russell—*Principia Mathematica*
Doyle—*Tales of Sherlock Holmes*

Prof. Cauthen:
Plato—*Dialogues*
Hugo—*Les Miserables*

Prof. Carlson:
Augustine—*St. Augustine's Confession*
Erasamus—*Enchiridion . . .*
Bainton—*Here I Stand*

Prof. Pegram:
Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*
Harrison—*Queed*
Hugo—*Les Miserables*

Prof. Humphrey:
Schumpeter—*History of Economic Analysis*
Wolf—*Of Time and the River*
Maugham—*Of Human Bondage*

Prof. Loftin:
Komroff—*Coronet*
Gamow—*One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*

Prof. Jones:
Cash—*Mind of the South*
Parrington—*Main Currents in American Thought*

Prof. Prince:
Rousseau—*Emile*
Dewey—*School and Society*

Prof. Willis:
Smith—*The Wealth of Nations*
Whyte—*The Organization Man*

Prof. Chewning:
Shakespeare—*Hamlet*
Rostand—*Cyrano de Bergerac*
Fielding—*Tom Jones*

Prof. Wright:
Heilbroner—*The Worldly Philosophers*
Mayer—*Madison Avenue*
Clemens—*Huckleberry Finn*

Prof. Cavin:
Wells—*The Outline of History*
Gamow—*One, Two, Three . . . Infinity*

Prof. Moyer:
Cicero—*Essays and Orations*
Untermeyer—*Makers of a Modern World*

Major Bonham:
Kissinger—*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*
Henderson—*Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*
Churchill—*The Gathering Storm*

●

THOSE WHO ENDURE

by

Pat Zimmerman

A weary hand dropped an empty beer can into the ocean below. The painful, somber roll of the sea was broken for a moment by the vulgar sound of the impact, but soon all was the same. Nothing to many, but much to some. She was some. The small figure sat alone at the end of a long, wooden pier which barely supported itself over the incoming tide. Two bare legs were swinging carelessly, as she gazed blankly into the depths below her.

The thin hand wiped the last remains of the beer from her lipstick smeared mouth, transferring it to a pair of yellowed shorts. The setting sun reflected a semblance of by-gone beauty from her mascara patched features. Solemnly a solitary tear made its way down her face. It was always one. Just one. Like the sea.

Another figure broke the skyline as it moved away from the loud and tawdry beach area toward the pier. He was standing directly behind her before any sign of detection was noted in her passive eyes. Her body tensed as she realized that she was no longer alone in her little world of the sea. Before glancing at him, she attempted to tame the dull, coarse hair which rambled to her bare shoulders. Realizing the feebleness of the attempt, her bony arms flopped into her lap as she looked at the young man standing in her shadow. He was one of the many.

"What do you want with me?", she muttered to him. "I know what you're probably thinking. You're wrong, but I don't care. Just go away."

"I didn't mean anything," he answered apprehensively. "I was just looking around. It got kind of stuffy with all that crowd down on the beach; I thought I'd try to get away from it for a while."

"Why don't you go back where you came from? Isn't all that noise and laughter and everything enough for you. Or isn't that the kind of thing you like." Her gaze returned to the water before her. "And they're having so much fun. Running around in their private little cages, battering their heads out trying to escape. And laughing all the time."

"It's nice out here," the young man remarked, obviously trying to change the puzzling conversation.

"Yes, for a while. But then it's always the same in the end. It just makes it nicer this way."

"That's what my father used to tell me. I think it was true for him. But for me there must be something."

"Ah," she breathed, with the first sign of a smile, "the ignorance of youth."

"Maybe."

He turned away from her and began to walk down the long length of the pier, then looked back as though he might have forgotten something.

"I never did catch your name," he said, as though it would make any difference. To him at least.

"I never told you. Some call me Ophelia."

The footsteps faded as he neared the beach. By then the lustful, yet empty sounds of fools were barely audible in the cool air of the evening.

A horsefly flew in never ending circles, each turn bringing it closer to the grasping waves. Suddenly the water clutched it and pulled it under. Its futile attempt at escape was smothered. The surface of the water was soon undisturbed by anything but itself.

She watched as the waves carried it under. A smirk crept across her shadowed features, and once again a solitary tear solemnly traced a pattern down her face. It fell upon her hands, leaving a ring of dirt.

Before long the night was completely silent, and the beach was motionless. The legs were still swinging carelessly as her nightly vigil wore on. And then she fell asleep.

And he never came back. Some say he got married to a fine girl who believed, and had three kids, and lived in a nice suburban home, and all that stuff. But others, who obviously know better, say he got drunk, too.

●

One For Explanation

by Don Greiner

There really may be no reason for writing this, but people ask me "Why, Don, why," and, of course, I try to look interested and ask with my Southern politeness which people expect, "Why what" instead of "What in hell do you mean, 'Why' " and people say "The stories you write, why" and I look at them and I really and honestly don't know. Don't know "Why" I mean. All I know at the moment is that I don't care if they know "Why" or not. It really doesn't make any difference. But then I grow soft. I begin to wonder if they can or will see the picture that I am trying to paint . . . the philosophy that I am attempting to expound in my own sweet way. And I look at their drowning-in-sentimentalism faces, and I see that the answer is "No" and that they don't know "Why" and that maybe one or two of them do wish to know. So I grow soft and sit down when the day is done and type out this thing and I call it "One For Explanation." And then, naturally, I realize that the good artist never needs to explain for them, but I am not the good artist, so after reading it, I have a hunch that they probably still don't understand me or "Why" so I scratch down this author's note. And I know that it will fail, too. But that really doesn't matter, does it? I only write the stuff. It's up to them to read it. Maybe they should begin with "Look, Dick, see Jane. Run, Dick, run," and I try to find my copy for them, but I can't for it was left behind in the very long ago. Never look back. So I begin to feel tired and sleepy, for the darkness is moving in again and I have to rub my eyes and wake up and get on the go once more or else I will be caught. But I don't tear it up, for I know that Selmo and J. D. and Jim understand and that Sister tolerates even though she is a romantic, and for some strange and unknown reason, I hope you will read it and that you will read it again and that maybe you will show it to someone else and that they will read it and that maybe you and they will understand a little too.

*

We are leaving now.

We shall find a road one day, though, which has not been exhausted, and following with some sort of magnetic blindness, we shall be led to here. All roads must eventually lead home. . . .

Indeed, it is often funny how the past has a way of sneaking by the guards of the present to light, or maybe dim, a star in the surprising future. It may be changed and altered and warped and tragically out of the once familiar shape, but it will meet us anyway. The past does not do that, though. Time does.

I had often wondered while a small boy the reason why something that had been waited upon for so long passed by so quickly. Like a record or a party whose time is almost finished and then is finished and nothing actually remains except time itself, and if one is lucky, a memory, and even then it is not the same. The stage had simply been reset from time is to time was. Nothing I have ever seen can remold that.

So we actually have no hope of escaping that which we hope to escape. There is something about infinity that does not like our time, and if we would only wait we would soon have nothing from which to escape. But like all puppets, we are now growing impatient and feel that the hour is growing nigh and do not give a particle of thought to time will but only time is.

Maybe that is the reason for the nonchalant attitude and maybe that is what we are trying to escape from —a complete feeling of nonchalance —but we do not know or understand and certainly people do not know or even try to understand, so we have grown indifferent and bored by the very thought of it all. And then again, maybe bored is not the word, but acceptance. Not acceptance in the favorable acceptance sense, but only in the generally received without further argument for further argument is useless sense. And by adding all of the external and internal components together, the not surprising sum becomes indifference. We used to worry in the favorable acceptance

days about things so obviously inconsistent with an intangible and thoroughly abstractly constructed sort of thing called truth, but as we worried and wondered, we glanced about us and found ourselves apart from the form insisting crowds.

Like puppets on a string, we began to feel the pushing and pulling and advice from the all mighty puppet masters, who really had nothing to offer except their form sheets with a system of checks and balances to keep themselves and their families happy in a rather closed minded state of formality, so we pulled just a wee bit harder and soon we were on the outside. Even then we found it was better to be on the outside looking in than to be on the inside with nowhere to look. But of course, that is the case with puppet masters — they do not care to look.

From the vantage point, we could see the absurdity and stupidity and hypocrisy not only surrounding and being the very essence of the creatures on the inside, but in ourselves. At least we could see it in ourselves. And when we attempted to explain what we saw, they simply smiled and commented that it was just a stage to go through and hoped it did not last too long.

We then began to take refuge in a slightly nonchalant and reasonable state of indifference, but as we expected, everyone left us . . .

So we are leaving now. But there are no doubts that we shall come back, if not in time is, at least tomorrow or another day. And it will be summer and days will be long, and then we shall walk, as we used to do, arm in arm with some lost loved one down some straight and narrow walkway through pine-scented terraces to brown sandy beaches where a name called laughter used to be, to a dimly lighted and breeze blown room and music will be playing and then we shall dance slowly and silently out of memory into memories and a distinct new being of hope.

●

THOUGHTS . . .

A Pine Cone;
Asleep for a while—
Awakes—a giant.

One floating lily;
Softly white—
Emoting pleasure in
Thrills of tranquility—

A thousand-colored tree;
The sky—clear blue;
A contrast of bliss—

Rushing wind—
Mighty tool of creation,
—to feel and not see.

A violet, a pond
Nature whispers—listen:
—only a quiet thought.

A dew drop resting on
A spring leaf—
Sparkling a world—

. . . The early morning air was fresh and stimulating. I looked at the mountains in the distance. A purple haze blurred their peaks to a soft contrast with the sky. The subtle browns, greens, and blues of the landscape relaxed me . . . I was home.

The memories of my childhood flashed across my mind as I breathed the familiar fine air. I began walking up the narrow dirt path I knew well. I thought of the limited world I knew then—the isolated ideas of my world then. The feeling was as though I was reliving those joyous secure years of innocence once more.

The mountains remind me so much of the assurance Dad could give me. The mountain daisies which mother used to pick still bloom brilliantly over the expanse of flowing knolls and ridges. I thought they only bloomed for her soft caress as she gathered them to cheer the stained-oak interior of our home.

I remember so much and am happy with memories . . . .

—Roger Pace

Helmus Poetry Contest

First Place

LETHE

awaking
he gazed at the wall
and thought only of the previous evening
when all was
dark
happy
without pain of conscience

demanding
he hated
the moment of his birth
and the thrust of his life from the womb
with the strength left by the gin
O God! a return into oblivion with no care
to bite one's heel
and gnaw at the mind

listening
he heard steeple sounds
reeking with the holy intent
with the venom of the scorpion
striking at the soul
to remind him of his late act of unchristian hatred
toward the pure PAST
and the honest NOW
then slept—
a return to the venom-free state without
Society's Sacred 10—

a desire
will
lust
to seek his Own
. . . a dream . . .

—John Sharpe

Second Place

TORCH SONG

From where I sit I see the drunken men
Who watch the ashes of their dreams
drift down
To rest upon the polished glass and shined
Mahogany; who look in empty cans
And vulgar paintings for the memories
wrought
Of roses, long dark hair, and sand and
waves,
And sunburned fingers held in cool
white hands;
These things, and light blue velvet,
since then lost,
Forgot some time last night. And now
I hear
The plaintive blues cried out;
a trumpet wails,
And I taste the bitter salt of my own tears
Remembering how light blue velvet felt.

—James P. Kilgo

Winners

Honorable Mention

DEAD AND ALIVE

Refuse of creation,
That muck which quivers deep inside the man of death,
Keeps light hidden and overcome.

With finery of material and coined glory
The solemn, robed priesthoods of method and principle,
And some of fair white-bearded gods and nice business-like christ-men,
Process assassinating feeling and emotion,
spirit and mystery, life and light.

See illustrations of the dark slough probing into
involvement of man.

Come forth, New Man, freshly baptized in Real life—
War, misery, hunger, holy prostitution, subjection, reaction;
pulsating in each cell of being,
vibrating in wholesome wholeness.

Live and live and live and live!

Not all the eras of time and age can slow or stop, bend or remove
The Thrust, the hatching-out, birth from deadness to life.

—William B. Gravely

Third Place

PRIVILEGES OF GENIUS

Why were great poets such naughty boys
Who indulged in worldly, sinful joys?

The lives of writers hardly make
Approved, nice courses for girls to take.

A ladies' school must expurgate
Some salient facts on Byron's fate.

But works like his will always live,
So much he had the skill to give.

Poor Marlowe died in a drunken brawl,
His star so bright too soon to fall.

The deeds of Wordsworth's youth
in France
Should not be worth a maiden's glance.

Too bad the lads whose fame's so glorious
Too oft lived lives the most notorious.

But you whose eyes read this can see
No primrose path ahead for me!

—James O. Womack

The Negative

by Al Moses

The sun beat down mercilessly on the dusty southern town. The clock on the top of city hall showed three o'clock on an afternoon which in the normal sequence of things should have been characterized by ennui and silence.

On this particular afternoon, however, an air of expectant excitement hung over the stillness. Two or three men slouched in shady doorways with an air of studied nonchalance. Long minutes stretched into an hour and the only thing that moved were the hands of the clock and the only noise was the regular working of its mechanism. Suddenly, the stillness was broken as one of the men turned his head and looked down the street. Slowly and yet with a definite direction in mind, he shuffled out into the stifling heat and headed toward the jail house. He stopped a short distance from the entrance and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stared intently into the barred window. Another joined him and after a brief period still another. The few became a small knot and the knot a crowd, and the crowd a restless and impatient mob. The silence was disturbed by a rising volume of animal-like noises and after minutes of indecision the mob spawned a leader. In obedience to his demogogic harangue, the mob crushed in the door of the jail. The cell keys were seized over the ineffectual and insincere protests of the local law officer and the mass swirled down the long corridor to the last cell. The object of their search was an itinerant sharecropper jailed of some vague offense to a wealthy merchant's wife. The man, because of the color of his skin, did not enjoy the full protection of the law. In fact, the law had never seemed to protect him, only punish him.

Offering pitiful resistance the man was dragged out into the street and thrown to his knees. Blows rained on his body from all angles as his arms and hands futilely attempted to protect his head. Finally, while he was on the verge of unconsciousness, he was hauled to his feet and viciously shoved in the direction of a large oak tree at the outer limits of the town. Stumbling, falling, and carrying his own rope, the man and the mob arrived and abruptly halted. The rope was quickly and expertly knotted into a noose and the opposite end was thrown over a sturdy limb. At this point the local minister, unable to contain his conscience any longer, tried to calm the mob, claiming that God-fearing people simply do not do things like this in these civilized times. He was quickly brushed aside, and, his conscience salved, stayed to watch the proceedings.

The man, trembling violently, was placed in the back of an old pick up truck with the noose dangling around his neck. The truck accelerated suddenly and the man was violently jerked from his position into the air. The sickening crack of his neck was heard even above the noise of the engine. His legs kicked twice convulsively, and his body began its long swing in ever decreasing arcs.

The little boy who had watched the entire event with a fascinated intensity, suddenly wheeled and started running. He burst through the front door and screamed for his mother. "Mommy, Mommy," he cried, throwing himself breathlessly into her arms.

A trifle alarmed, his mother replied, "Yes Tommy, what is it?"

"Mommy, you should of seen the caukie they hung today."

"You mean Caucasian, son," his mother corrected in a relieved voice.

It was July, 2061 A.D.

●

The First Stone

by Al Moses

Fear and gloom pervaded every corner of the land as a tense and desperate people attempted to go about the duties of everyday life. Fear was the unspoken thought and the prevalent emotion behind every action . . . and everywhere were the signs of preparation for war!

At the nation's capital the ranking officers and officials had been meeting for long weeks discussing the deteriorating situation. In the dimly lit conference it was difficult to see the haggard faces of the men who were responsible for the safety of the nation. The burden obviously weighed heavily on their shoulders. To them, fear was no stranger. None of the men wanted to commit himself, thus making appeasement and finally surrender to the enemy the inevitable solution.

Finally, one young officer, beside himself with frustration and impatience, asked permission to speak. He rose and addressed the conference, speaking in a harsh tone.

"We are cowards! We are the worst sort of coward! We are the kind whose honor can be taken and yet we crawl back for more. These people, our enemies, have never been trustworthy. We cannot trust them now nor will we ever be able to trust them. They have violated every agreement and non-aggression pact that we have made with them in the past fifty years. They do not know the meanings of the words 'honor' and 'trust.'

"Our enemies do not want peaceful co-existence. They want domination! The ink is not dry on any agreement before it is violated by them. If we are to consider the situation realistically, there is one characteristic of theirs which we must consider. The only diplomacy that they understand is force. Why can we not realize this and act accordingly? It has been demonstrated to us time and time again. Our cowardly policy of appeasement has gotten us nowhere. Slowly but inexorably we have lost ground and we are now virtually surrounded.

"When we try to deal peacefully with them, our emmisaries are insulted and mistreated. What further impetus do we need? How many more insults must we take? Our honor is in shreds. War is the only alternative to a complete and ignonimous surrender."

The officer sat down to a rising murmur of assent. The atmosphere had miraculously changed from one of fear to one of courage. The commander in chief rose and instantly the conference was silent. He spoke gravely to the officer.

"We have heard you, and we are in agreement. What is your plan, Geronimo?"

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EVALUATION

At the beginning of this year, the stated purpose of your Editor with regard to the *Journal* was two-fold. I wanted to increase interest in the college magazine while, at the same time, in no way decreasing its literary worth, or, as some might put it, "cheapening" it. In an attempt to evaluate how near we on the staff have come to achieving the second of these goals, we have asked Professor Thomas Landess, Associate Professor of English at Converse College, to criticize the first four of this year's issues.

Professor Landess is the faculty advisor to the Converse magazine, *The Concept*, and is the teacher of the Creative Writing class. This summer he plans to complete work on a novel which he is now in the process of writing.

We present his comments here.

A CRITICISM

by Thomas Landess

I should like to preface my critical remarks with some sort of statement in mitigation of what I am about to do.

Let me begin by saying that I am deeply sympathetic with the aims of the Journal's staff and contributors. I can remember my own undergraduate days at Vanderbilt when a small group of us were publishing a literary magazine with a circulation of about 200, and I know how frustrating it is to accept after each issue the apathy of a student body which prefers to read *Playboy*. My congratulations and condolences to THE JOURNAL workers, who gamble, unheeded and unpraised, in a noble venture.

Now, to the business at hand. First I would like to make a few general comments about the fiction. I ought to point out that my opinions are based on a study of only four issues, and therefore could hardly be termed authoritative. Nevertheless, I can recognize, even in these four, several characteristics which I suspect would be true, to a greater or lesser degree, of all college literary magazines.

Predictably enough, the fiction is much better than the poetry. And just as predictably it contains weaknesses which are always to be found in the work of beginners. For one thing, much of the writing is derivative both in style and content.

Don Greiner, for instance, has obviously read Jack Kerouac, though I *will* say he read him well and imitates him with great skill. His stories about Selmo and J.D. have all the characteristics, both the good and the bad, of the beat writers. I personally have little respect for Kerouac. For one thing he is doing something that is much too easy. I suspect that anyone can adopt the attitude of a crazy mixed-up kid and sound convincing, since errors in grammar and syntax can be attributed to the fallible narrator and all deficiences in form and purpose can be blamed on his lack of a coherent metaphysics. When I read *On the Road*, I thought Kerouac was deliberately adopting the pose of the fool. After reading several more Kerouac creations, however, I began to realize that it was no pose, that he was indeed a dead earnest fool who could not write anything else. Don Greiner, however, is happily more versatile. His story, "They Call Me Crazy," is a substantial piece of fiction. Here there is form, purpose, and an ironic style well-suited to the subject matter. The story reminds me of Peter Taylor's *The Long Fourth*, but I would rather be reminded of Peter Taylor than of Jack Kerouac.

I must say I was a little taken aback when I ran across Selmo and J.D. again in "And That Was Dante" by James P. Kilgo. I presume they are based on real people, and it is perfectly legal, of course, to borrow the characters of other writers and use them in any way you choose. A famous case involving the Katzerjammer Kids affirmed the legality of such a position. Whether or not it is moral, of course, has not yet been decided in the Appellate Court. At any rate, what I said about Mr. Greiner would also apply to Mr. Kilgo.

Thomas Butler, Jr., in his two stories, "The Earth Remaineth" and "As Long as We Have Names" is reminiscent of Ernest Hemingway, but these pieces transcend mere imitation. In both there is a maturity of style and development which is rare in undergraduate writing. These two stories are easily the best of the lot, and "As Long as We have Names" would do credit to "The New Yorker," "The Atlantic Monthly" or even better literary magazines. THE JOURNAL should be proud to have published such writing.

Another characteristic of JOURNAL fiction is its preoccupation with contemporary social problems, particularly the race issue. Such preoccupation is

dangerous and often fatal to young writers. The temptation is ever present to oversimplify and to deal in stereotypes. This temptation proved to be too great for the authors of "Neighbors," "Twice Told," "Gone Are The Days," and "Dilemna." The negro problem is no simple matter, and the solutions offered in these pieces are based on the premise that the world is divided into two camps: the mean, nasty bigots on one side and the good Christian whites and the well-meaning, downtrodden negroes on the other. Such a complex problem deserves more respect than these writers are willing to accord it. Only in "E.L." by Jody Wimberly do the characters become more than mere abstractions. "E.L." is not a short story as advertised. For that matter neither are some of the other fictional works. The incident is too fragmentary and needs a great deal of development. As it stands, however, it is a very convincing piece of writing. The character of "E.L." is human, which means that he has flaws and weaknesses (unlike Lieutenant Williams in "Neighbors"), and in the final analysis one can only feel sorry for human beings, we cannot pity abstract ideas.

In a way I hesitate to offer my next criticism, since I understand and respect the religious affiliation of Wofford College, but writing is a hardboiled enterprise which requires complete honesty, and I feel I must say something about the values embodied in many of the stories and poems.

It is not that they are Christian. The greatest works of western literature are those undergirded by the Christian tradition. Dante, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton were all writers who wove Christianity intricately into the fabric of their greatest works.

In some of the JOURNAL writing, however, there are quasi-religious and quasi-moral overtones which seem to emanate from a superficial understanding of true Christian issues. Religion, like anything else, suffers when it is sentimentalized. Christ was no sentimentalist, despite the distorted picture of Him which is often forced upon us by His well-meaning apologists. Read the New Testament. It is not the story of a misty-eyed dreamer who spent his time worrying about the poor little roaches and lizards. Christ was hardboiled at times, and He would never have changed the history of the world had He accepted the snug, warm little values that the Pharisees were passing out to the populus.

So I think one does Him a disservice to write literature which oversimplifies the issues of Christian living to the point that they become merely the choice between drinking a beer or not drinking a beer, being married to a good Christian girl and raising a family or drifting about without purpose, sticking to a secure business venture or speculating in the hope of a higher profit, sneering at a Salvation Army worker or looking at her with respectful awe.

If I seem harsh it is because I lament the lost opportunities in these stories. All of the conflicts mentioned above can be handled validly in fiction, *provided* the writer probes beneath these superficial situations and strikes at the heart of the moral problem. One cannot assume any longer that Christianity is invariably legal tender on the literary market. Faulkner, who deals with many Christian themes in his fiction, has to work overtime to fashion his religious symbolism. Grahame Greene, the Catholic novelist, builds with infinite care the moral structure of his stories, arguing and justifying his Catholicism with dialogue, psychological probing, and dramatic action.

The Christian writer cannot hope to succeed if he is complacent in the conviction that all he has to do is write a story with a moral which is pleasing to his fellow believers. The place for sermons is in the pulpit, and there is nothing a reader, Christian or non-Christian, resents greater than to be preached at in fiction and poetry. Longfellow may have given some very good advice in "Psalm of Life," but few intelligent modern readers admire the poem as a work of art. Moral and religious values must be deeply ingrained in the characters and the action of a story to be convincing. The best strategy when dealing with such themes is to camouflage and underplay. You may lose a few readers along the way, as Faulkner has, but in the end you will have written literature and not didacticism masking as literature.

Finally, by way of general commentary on the fiction, I find that there is a tendency on the part of some of the writers to lean too heavily on the crutch of coincidence in order to make their stories interesting.

For instance in "Crescendo," by G. W. Hammond, it is difficult for me to believe that a doctor would be taking a course in creative writing, even though I know for a fact that Dr. Hammond himself is doing just that. In light of the developing action, this seems to be an obvious device to set up the trick ending. The incredible circumstances are just too much to accept, and without the coincidences in Dr. Hammond's story there is no story—no deep-rooted psychological conflicts, no theme, no vivid characterization.

When Dr. Hammond draws on his army experiences to write "The Boy From Tennessee," however, his prose takes on all of the vivid reality and credibility that is lacking in the former story. There is nothing in this narrative that the reader cannot believe without question, and the poignant ending is handled with admirable restraint. With a bit of re-

working, this might well be published in one of the prestige journals.

Somewhat reluctantly I turn to the poetry, which unfortunately is not very good. This however, is to be expected. Poetry, which is the highest form of literary art, is also the most difficult, and very seldom is undergraduate verse successful. The demands of technique are too strenuous for the novice, particularly in the area of prosody, which often trips up the most experienced poet.

I am particularly surprised to note that the models to which most of these young writers seem to turn are not Yeats, Eliot, and Pound, but Longfellow, Lowell, and Joyce Kilmer. Consequently the vocabulary, meter, and syntax are often archaic, and the rhymes are fat and forced. There is also a lack of precision in the development and correlation of imagery which suggests that the poet's vision of his subject matter is blurred.

I would suggest as a remedy for these ills a strong dose of the later Yeats, who pared his poetry down to the bare essentials, discarding all of the high-blown rhetoric, the inversions, and the sentimentality which were the dominant characteristics of 19th century poetasters, and, I fear, many of the writers in *The Journal.*

A few poems are successful, or nearly so. "Lethe," by John Sharpe, "The Loss," by Pierce Arant, and "Sonnet II," by James P. Kilgo, display latent poetic talent and a certain amount of technical proficiency.

* * * *

I trust I have not snuffed out the creative flame in any poor, struggling breast. Such flames should be fanned instead of doused, but too much air will accomplish the same thing as a bucket of water, and your editor did ask me to be honest.

Just to satisfy my own curiosity I pulled out a couple of volumes of the Vanderbilt *Gadfly*, in which I published my first poems, and I can tell you with complete sincerity that some of them are no better than the worst in *The Journal.* Then, this morning I received proofs of three poems to be published in the June issue of *The Georgia Review*, and I compared them with my undergraduate work. The differences—and they are great—can be attributed to hard work rather than to flowering genius, and since the later poems were written over a year ago, I already see imperfections in them which I wish I could eliminate.

So poetry is a difficult game indeed, and I am almost as much a novice as those poets in *The Journal* whom I have criticized.

As for the essays, I did not admire Thomas Butler's "In Defense of Absolute Law" as much as the judges who awarded it a national prize. I felt that much of the time he was attacking a straw man. Had he been able to point to a more contemporary issue that the Leopold and Loeb Case as evidence that the sanctity of the law was being challenged, I might have been more intrigued with what he was saying. Then, too, the term "absolute" confused me. I would like to juxtapose it with "relative" as an opposite view of law. Such an argument would have been much more meaningful in light of recent Supreme Court decisions than a diatribe against the anarchy of the 1920's.

"Latin American Revolutions," by Paul Davis, was, I thought, the best essay of the lot. It contained a simple, direct discussion of issues which were explicitly defined, and the clarity of the prose mirrors the clarity of the author's thinking.

As for the feature articles on campus life, I suppose they are a concession to your consumer market, but I would prefer that they be left out, since they seem more appropriate to the campus newspaper.

The covers lack the dignity of a literary publication, but you have already been told this by other critics, and besides, I think I have probably said too much already.

POLL RESULTS

In an attempt to measure interest in the magazine, the staff conducted a poll of students and the faculty and adminisration.

The first poll was given to students during a recent chapel period. Of the number of students who were exposed to the questionnaire (550), approximately 42% (233) completed the form and returned it.

The second poll, which was made available to the faculty and administration, included, in addition to the questions that were on the student poll, two other questions and a request for any comments. Of the persons on the faculty and administration who were exposed to the questionnaire (50), 40% (20) returned the form.

The percentages below are based on the partial participation and may not be an accurate representation of overall opinion, but, working with the actual number who responded as a basis, we report the results on the following page.

	Students	Faculty and Administration
	(Reported in Percentages)	
1. Approximately how much of the material in each issue do you read?		
All	13.7	20.0
75%	34.8	30.0
50%	26.6	15.0
25%	21.0	30.0
None	3.9	
No Comment		5.0
2. Check the statement below that you agree with.		
The *Journal* should be strictly a literary magazine (short stories, poems, essays, etc.)	9.4	30.0
The *Journal* should also include humor, art, features and pictures of current student activities	87.6	65.0
No Comment	3.0	5.0
3. I think that this year's *Journal* has been:		
Very Good	21.0	25.0
Good	47.2	45.0
Average	11.2	20.0
Fair	10.8	5.0
Poor	4.7	
No Comment	4.7	5.0
Lousy*	.4	
4. What reaction would you have if publication of the *Journal* were discontinued next year?		
I would object	84.1	85.0
It wouldn't matter one way or the other	14.6	
I'd be glad	.9	5.0
No Comment	.4	10.0
5. Check one:		
I always pick up a copy of the *Journal*.		80.0
I usually pick up a copy of the *Journal*.		15.0
I never pick up a copy of the *Journal*.		5.0
6. Check one:		
The *Journal* is a student publication, and the faculty and/or administration should not be concerned with it.		15.0
Faculty and administration should be interested in the *Journal*		85.0

* Write-in Vote.

It has been brought to my attention that the wording of question number six is somewhat nebulous or vague. I agree and apologize. The two choices that could have been made do not represent a full range of attitudes that might have been assumed.

Though we cannot say that the results of the polls are representative, we can assume that the persons who did respond are those who are most interested in the literary magazine. And from this assumption, we may gather some idea of what the interested students and faculty members wish to see in the *Journal* — that being a magazine that includes humor, art, and features as well as literary content. It is also consoling to realize that the majority of the students taking the poll would object if publication of the magazine were discontinued.

It is interesting to note that eight of the nine students who read *none* of the material rated this year's *Journal* as *poor*. I wonder what they based their opinions on.

Also one faculty member did not answer any of the first four questions. But he did check the statement, "I never pick up a copy of the *Journal*," and the statement, "Faculty and administration *should* be interested in the *Journal*." I'm not sure, but according to my kind of logic, he has slightly contradicted himself.

Several unsolicited comments were made by students with regard to the pro-integration policy of the *Journal*. By means of the *Old Gold and Black*,

I have already stated that the *Journal* has no *policy* toward integration. The *Journal* is made up of the writings of *all* students who are interested in contributing—whether their opinions be for or against integration.

Members of the faculty and administration were also asked to make comments, if they so desired, on the questionnaire sheet. Quoted below are the comments that were made.

"I think some very fine work is being done in the *Journal* and feel that to discontinue it would be a grave mistake. It is well that students have an outlet for their creative work."

"Even if only a minority of students attempt writing, it is better to have a stimulus for them than to have none. The *Journal* is probably the reason some students write—some who would otherwise never write."

". . . re: No. 6. This need not imply that material written by anyone except students should make up the publication. Occasionally this could be the case."

"The *Journal* fails in one major respect. (1) It is a student publication and as such should be better pointed at the student body; you miss the golden opportunity of directing, reporting, and promoting the ideas of the student body. — Show a *little life*—"

Faculty and administration should be interested in the *Journal* "as faculty should have an interest in all intellectual pursuits of students. But no censorship, except after the fact."

"In all respects but one the present *Journal* seems to me to be the best I've seen. It has shown maturity and balance, has merited and earned wider student interest and the participation of a more varied group of contributors of talent. Where it has failed, if it has, the failure is one that involves all of us here at Wofford.

"A student literary magazine should give students a chance to hold an artistic mirror up to student life (I imagine, from my point of view, it would be a cracked mirror; in any case, I am sure a number of cracks would appear in the picture). It should also give the students a chance to see their image reflected, and to enjoy and benefit from the view. This, as Shakespeare pointed out somewhere at the start of the Sophomore survey, is what art is for.

"Four years ago, for a brief period, in a lop-sidedly critical but honest way, the *Journal* represented for writers and students such a mirror. A group of dedicated Wordsworthians, convinced that art should add the consecration and the poet's dream, brought this to a rather sudden end in the name of Wofford's finest and most sacred traditions.

"Given the same situation again, I think it has been all too obvious that the same result might occur. While this remains our alma mater's view, the *Journal* will have to content itself with mirroring a very small part of what is really thought, done, and worried about by the students. And we will all have to do as well as we can under the belief that here at Wofford boys are *made into men* by exposure to the maturity and benevolent control of their mater; however much one might prefer that here at Wofford boys *discovered* that they could be men by exposure to the faith that they were—sophomorically—coming round to it. And apathy on the part of both students and writers will continue. *Intaminatis fulgit honoribus* —which means, I understand, 'Put your shirt-tail in, Son.' "

Thank you, sir.

STAFF RECOMMENDATIONS

After any evaluation—if there are obvious faults found—there should be steps taken to alleviate those faults.

Taking into consideration the criticisms which were expressed by Prof. Landess, the interpretation of the student and faculty polls, and using my own knowledge of the good and bad points of the present *Journal* set-up, your Editor has submitted the following letter of recommendation to the Wofford Publications Board.

April 19, 1961

Dr. L. H. Chewning, Chairman
Wofford College Publications Board

Dear Sir:

As Editor of the *Journal*, I would like to submit the following recommendations concerning the magazine for consideration by the Publications Board.

1. I recommend that there be published four, rather than five, issues of the magazine during the year—two each semester. The monetary allowance should remain the same, allowing more to be spent on each issue. The salaries for Editor and Business Manager

should also remain the same for the year, the only changes being in the amount for each issue. The reduction in number of issues would allow the Editor greater time in preparation of each issue and also he could be more selective in material printed.

2. I recommend that the total amount of the "incentive awards" ($60.00) be made available to the Editor to be used in payment of his appointed staff members as he might see fit. Under these conditions the Editor could appoint an Associate Editor with the understanding that he would be paid $20.00 a semester for the performance of certain designated duties. He could also pay certain staff members who worked as typists or proof-readers. I reiterate that the decision as to how the $60.00 should be used would be left to the Editor. He would not necessarily have to use it in payment to the Associate Editor, typists, and proof-readers, but as strictly incentive awards, if he so decided.

I have made the above suggestions after much serious thought, and I sincerely feel that the changes in the *Journal* set-up would do much to improve the magazine. I submit them to you for consideration and hope that you will see fit to transact them into policy for next year.

Respectfully yours,
Pierce Arant

The reasons for decreasing the number of issues of the *Journal* are stated in a fairly clear way in the letter. But one argument against the line of reasoning that I have used is that it might be advisable, if we desire to publish only the best material, to publish the *Journal* only once every two years. Obviously it is not my purpose to change the magazine into an anthology. The suggestion was made exactly for the reasons given.

I might explain the reference to "incentive awards." The Publications Board allows the *Journal* Editor and Business Manager $30.00 each semester to be divided into two awards of $20.00 and $10.00 each. These awards are given to those staff members who have worked the most for the publication. My recommendation only changes the spirit of the awards. One person, other than the Editor, could be in charge of humor, art, *suitable* features, etc., and would be a paid staff member. It is too great a job for one person to be responsible for all literary content as well as the "extras." The acceptance by the Publications Board of this recommendation would help the Editor and his staff in publishing a magazine more in line with what the interested students appear to want. (At this writing, the suggestions have not been acted upon.)

Pierce Arant

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COMMENT

Someone has suggested that for my last editorial I might write a little more optimistically than I have in the past, that I might say something "nice" about Wofford rather than criticizing it.

In the last feverish rush to separate myself from this college—honorably—with less than a month to go and more than three and a half years behind, it would appear logical that I should be able to form some sort of general opinion of the place that I have lived for almost a quarter of my intellectually conscious life. But I find that the perspective reveals a somewhat distorted picture. Attitudes might fall at one of two opposite poles — either I could praise everything, as has been suggested, which would be rather naive and worthless, or I might damn everything, which is also apparently worthless. But surely somewhere in between is solid ground where I can be as objective as possible and should be able to offer praise and criticism that are justified.

Wofford is a good college in the one respect that is most important to any institution of higher learning—that is, education or academics. I think that it is true that any student can plan his courses in a way so that he will get a good education. But, of course, as I presume is the case at any other college, it *is* possible for him to *plan* his way through rather than *study* his way through. There are always weak spots as far as faculty effectiveness is concerned, but, here at Wofford, the professors who present a real academic challenge are more numerous than those who fall at the opposite extreme.

I have found it true that most of the professors with whom I have been in contact have been willing to aid and "befriend" their students, not with a superior-to-subordinate relationship, but on a man-to-man basis. Of course, there are exceptions to every generalization.

But there are certain failures with respect to this area of consideration that are characteristic to our college and probably of most others. There is little, if any, formalized, responsible guidance given to the student in planning his future work or occupation. Since security probably has become everyone's basic desire, it would appear that some method of helping students along this line should be set up.

As has always been said, college years are a time of religious upheaval and questioning. I feel that here at Wofford the student must of necessity find his answer within himself by himself. Wofford College, because of its affiliation, must not admit that there should be and are these doubts on the part of students. American Christianity appears to have bogged down into tradition and sentimentality and will not dare subject itself to intellectual examination and possible change into a more meaningful and pertinent individual experience, rather than simply a socially accepted dogma. This, of course, is a criticism not simply of Wofford College, but of society in general.

But aside from the problem of religion, which, though it is basic, is far too involved and complicated to be treated here—especially by a layman—there is also the problem often cited of student subjection to college rules and regulations, particularly in the realm of discipline. We have strenuously objected to regulations that have been enforced by practically a one-man disciplinary board. This objection has some basis, but we, as students, have done little to free ourselves of this subjection. We have repeatedly voted down any type of honor system, which I feel would definitely place us in a position that would allow us self-government as well as self-discipline. One objection has been that our one-man ruler would still wield the final power, but, if we are to make any determined move toward asserting ourselves as a capable and mature group of students and are to gain our semi-independence, we have to approach the acceptance of our saving grace, an honor system per-

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haps, optimistically, convinced that we can change conditions for the better.

Whatever we find the faults to be at Wofford, I think that we, as responsible students, must take some, if not the majority, of the blame upon our own shoulders, and, to alleviate these faults, we must make the first move. If I were of the opinion that no move will be made in the near future and that student docility is an engrained tradition that cannot be dispelled, I think that I would not have taken the trouble to write this editorial. But surely someday a student body's majority will see fit to react constructively to something. I only hope that they will.

*

Since this is the last issue of the *Journal* for this school year, I think that it would be an oversight on my part not to express my appreciation to several persons who have been, in their own ways, of great assistance to me this year. First, of course, the staff has worked spasmodically, yet willingly, throughout the year. The one exception to the "spasmodic" description is Jim St. John, who has been an excellent Business Manager. All of the English professors have been most helpful in their advice and in their efforts to uncover unrecognized literary genius among their students.

Above all else I want to thank the terrific (a perfect adjective of description) people at Altman's Printing Company—Mr. and Mrs. Altman, Barney Altman, and Joe Forrest, who has been, I believe, my best critic.

I hope that in some way the *Journal* has come nearer to being the type of magazine that the student body, as a whole, wants, and I feel sure that next year's Editor, Randy Kincaid, will be able to go even further in making the *Journal* a magazine that we can be proud of.

—P.A.

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